Boston Public Library
3 9999 10513 903 2

PER. RM

No. *AP2.A6

V.27
1902

25 CENTS

The ARENA

THE WORLD'S LEADING REVIEW

Per. Dept
AP2
A6
vol. 27

Features of This Number

ANARCHISM
By the Rev. R. HEBER NEWTON

THE ENGLISH FRIENDLY SOCIETIES
By ELTWEED POMEROY, A.M.

RACE REVERSION IN AMERICA
By W. A. CURTIS

THE WORK OF WIVES
By FLORA M. THOMPSON

JANUARY, 1902

ANARCHISM . . . . . Rev. R. Heber Newton, D.
THE ENGLISH FRIENDLY SOCIETIES . . Eltweed Pomeroy, A.
SPIRITUAL BIRTH OF THE AMERICAN NATION. Theodore F. Sewa
THE RISE OF PHOTOGRAPHY AND ITS SERVICE TO MANKIND B. O. Flow
RESPONSIBILITY IN MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT . . T. St. Pier
RACE REVERSION IN AMERICA . . . . Wardon Allan Cur
CORPORATIONS AND TRUSTS . . . . . Thomas Conyngt
THE DEVELOPMENT OF BROTHERHOOD . Prof. Eugenia Parh Of West Kentucky Col
IBSEN'S "PEER GYNT" . . . . . Walter Leight Of Harvard Unive
THE WORK OF WIVES . . . . . Flora McDonald Thomps
WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?—A New Year's Story . . M. P. Stua
TOPICS OF THE TIMES—(*Editorial*) . . . . . B. O. Flow
A Problem for True Statesmanship—The Automobile as the Servant of Civilization—Is the Building World Entering a Glass Age?—Czolgosz the Product of a Materialistic, Greed-crazed World.
BOOKS OF THE DAY . . . . . *Studies and Revie*
Toward Democracy—Electricity and the Resurrection—J. M. Peebles, M.D., A.M.: A Biography—Collectivism and Industrial Evolution—Government: An Inquiry—Amata—Poems by Edward Emerson.—Books Received.
NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS . . . . . J. E.

OCT 8 1904

Vol. XXVII. No. 1. Per Annum, $2.5

569 FIFTH AVE. THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING CO. NEW YOR

LONDON: Gay & Bird, 22 Bedford St., Strand.
MELBOURNE: G. G. Turri & Co., Salisbury Bldg.
Foreign Subscriptions
Twelve Shillin

CALIFORNIA

Unrivaled Scenery.
Variable Route Tickets going and returning.
Personally Conducted Excursions every Tuesday and Thursday.
All Meals in Dining Cars. Double Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars;
Buffet-Smoking and Library Cars (with barber). The Best of Everything via

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN,
UNION PACIFIC AND
SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAYS.

The Overland Limited leaves Chicago 8.00 p. m. daily and arrives San Francisco 5.15 p. m. the third day. The Pacific Express leaves Chicago 10.00 a. m. daily and arrives San Francisco 4.15 p.m. the third day. The California Express leaves Chicago 11.30 p.m. daily and arrives San Francisco 8.25 a.m. the fourth day.

ALL AGENTS SELL TICKETS VIA THIS ROUTE.

3 TRAINS DAILY

THE
WINTER RESORTS
OF
TEXAS, MEXICO & CALIFORNIA
BEST REACHED VIA THE
IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE
FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CALL OR ADDRESS
COMPANY'S AGENTS OR THE GEN'L PASS'R AGENT

C. G. WARNER, SECOND VICE-PRES'T,
H. C. TOWNSEND, GEN'L PASS'R AND TKT. AGT.,
RUSSELL HARDING, THIRD V.-P AND G. M.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE ARENA.

VOL. XXVII. - - - NO. 1.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY REVIEW OF VITAL THOUGHT.

Pam-Dept
AP2
A6
Vol. 27
1902

Editors: CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.
B. O. FLOWER.
JOHN EMERY MCLEAN.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PA

ANARCHISM . . . . . *Rev. R. Heber Newton, D.D.*

THE ENGLISH FRIENDLY SOCIETIES . . . *Eltweed Pomeroy, A.M.*

SPIRITUAL BIRTH OF THE AMERICAN NATION . *Theodore F. Seward*

THE RISE OF PHOTOGRAPHY AND ITS SERVICE TO MANKIND *B. O. Flower*

RESPONSIBILITY IN MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT . . *T. St. Pierre*

RACE REVERSION IN AMERICA . . . . . *Wardon Allan Curtis*

CORPORATIONS AND TRUSTS . . . . . *Thomas Conyngton*

THE DEVELOPMENT OF BROTHERHOOD . . *Prof. Eugenia Parham* Of West Kentucky College

IBSEN'S "PEER GYNT" . . . . . *Walter Leighton* Of Harvard University

THE WORK OF WIVES . . . . . *Flora McDonald Thompson*

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?—A New Year's Story . . *Mortimer P. Stuart*

TOPICS OF THE TIMES—(*Editorial*) . . . . . *B. O. Flower*

A Problem for True Statesmanship—The Automobile as the Servant of Civilization—Is the Building World Entering a Glass Age?—Czolgosz the Product of a Materialistic, Greed-crazed World . . . 87-10

BOOKS OF THE DAY . . . . . *Studies and Reviews*

Toward Democracy—Electricity and the Resurrection—J. M. Peebles, M.D., A.M.: A Biography—Collectivism and Industrial Evolution—Government: An Inquiry—Amata—Poems by Edward Emerson.—Books Received 102-1

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS . . . . . *J. E. M.* 111-1

OCT 8 1964

$2.50 a Year . . . 25 Cents a Cop

Foreign Subscriptions, 12 Shillings.

569 5TH AVE. THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY. NEW YOR

Please mention THE ARENA in writing to advertisers.

TWO NEW BOOKS BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

DOMINION AND POWER.

AN IMPORTANT VOLUME OF

STUDIES IN SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

This is a large work, probably the most comprehensive of this author's publications, embracing an epitome of the New Thought teaching on every subject of vital moment in human development. It is indispensable to all who desire accurate knowledge of the New Metaphysical Movement. Following is a list of the subjects discussed, an appropriate "Meditation" being appended to most of the chapters:

THE SECRET OF POWER.
THREE PLANES OF DEVELOPMENT.
THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.
THE PURPOSE OF LIFE.
THE MISTAKES OF LIFE.
FINDING ONE'S SELF.
HOW TO CONSERVE FORCE.
FAITH IN CHARACTER BUILDING.
HOPE IN CHARACTER BUILDING.
LOVE IN CHARACTER BUILDING.
PRAYER.
BREATH.
SUCCESS.
THE EQUALITY OF THE SEXES.
MARRIAGE.
THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.
IMMORTALITY.
DOMINION AND POWER.

PRICE, $1.00, POST-PAID.

THE WILL TO BE WELL.

This work relates chiefly to the *healing* aspect—philosophy and practise—of Spiritual Science. It throws much new light on the path through which alone Health, Happiness, and Success in all legitimate undertakings are to be secured, and discusses in addition a number of topics pertaining to the New Thought teaching in general. Some of the chapters bear the following titles:

WHAT THE NEW THOUGHT STANDS FOR.
THE LAWS OF HEALTH.
MENTAL INFLUENCES.
THE UNITY OF LIFE.
DEMAND AND SUPPLY.
FREEDOM—INDIVIDUAL AND UNIVERSAL.
HEARING AND DOING.
SPIRITUAL TREATMENT.
THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.
THE MISSION OF JESUS.
THE LAW OF ATTRACTION.
MAN: PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.
THE RELIGION OF CHRIST.
THE CRUSADE AGAINST CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.
THE DAWN OF A NEW AGE.

PRICE, $1.00, POST-PAID.

☞ **Each of the above works comprises over 200 pages and is beautifully bound in cloth and gold.**

For sale by all booksellers, or mailed post-paid by the publishers:

THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

569 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK, N.Y.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."
—HEINE.

THE ARENA

VOL. XXVII. JANUARY, 1902. No. 1.

ANARCHISM.

THE appalling crime of September last brings the nation face to face with the problem of anarchy. It is a problem that demands careful thought before the vigorous action for which the public and the press naturally clamor. Let us have sane and clear thinking if we are to attempt drastic legislation.

There are abundant indications on every hand of a sad lack of clear thinking on this subject. The supposed educators of the people need a little education themselves.

I.

We must distinguish first of all where all distinctions are too commonly confounded. On the day which announced the President's death, one of our leading journals declared—"Scratch a Socialist and you will find an Anarchist." This is as though it had said—Scratch a Democrat and you will find a Republican, or, Scratch a Catholic and you will find a Protestant. Democrats and Republicans are alike striving for the good of the nation, but by diametrically opposite methods; Catholics and Protestants are each seeking the Kingdom of God, but they are moving, intellectually, in opposite directions to seek it.

The same confusion is noticeable elsewhere. Archbishop Corrigan, in his letter to the clergy, lumped together socialism and anarchism; whereupon a brave priest of Kentucky challenges His Grace to a public debate on the subject. Cardinal Gibbons appears to have done the same thing, in his sermon

in the Baltimore cathedral. Both dignitaries quote from Pope Leo, who, if the reports of his late pronouncement are correct, has not merely confounded socialism with anarchism, but mixed them inextricably with Freemasonry and Judaism! What an astounding confusion for a vicegerent of God! The "spirit of a sound mind" seems wofully lacking in this ecclesiastical utterance. The faithful may well rejoice that it is not given *ex cathedra*, imposing thereby the obligations of infallibility.

Socialism and anarchism profess indeed the same aim—the regeneration of human society. They are alike in seeking to bring to an end our competitive system of industry, the militarism which curses our modern civilization, and all forms of despotism in government. They unite in endeavoring to bring in an era when all natural sources of wealth shall be owned collectively, and all productive plants shall be also held collectively. But, one seeks this by the way of evolution—the other, in its best known form, by the way of revolution. One is a natural development of our present system—the other would break with the existing order and make a fresh start in civilization. The one would multiply the functions of government—the other would minimize the functions of government. One believes in law—the other believes in no law. The one looks to the State, the city, and the nation for collective ownership of the sources of natural wealth and the means of production and exchange—the other looks to freely formed groups of working people becoming the owners of all natural monopolies and of all means of production and exchange. The ideal society of socialism is a vast organism in which "all are but parts of one stupendous whole," vitally interactive, coördinated into a noble State. Its type is the human body. The ideal of anarchism is a mass of individual cells nucleating together in temporary forms, free to break up at any moment and recombine in other forms. Its type is the jelly-fish, or the sponge.

No one but a fool should lump together socialism and anarchism. Socialism cut itself loose from anarchism, formally,

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

many years ago, when the International Workingmen's Association disowned the anarchists. This great international organization sloughed off anarchism from its body.

II.

We need to distinguish again in anarchism itself. The foremost statesman of the Democratic party in New York State is reported to have contemptuously declared that "no fine-spun distinctions are to be drawn between philosophic anarchism and revolutionary anarchism." This is as though we were to refuse any fine-spun distinctions between the learned Russian savant, Prince Kropotkin, and the Nihilist who threw the bomb that killed Alexander II. It is as though we were to refuse to draw any fine-spun distinctions between the brilliant French geographer, Elise Reclus, and the Parisian petroleuse who fired the Hotel de Ville in the uprising of the Commune in 1871. It is as though we were to refuse to distinguish between Thomas Jefferson and John Most; between the Hebrew prophet Jeremiah and Emma Goldman. For no less antithetical contrasts than these exist in anarchism. All alike are anarchists; but what various sorts of anarchists!

Proudhon, the earliest modern philosophic anarchist, defined Communism as the government of all by all, democracy as the government of all by each, and anarchy as the government of each by each. He concluded that anarchy is the only real form of self-government. Under anarchy people would manage their public affairs together, like partners in a business firm, and no one would be subject to the authority of another. Rulers, legislators, and judges would disappear. In the business world society would resolve itself into industrial groups, each of which would manage its affairs coöperatively.

Prince Kropotkin, an encyclopedic man of science, of simple and noble character, of ardent patriotism and devoted humanitarianism, who renounced his aristocratic heritage and a brilliant court life in Russia to give himself to the service of the people, believes in anarchy as the ideal of human society, and would seek to educate men toward it. So is it with Elise

Reclus. Thomas Jefferson enunciated an ideal of political society which is nothing less than anarchy, when he indicated the goal of all government and law as a social order in which no government should be needed and no laws would be written on the statute-book, because every citizen would be a self-governing unit and the moral law would be enshrined in his heart. Jeremiah indicated the characteristic of the Kingdom of God as found in the fact that in the day of Jehovah a new covenant would be made, and the God of Israel would no longer write His law upon stone tablets, as an external authority to be set up in a theocracy,—a visible government,—but would write His laws in men's hearts and make them the natural, spontaneous, self-operating forces of character and conduct.

Perhaps the most striking religious leader at the present time is that remarkable Russian, Tolstoi. Tolstoi is an individual anarchist. He does not believe in government and law, not because he would have chaos, but because he would have men themselves govern themselves—establish laws for themselves out of themselves. He believes that when external authority is removed freedom will bring out the internal, spiritual, ethical authority of the individual, and all will be well. As a something feasible to-day this may be wholly elusive; it may be lunar ethics, but it is the ideal toward which Tolstoi works.

What is meant by philosophic anarchism, so called,—which should be called "autarchy," as Dr. Persifor Frazer observes,—is in reality the ideal of political and social science. It is also the ideal of religion. It is the ideal to which Jesus Christ himself looked forward. He founded no church, established no State, gave practically no laws, organized no government, set up no external authority. But he *did* seek to write the laws of God in men's hearts—to make men thus self-legislating.

All forms of philosophic anarchism are idealistic. They are what our Catholic friends call "councils of perfection." They look on to a future day when men will be better than they now are.

One of the godliest men whom I know to-day, and one of the strongest-brained men too, is a thorough-going religious anarchist; but he is magnificently self-governed, and his life is under the reign of law.

In our own city, for many years unnoticed by our busy world of society, there has been a man devoted to the ideal of anarchism and writing concerning it regularly. But he is as honestly a member of the community as any of us, and as thoroughly free from any dynamitic influence.

Philosophic anarchism is nothing new. It is as old as Plato, for example—who, in outlining the ideal Republic and making many laws for its government, distinctly recognized the fact that for men "divinely gifted" there would be no need of laws at all. Yet philosophic anarchism is new as a social and political creed. It is new as a cult laying hold of hosts of men and inspiring them with a strange enthusiasm.

It is to be noted also that anarchism, still viewed philosophically, has gained headway in lands where State socialism has failed to appeal to the people. Germany, with its immense bureaucratic development and its tendency to centralization, its huge State modeled on the army, has been the field for State socialism. Russia, which, beneath the autocratic despotism of the court, has always had a wonderful democratic subsoil—the land being largely held collectively by the peasants, and the regulation of it being adjusted in purely democratic associations of the people—Russia has been the home of anarchism. It is there a reaction against the despotism of government, the bureaucracy of the State and the militarism of the empire, and a return to the free self-governing authority of the *mir*.

Philosophic anarchism in modern time dates back to the Frenchman, Proudhon, and was largely a reaction from the despotism of the ancient régime. He formulated it as an "ism," in very violent and extreme statements. It was left for the Russian Bakunin to organize it and establish a propaganda of it.

Philosophic anarchism looks on to the future. It makes

no appeal to force. It relies upon the education of mankind. It does indeed expect great crises in the evolution of society, out of which may issue new and fresh social beginnings. It looks for great floods laying waste the present order, and giving opportunities for recreating that order when those floods have subsided. As it was when the barbarians broke in upon the Roman Empire and overflowed every dike of institution and law and custom, leaving a social chaos out of which a new order slowly rose, so the anarchist expects it to be again in the modern world—only that the flood of anarchism will come not from without but from within; the barbarian invasion which Macaulay prophesied, from the lower ranks of society.

III.

All this philosophic anarchism is doubtless innocent enough as theory, but, alas! ideas have a way of turning into actions. Thoughts will work most illogically in illogical minds, and become deeds that puzzle and shame their mental parents. Philosophers understand that ideals do not come down out of heaven upon earth to-day or to-morrow. Unfortunately, most people lack time-perspective. Is anarchism the social ideal? "Then," say the sufferers of society, "let us have it now!" Plain folk turn an anarchistic creed into an anarchistic program, an ideal into a platform, and try to realize it at once.

So the indispensable preparation for ideal anarchism through law and government is lost sight of, and men rush for the millennium.

The translation of ideal theories into practise is always dangerous, as witness the French Revolution. An amiable body of philosophic and humanitarian doctrinaires found themselves aghast at the conclusions drawn from their beautiful theories. Terrorism follows anarchism, as it may follow any idealistic philosophy in its application to social realities. Anarchism, practically interpreted by ignorant and unbalanced men, under the oppressive laws of tyrannical governments, in a society which stands in the way of a true social order, turns into the cry—"Away with laws! Down with governments!"

Such ignorant and unbalanced men, unfit to translate philosophic anarchism into political and social practise, abound in our modern society.

The most appalling fact of life is the multiplication of the unfit. Paupers, tramps, vagabonds, the diseased, the insane, criminals—these become the parents of the future generations. So there is spawned on the world a host of degenerates, who form the raw material for every evil and for every crime. Their feeble minds unbalanced by moral forces, their ungoverned passions fired by vehement denunciations, their unenlightened consciences warped by the suffering and misery of earth, make them the potential assassins of those upon whom they father the cruel wrongs of men.

The crank is a modern production, like the tramp. He turns readily into a murderer. A distinguished alienist is reported to have said that thousands of people walk the streets of our cities who ought to be locked up in insane asylums. A few years ago there was a mania among these degenerates to murder parsons in our city, as many will remember, and as I for one have good reason not to forget. Look at the face of the poor wretch who has murdered our President, and you see the mental stuff out of which assassins are made under the teachings of revolutionary anarchism. Through such men, semi-insane ideas work out an insane propaganda of deed.

Moreover, anarchism is a revolt from an oppressive and unjust social order—an order which genders poverty, disease, vice and crime, and the myriad miseries of man. This fires and maddens the hearts of cranks, and turns dreamy, weak-witted youths into assassins, who say after their crime—"I have done my duty." Thus fools are turned loose upon society to become themselves "the fools of ideas."

IV.

There is on the other hand a revolutionary anarchism—the bastard child of philosophic anarchism. This distinctively looks not so much to the far future as to the immediate future; not so much to the good time coming as to the day after

to-morrow. It does not only expect great crises—it works to bring them about. It does not hope for a slow and gradual evolution—it aims to precipitate a revolution at once. It does not work by the slow education of the public mind, but by the firing of passion to immediate and present action. It appeals distinctively to force. It would establish a social and political terrorism as a means of scaring society and the State into the concession of its demands. It frankly avows its purpose to be the rendering of all government impossible, in order that the era of no government may come. It would paralyze all law in order that there may be a reign of lawlessness out of which a new law—the law of the individual—may arise. Its reliance is not on ideas, but on bombs. It would use not the ballot, but the bullet. Its energy is explosive. It is the gospel of dynamite.

Philosophic anarchism in Europe tends quickly to degenerate into revolutionary anarchism, and for natural reasons. Philosophic anarchism is repressed in a country like Russia. Russian political despotism allows no right of free speech or free meeting or free writing; therefore, anarchism there soon turns to force. We need not wonder at this. Prince Kropotkin, in his interesting "Autobiography of a Revolutionist," tells the story of the gradual development of terrorism under Alexander II. The Czar who began as a liberator, emancipating the serfs, fell into the hands of the reactionists and went from bad to worse politically. Finally, the one thing that appealed to him was the fear of his life. When a new plot was discovered, he planned a new concession to the people. When the plot was foiled, he withdrew his concession. Thus it was that at last he suffered from his own misdoings, his own tyranny and despotism, by the loss of his life. We need not wonder at this. We can scarcely blame the man who, finding no other means of appealing to an irresponsible ruler, finally killed him as a warning to his successor.

But, in a country like our own, where there is every right of free speech and free assemblage, there is not the slightest justification for terrorism. It is an outrage against society,

a crime against humanity, a barrier to future progress. It inevitably provokes reaction. As is now seen among us, it plays into the hands of the very men who oppose the inevitable social evolution. Therefore, philosophic anarchists like Kropotkin frankly call the assassination of our President "murder," and even a woman like Emma Goldman calls the assassin a "fool."

V.

What, then, are the remedies for this "disease of anarchism"? We must not attempt, as the Mother of States has lately been tempted to do, in panic, to go back upon the principle of freedom of speech. Whatever the dangers of this freedom, the dangers of its suppression are vastly greater. History has concluded this point.

Nor may we draw in more closely the existing limits of freedom of speech. Philosophic anarchism, of course, is well within the rights of free speech. Nor is even revolutionary anarchism outside these limits until it ceases to appeal to reason and incites to violence. All teaching of anarchism which appeals to force must come under the ban of law, as of public opinion. There must be all possible freedom for ideas *as* ideas, but no freedom for the ideas which directly appeal to the passions and incite to crime. If the man who fires a building is a criminal, the man who fires him to burn it is at least equally criminal. If the man who murders our President is a criminal, the man or woman who prompts him to this murder is no less criminal. Inciters to murder are moral murderers, and such they must become legally. They are *particeps criminis*—"accessories before the fact." After the Haymarket murders in Chicago, nine accessories of the murder were hanged. All writings that appeal to force for the spread of anarchistic theories must be suppressed. Self-preservation is the first law of States, as of individuals. A free people can safely take this stand.

We must in this country, therefore, act promptly and energetically to safeguard ourselves against the importation of this alien "ism"—revolutionary anarchism. We can allow it

no standing-room on the soil where every possible political privilege and right is granted to every male citizen, where we have all means of law-abiding development, and where it rests with our citizens peacefully to correct every political wrong. We must deal sternly with this folly. Despite the fact that the assassin of our President was born upon our soil, he was to all intents and purposes alien; he was of alien birth and alien stock; his whole mind was alien. No sane man imbued with the American idea could ever have been guilty of the audacious folly, the insanity of egotism, indicated in his words—"I don't believe in your institutions, and therefore I shot your President."

We must restrict undesirable immigration as far as possible. We do this now concerning paupers and criminals; we must do it also concerning the worst criminals for a democracy—those who refuse to abide by the will of the majority, who disown the sanctity of law, who refuse the authority of government, whose one idea of reform is to explode a dynamite bomb or to creep up to the noble ruler of a free people with a revolver in a muffled hand. In some way we must insist upon it that our country shall not be the dumping-ground of European paupers and criminals, the asylum of the outlawed of every land, the resort of those who frankly avow the purpose of overturning law and government by force.

We must minimize the production of the human raw material of such crimes. This is largely a matter of education. Our children must be educated in reverence for law, to a sense of the sanctity of citizenship. A public opinion must be created that will condemn unhesitatingly all forms of irreverence and lawlessness. Partizanship has run wild in the lawlessness of political discussion. Legitimate criticism and caricature is one thing—the criminal recklessness of criticism and caricature of our "yellow journalism" and of our "anti-imperialism" is altogether another thing. Strange irony this, which lumps together the Boston Brahman and the New York *Daily Sewer!*

When Charles Kingsley was here he thought he saw the

greatest danger ahead of us in our unbalanced abuse of our rulers.

We must systematically educate our foreign-born citizens and our public-school children into a recognition of the splendid political privileges given in our Republic, and teach them to see that in their hands are the means of correcting all social evils peacefully. I remember hearing of the surprise, the incredulity, and then the enthusiasm of a roomful of Russian Jews, to whom a friend of mine was expounding the Constitution of the United States, as he read to them the language of the opening of that immortal document, "We, the people of the United States." "Does that," they asked, "really mean that the Constitution is made by us—the people?"

We must educate our plain people to understand the philosophy of history, wherein an unhampered self-government is the ideal of every society—an ideal, however, to be reached alone through the training of men by government, under law.

There are forms of anarchism among us that rest on no philosophic theories, but simply on the brutal passions and the selfish greed of man. We have had in this country 3,000 lynchings in twenty years—one every other day. These have taken place in every State of the Union save seven. They have included among their victims many women and children. They have been provoked, not by one crime alone, but by a large number of crimes. They have been attended with horrors beyond belief.

Labor strikes have tended to end, as in Homesburg, in the revolver and the bomb.

Manufacturers have not hesitated to dispense with the arm of the law and to hire the *condottiere* of our modern civilization, the Pinkerton police.

Railroads have ignored laws for the protection of life among their employees.

Corporate wealth has high-handedly bade defiance to law, crushed recklessly all competition by thoroughly anarchistic methods, and not stopped short of corrupting legislatures.

Out on Long Island life is daily endangered by a high-handed defiance of the laws regulating the speed of vehicles

on the part of rich men, whose automobiles terrorize horses and drivers alike.

While such practical anarchism prevails, we must not wonder at anarchistic assassinations. While lawlessness is found everywhere, and ordinary life is held so lightly, we must expect lawless disregard of exceptional lives.

The freedom of our social degenerates to stock the world with further broods of degenerates is the back-lying factor of our problem, which appals all thoughtful students of sociology. While paupers, criminals, and the insane form the parents of a considerable part of the nation, what are we to expect but such children as shock and outrage and endanger our civilization? From such material we must look for the periodic craze for murder which every now and then breaks forth among us.

A vast problem this, the solution of which is not yet in sight, but the study of which is forced afresh upon us by this crime.

The problem of revolutionary anarchism is not a problem for our statesmen alone: it is a problem for every citizen. The ultimate cure for anarchy lies in a deeper sense of individual responsibility to law for life. We must all deepen our abhorrence of lawlessness. We must all cherish a deeper reverence of every form of law. We must learn to hold all life, even in its humblest and most insignificant forms, sacred. To end the fascinations of revolutionary anarchy for certain minds, we must not merely use counter force to suppress it: we must seek to accept and embody whatever truths there are in the philosophic anarchism which gives it birth. We must individually seek to realize the ideal of philosophic anarchism, and become ourselves, each of us, self-governing beings, enshrining the moral law, so as to need no restraint of external legislation. While doing this, we must hold the untrained lives around us under the stern majesty of law, until they, too, become self-legislating human beings, living embodiments of immanent law.

R. Heber Newton.

New York.

THE ENGLISH FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

THE great things of life are almost always the quiet, unnoticed growths among the rank and file of the people. Last winter we saw the funeral of a woman, Queen Victoria, who, while she was good, could not by any stretch of the imagination be called great, but by the chance of birth she had been placed in a position of great prominence. Great things had happened during her reign, but she had not been the cause of them. Her personal goodness and common sense, and the fact that she mainly left things alone, permitted the really great developments of the Victorian era—but she did not create them.

In London we had forced on us the lack of any real democratic spirit, the almost groveling obsequiousness of the mass of the people—the workers and makers of things. At Rochdale we attended a quiet meeting on a Saturday night that was really great, although those who took part in it did not know it. Comparing it with the pageant of the Queen's funeral, that event sinks into its proper insignificance as a gorgeous theatrical spectacle to amuse the masses—as a carillon of bells, beautiful and impressive, that chimes the hour and marks the passage of time. This other meeting is like the rising of sap in the trees, which causes the blossoming of spring and the bloom and fruitage of summer. As Thoreau has said, the rising of the sap is always quiet and unnoticed, but a really great event.

In 1841, a few workingmen in the small manufacturing town of Rochdale, then with about fifteen or twenty thousand inhabitants, joined themselves together to form the Newbold Friendly Society. It was incorporated in 1888, under the acts passed in 1862 and 1886, and to-day, with one exception, does the largest business of any friendly society in England; and the Preston Society does business hundreds of miles from its home, while the Newbold Friendly Society will not receive any sick

benefit contributions or pay the sick benefits to any member removing more than fifty miles from Rochdale. It is purely local and intends to remain such, so that its management may always remain in the hands of the members.

Its first meeting was held in the Fox Inn, on the Milnrow Road, a mile or so from the center of Rochdale, and the meeting we attended was held at the same place, although it is not very convenient. With the exception of its former treasurer, who was the landlord of the Fox Inn, all its officers as well as its members were workingmen, and they are all now workingmen. The Society, like almost all the friendly societies in Great Britain, has been started and developed by the British workingman, without the aid of his social and financial superiors and generally without their knowledge or even suspicion of the great things he is actually doing.

To show what he is accomplishing, I copy almost the whole of the last report, which is very short, very concise, very plain and to the point, and entirely without fine writing or frills. I have put in parentheses the English money turned into ours, reckoning the pound as worth five dollars, which is a trifle in excess of its real value. I also have omitted the minor figures, so that the amounts in our money may be easily grasped in round numbers:

"The report for the year ending March 31st, 1900, along with the financial statement, is herewith submitted to you:

"The total income from all sources is £16,402 17s. 8d. ($82,000), and the capital of the Society now stands at £52,981 7s. 5d. ($264,000).

"The number of members at the end of the year is 25,721, being a net gain on the year of 186.

"The interest from investments amounts to the sum of £2,196 15s. 7d. ($11,000), and from the bank £39 5s. 2d. ($200).

"The amount paid in funeral claims is £2,360 ($11,500), as against £1,991 10s. 0d. ($10,000) last year, an increase of £368 10s. 0d. ($1,800).

"The sick claims for the year amount to £13,233 15s. 7d. ($66,000), being an increase over last year of £1,383 0s. 7d. ($6,500).

"The amount (£73 3s.) paid to charitable institutions is money which we think is very well spent.

"The management expenses amount to £1,198 4s. 1d. ($6,000), or a little over 7¼ per cent. of the total receipts.

"In conclusion, we wish to appeal to every member carefully to study the figures contained in this report, and see to the rules being carried out, as they will be doing a service, not only to themselves but to the whole of the members of the Society, and at the same time doing all that is possible to carry out what is admitted to be a very good work in the town."

An insurance company that has been in existence for sixty years and has nearly 26,000 policy-holders, an income of $82,000 and a reserve of $264,000, and pays out $77,000 in sick and death insurance in one year, is not to be laughed out of court. It is a *fact.* And when it is considered that that business is all done within a radius of fifty miles of Rochdale, that it is done with absolutely no advertising, that not one penny of commission is paid for bringing in new members, that though Rochdale has only 74,000 inhabitants there are nearly 26,000 in this society, that there has never been a defalcation or embezzlement, that the system of reporting and checking is so complete that there has rarely been a mistake and never a lawsuit, that in the mortgages in which their reserve is invested there have been only two unprofitable ones and those only slightly so, and above all that this has been done by cotton-spinners, engineers, shoemakers, mill-hands, etc., few of whom get over 40 shillings (or $10) a week, and whose average wage is, according to the Board of Trade report, 25s. 3d. (or about $6.25) a week, you have another great fact.

Further, when you consider that in the complicated and delicate subject of the fixing of rates of insurance—where surely the services of an actuarial expert, who has given his life to the study of this difficult mathematical problem, are needed—these workingmen have been successful, as the history of sixty years has proved, you discern the capacity for dealing with actual affairs inherent in the British workingman. Again, look at the ratio of expenses to income—7¼ per cent. The early expenses of the English Prudential Assurance Company were

78 per cent. of its income, and to-day the common ratio of expense to income in the insurance companies both of the United States and Great Britain is from 20 per cent. to 25 per cent. of their income. The careful and able secretary of this Newbold Friendly Society told me there was not an insurance company in Great Britain whose ratio of expenses to income was not at least a quarter larger than that of his society. This is also a tremendous fact.

How is this done? Quarterly meetings are held, and every member has one vote, and only one—save that guardians of infants or lunatics have one extra vote, and in the case of a tie the chairman has an extra vote. The committee of management, or executive committee, as we would call it, prepares an agendum, or order of business; but other matters may be introduced by the members. These quarterly meetings elect the officers, committee of management, and collectors, pass on the by-laws and reports of officers, and transact the business. Usually the same men are elected over and over again, and either death, sickness, or removal from the district is the only cause of change of officers. The following is the table of rates:

TABLE NO. I.—FOR MALE AND FEMALE MEMBERS.

AGE.			PAYMENTS.		SICK PAY.	FUNERAL MONEY.
			Entrance Fee.	Fortnightly Contributions.		
From date of Birth.	To	Contributions	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	£ s. d.
"	2 months	or 4	0 2	0 2	Nil.	1 0 0
"	3 "	" 6	0 2	0 2	"	1 10 0
"	4 "	" 8	0 2	0 2	"	2 0 0
"	5 "	" 10	0 2	0 2	"	2 10 0
"	6 "	" 12	0 2	0 2	"	3 0 0
"	7 "	" 14	0 2	0 2	"	3 15 0
"	8 "	" 16	0 2	0 2	"	4 10 0
"	9 "	" 18	0 2	0 2	"	5 0 0
13 years	15 years		0 4	0 4	4 0	5 0 0
15 "	17 "		0 5	0 5	5 0	6 0 0
17 "	19 "		0 6	0 6	6 0	7 0 0
19 "	22 "		1 0	0 6	6 0	7 0 0
22 "	25 "		1 6	0 6	6 0	7 0 0
25 "	30 "		2 6	0 6	6 0	7 0 0

No female admitted above the age of 25 years.

TABLE NO. 2.—FOR MALE MEMBERS ONLY, AGE 18 TO 30 YEARS.

	Contributions.			Sick Pay.			Funeral Money.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
18 to 30	0	0	7	0	7	0	8	0	0
	0	0	8	0	8	0	9	0	0
	0	0	9	0	9	0	10	0	0

ENTRANCE FEES.—18 years to 22, 1s.; 22 years to 25, 1s. 6d.; 25 years to 30, 2s. 6d.

In comparing with American rates, multiply the pence by two and the shillings by twenty-four to get our money in cents, and multiply the pounds by five. There is a slight examination as to health of applicant, and the sick pay is given for twenty-four weeks, and after twenty-four weeks indefinitely at half the rate. It would appear from these tables that no female over 25 and no male over 30 is admitted, though of course they may stay in after once getting in. For members moving away, the following clause applies:

Any member removing more than fifty miles from the registered office of the Society shall be excluded from sick benefits, but such member may continue to pay for funeral as follows, viz.:

			£	s.	d.
Contributions.	2d. per	fortnight	5	0	0
"	2½d.	"	6	0	0
"	3d.	"	7	0	0
"	3½d.	"	8	0	0
"	4d.	"	9	0	0
"	4½d.	"	10	0	0
"	6d.	"	10	0	0

Should any such member return and reside within the above limit of fifty miles he shall give notice to the Collectors and resume payment for sick allowance within three months of his return, and shall be entitled to sick pay according to rule after having paid one month's contributions; any one failing to give notice or resume payment within the above-mentioned time shall forfeit his claim to be reinstated for sick benefits.

Clauses 63 and 64 are also interesting:

"No member shall be entitled to any sick pay if such sickness or infirmity be caused or brought about by, or result from, his or her depraved, immoral, or intemperate conduct.

"Should any member of this Society become an inmate of a workhouse or an asylum, he shall receive no allowance for sickness during his stay therein; but if one-half of his contributions be paid to the Society whilst remaining in such place, and he should die, then he shall be entitled to funeral allowance; and should he remove out of the aforesaid workhouse or asylum, he shall be entitled to the same privileges as though he had never entered therein."

No allowance is made for pregnancy, nor for sickness due to child-bearing.

The territory in which the society works is divided into thirty-four districts; and two collectors, who must reside in their own districts, are elected every year, and some have served twenty or thirty years. These collectors meet every fortnight and receive 7 shillings each for a fortnight's work, and if they are present at this fortnightly meeting they receive fourpence more. This latter amount was given as drink money originally, and had to be spent at the "public"; but temperance agitation forced a change, and the collectors now receive money instead of checks, and they can spend it or not as they wish. At the meeting we attended not over six of the sixty-eight present ordered drinks. In addition, collectors receive threepence per mile one way for visiting sick members, but cannot visit more than once or twice without consent of the secretary; and they are fined if they do not visit once. Also, collectors must view the corpse of a dead member, and for this they receive sixpence; and there are a few other curious provisions.

The fortnightly meeting attended by my wife and myself was picturesque and extremely interesting to a stranger. The Fox Inn is an old stone building, two or three stories high. Entering through a vestibule, you are in a small hall, with a tap-room perhaps 12 feet by 6 feet directly in front, in and out of which the landlord, landlady, and their two or three daughters were continually bustling. Three rooms for guests opened out of this hall, and at one side of the tap-room is the landlady's room, cosy and well-furnished. The guest rooms had long, comfortable settees with high backs, long benches and tables, and of course a rousing fire. The one we went

into was furnished in mahogany, with some good pictures. The ceiling was low and raftered, and the whole effect rich and comfortable.

The three main rooms on the second floor are occupied every alternate Saturday by the Friendly Society, and they pay ten shillings a night for their use. Near the head of the stairs is the treasurer's room, with its safe, which has three keys and can only be opened by three officers jointly, and once a month the uninvested cash has to be presented and counted in the presence of all the collectors and any members who wish to attend. The next room had settees all around it, and a large table in the center, with some chairs. On the settees were the thirty-four collectors, each with a little tray on his lap containing his collections in coin, carefully arranged in piles of one kind, and on top a report showing the collections made and the total. These were counted in the presence of all by the president and treasurer, checked off as correct, and received. I had a strong inclination to laugh when I saw these thirty-four men, many of them old and all dignified, sitting around like schoolboys on a bench, each with his white covered tray set carefully on his lap and waiting his turn; but these men did not see the humor of the situation, and they could not unbend till the pounds, shillings, and pence were delivered up. Each district averages about nineteen pounds every fortnight, so that in the thirty-four districts one collection turns in a little over $3,000.

In the next room were three long tables with benches on each side, on which sat the second collector from each district; and the first joined him as soon as he had delivered his funds in the other room. Many were smoking and occasionally a drink was ordered; it was served very decorously by a young girl. But neither then nor later was there the slightest hint of drunkenness, or even tipsiness. The whole inn was a perfectly proper place for my wife to accompany me. At the head of one long table sat the secretary with his books, and back of him his safe. He first called the roll by numbers, and the men variously answered, "One only," or "Both." This

was necessary for the fourpence attendance money, which was not paid till certified by the secretary. Then he called the roll, and the collectors replied from their books the amount collected and reported at previous meeting. If it tallied with his book, all right; if not, woe to the unfortunate man! He had to explain before his comrades. One man had forgotten his book and he had to go home for it. Then came various other items of checking off and business. Once the body passed resolutions to take up a collection for a retiring collector, and then another man acted as the chairman. It was not easy for the men to speak, and their remarks were brief but always to the point. Once when the chairman stopped to talk with a neighbor just a minute, a gruff voice brought him back with: "Mr. Chairman, let's have business done." Then the secretary took up his work and finished it with precision and regularity. At the end he dealt out stationery, giving one sheet of foolscap, two or three pens, a few envelopes, and so on.

I was impressed by two things in this meeting, which lasted but a little over an hour. First, the order and precision with which the business was transacted, and the sense of justice and fair play in the way it was done. No man tried to get ahead of another in the established order, and was equally unwilling that any one else should step over the rules. Second, underneath a sometimes gruff exterior were genuine affection and kindliness. These men loved their president and secretary, and I think that love was deserved. Two finer specimens of the British workingman I have never seen—kindly, fair, executive, and able. To hear the tone in which one would say, "Have you one for me, William?" or "Are you ready, Jack?" was a revelation of their feeling. First names were always used, although William and Jack were rather stately and fine specimens of manhood. Then their courtesy to us was perfect. They did all they could to make our visit pleasant and to give us information. The whole meeting was a revelation to me of the capacity latent in the British workingman if he can only be brought to apply and use it. He needs to be

waked up and to be filled with hope as to what he can do. He is like ground that has lain a long time unturned and needs to be turned over, broken up, and thoroughly aerated. He needs to have air and spirit forced into him, and then he can do wonders.

ELTWEED POMEROY.

East Orange, N. J.

SPIRITUAL BIRTH OF THE AMERICAN NATION.

IN the year 1776 the American nation was born politically. One hundred and twenty-five years later, in 1901, it is reborn spiritually. The first birth was by an act—the signing of the Declaration of Independence by a number of representative citizens. The second birth is a process—the adoption of a new ideal and standard of life.

The skeptical reader may question the right of any one to declare *ex cathedra* that the American people have to any definite extent accepted or surrendered themselves to a new ideal or standard of life. But on examination it will be seen that there are many more evidences and clearer indications of the spiritual birth of the nation to-day than there were of its political birth in 1776. The result of the act of signing the Declaration of Independence no human being could have foreseen. The situation was wittily characterized by Franklin in his remark to the delegates after appending their names to the document: "Now, gentlemen, we must all hang together or we shall all hang separately." Time finally proved that the nation had been born, but it was only after weary years and sharp vicissitudes that the fact became established.

In what respect does America now need to be so radically transformed that the change shall amount to a birth, or a rebirth? It must be born from the material conception of life to the spiritual. It must change its standards of value and appraisement. When the "solid men" of a community are spoken of, the "men of weight," what class comes instantly to the mind of the seventy million citizens of our great Republic? The *rich* men. A few may, and do, inwardly protest against the standard; but it exists, and we are all gauged by it in the common thought—and we are lifted up or forced down because of the prevalence of the standard. The dollar is a mightier potentate than the President.

Two factors have combined to reverse the tendency of American sentiment—a principle and a shock. The principle is that suggested by Professor Drummond in his volume on "The Ascent of Man," in which he showed that the funda-

mental law of evolution is not the "struggle for life," as has been supposed. Preceding that in the process of development, and certain in time to supplant it, was the higher principle of the "struggle for the life of others." This is Nature's Golden Rule. It is the fundamental, primordial law in accordance with which the universe is created and momentarily sustained.

The sudden realization of this truth by the American public is most remarkable. Previous to 1901 the Golden Rule was largely a latent force. It had little place in people's thoughts. A discourse on the subject in a public gathering would have been regarded as the dreariest of platitudes. Now there is no topic more universally discussed than the Golden Rule. Its vital significance has come to be appreciated "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye." The public mind has awakened all at once to the short-sightedness of the selfish spirit, and to a realization that no man liveth or can live to himself alone; that true self-protection includes brother-protection; in short, that the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you," or the Mosaic injunction, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," is the only possible foundation for a normal social order.

The first practical step in introducing the new order of thought was the formation in New York City of the "Baron and Baroness de Hirsch Monument Association," founded for the purpose of erecting a monument to Philanthropy, which should also stand as a memorial to those noble exemplars of the Golden Rule, who bestowed during their lives, with rare judgment and discrimination, more than a hundred million dollars for the benefit of the needy and suffering, regardless of race or creed. It is truly said of them that "their benevolence reached from the center of Arabia to the Pacific Coast; the five continents bear witness to their benefactions."

It was the aim of the originators of the de Hirsch Association to utilize this high example as a means of turning the thought of the American people into channels of philanthropy and sympathy. While considering the question as to the most effective ways of accomplishing this result, a valuable hint was

supplied by Senator George F. Hoar in an address given on "Lincoln Day" of 1901 before the Massachusetts Legislature. He expressed his conviction that the Golden Rule is the only basis of a healthy and permanent civilization. Encouraged by this testimony from an American statesman, it was resolved by the managers to influence public sentiment in this direction by holding a Golden Rule mass-meeting.

The result exceeded their most sanguine expectations. A vast audience gathered on a stormy evening (March 26th) in the great auditorium of Dr. R. S. MacArthur's church in New York City to hear the Golden Rule discussed by a Confucian—the Hon. Wu Ting-Fang—by two Jewish rabbis, and by Christian clergymen of all shades of belief and also of complexion, one of them being as black a specimen as "darkest Africa" could produce. The enthusiasm of the audience fully equaled its numbers, and at the close of the meeting two practical resolutions were offered and unanimously adopted: (1) To organize a permanent Golden Rule Brotherhood, and (2) to recommend a discussion of the Golden Rule annually throughout the world; and in order to make such discussion as effective as possible it was proposed that the subject be considered once a year in the schools on Friday, in the synagogues on Saturday, and in the churches on Sunday.

The organization of the Brotherhood was effected in the June following, and the secretary of the Brotherhood visited the Pan-American Exposition during the summer, and from a public meeting held there, which represented the religious side of the Exposition, secured the issuing of an "Appeal to all Nations" asking them to enter into the plan of an annual Golden Rule Day.

Such, in brief, is the history of what may well be called the "Golden Rule Revival of 1901." The first factor in the nation's rebirth was supplied in the widespread recognition of justice to our fellow-men as the only practical law of life—individual, social, industrial, or political. But if the nation is to be born spiritually something must happen to transmute this passive sentiment into an active, vital force. What this

something was, we all know too well. Our beloved President, stricken down by the hand of an assassin, affords such a beautiful and divine manifestation of the spirit of the Golden Rule that the attention of the whole civilized world is riveted and concentrated upon that sentiment. It was like the voice of God, speaking to every heart, and saying, "Turn ye, turn ye from your prejudices, your antagonisms, your thoughts of war and bloodshed, and study the law of love and the ways of sympathy and kindness." The history of the human race from the beginning has but one parallel to this extraordinary event, with its infinite meaning.

Secretary Hay, in his recent address before the New York Chamber of Commerce, said:

"Never since history began has there been an event which so immediately and so deeply touched the sensibilities of so vast a portion of the human race. The sun which set over Lake Erie while the surgeons were still battling for the President's life had not risen on the Atlantic before every capital of the civilized world was in mourning. And it was not from the centers of civilization alone that the voices of sorrow and sympathy reached us; they came as well from the utmost limits of the world, from the most remote islands of the sea; not only from the courts of Christendom, but from the temples of strange gods and the homes of exotic religions. Never before has the heart of the world throbbed with a sorrow so universal. Never before have the kingdoms of the earth paid such homage at the grave of a citizen."

The spontaneous sorrow of the "great round world," as if even the earth itself were for the moment endowed with a heart to beat in sympathy with our nation's bereavement, was indeed most touching and inspiring. But the permanence of the impression and the value of the lesson depend largely upon the spirit of our new President. And here we have another link in what the thoughtful mind cannot but regard as a remarkable chain of providences. Six months before the assassination, Mr. Roosevelt, then Vice-President, was inspired to write a letter to the Golden Rule meeting in New York, which expressed in noblest diction the spirit of the Golden Rule movement:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., March 20, 1901.

"MR. THEODORE F. SEWARD, *Secretary:*

"*My Dear Sir:* I have your letter of the 11th inst. It is a matter of real regret that I cannot be with you. In this country, of all others, it behooves us to show an example to the world, not by words only, but by deeds, that we have faith in the doctrine that each man should be treated on his worth as a man, without regard to his creed or his race. Wonderful opportunities are ours, and great and growing strength has been given us. But if we neglect the opportunities and misuse the strength, then we shall leave to those who come after us a heritage of woe instead of a heritage of triumph. There is need of the aid of every wise, strong, and good man, if we are to do our work aright. The forces that tell for good should not be dissipated by clashing among themselves. In no way is it so absolutely certain that we will worse than nullify these forces as by permitting the upgrowth of hostilities and division based on creed or race origin. Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, if we only have the root of right thinking in us, we are bound to stand shoulder to shoulder and hand to hand in the effort to work out aright the problem of our national existence, and to direct for good and not for evil the half-unknown social forces which have been quickened into power by our complex and tremendous industrial development.

"With all good wishes, I am faithfully yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

In the sentence "If we only have the root of right thinking in us," Mr. Roosevelt gives the key-note of our nation's rebirth. That it was not a mere chance thought, but indicates a new ideal that has established itself in the minds of the American people, is shown by many signs, chief of which is the wave of sentiment regarding the Golden Rule already referred to. In Mr. Hay's address he said with reference to the underlying principle of American diplomacy: "The briefest expression of our rule of conduct is, perhaps, the Monroe Doctrine and the Golden Rule." Bracketing this sentence with Mr. Roosevelt's, are we not justified in believing that the year 1901 will be recognized as the beginning of a new era of spiritual life for our nation? And it is already bearing fruit. The recent moral cataclysm in New York City was not a mere local spasm, a momentary reaction against unbearable conditions. It was a surface indication, a rising of the mercury in the barometer showing that the moral atmosphere is clearing throughout the entire country. It is an apparent fulfilment of the prophecy that "a nation shall be born in a day."

Our President has given the sign and seal of this birth in his recent message, where he says: "When all is said and done, the rule of brotherhood remains as the indispensable prerequisite to success in the kind of national life for which we strive."

Of the many evidences of a radical change in American thought, two should be specifically mentioned. The first is the rapidly changing sentiment with regard to Judaism. For nineteen hundred years it has been the belief of Christendom that there is an essential antagonism between Judaism and Christianity. The error of this idea is now coming to be recognized by all thoughtful Christians. Judaism gave the world the essential principles of all religion, namely, the conception of God as one, the truth of a universal providence, a perfect system of ethics in the Ten Commandments, and the law of universal brotherhood—"thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Jesus of Nazareth took pains to say, "I came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil it." It is a part of America's noble mission to lead the world in doing justice to this long-oppressed people.

The second evidence to be mentioned is the broader standard of association for local reforms. Church federations are now beginning to include the liberal as well as the orthodox element, and, what is still more significant and important, reform combinations are coming into vogue which ignore entirely the question of religious differences. A typical case is to be seen in Toledo, Ohio, which has a world-wide reputation as a Golden Rule city with a Golden Rule mayor, Mr. S. M. Jones. A "Municipal Golden Rule Committee" has been formed there whose members include orthodox and liberal clergymen and laymen, Roman Catholics, Jews, Theosophists, Christian Scientists, Labor Union men—in fact, any and all who wish to join hands for promoting the highest interests of the community. They were first brought together by a Golden Rule mass-meeting and I suggest that such a meeting be held in every town and city. It will be found that the joy of seeing the divine image in a supposed heretic stirs the community with a new sensation.

THEODORE F. SEWARD.

New York.

THE RISE OF PHOTOGRAPHY AND ITS SERVICE TO MANKIND.

I. THE HISTORY OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE nineteenth century may be termed the golden age of scientific discovery and the summer-time of inventive genius, in comparison with which all other centuries dwarf into insignificance. The steamship, the railway, the telegraph and ocean cable, the telephone and wireless telegraphy, the lucifer match, illuminating gas and electricity, and the utilization and perfection of steam, electricity, and compressed air for motor power, are but a few of the inventions and discoveries which intimately affect the larger life of man and which have changed the face of the world. Among these splendid achievements, which adorn the glory crown of the century, photography is entitled to a commanding position.

Like the childhood days of civilization, the nineteenth century abounds in wonder-stories, but, unlike those of prehistoric ages, her wonder-tales are true. We do not even have to search for an arcane meaning in the modern marvels. The children of the witch and wizard, Science and Invention, are not fabulous, and the history of photography is but one of the many wonderful tales unfolded by the present era.

The alchemists of the Middle Ages were acquainted with the fact that sunlight darkened certain salts of silver, but they seem to have been too thoroughly engrossed in the search for the philosopher's stone and the elixir of youth to make practical use of the knowledge they possessed; and one of the first positive steps looking toward the discovery and utilization of photography is due to Giovanni Baptista Porta, a Neapolitan scientist, who invented the camera obscura about two hundred years ago, but nothing came of the invention and discovery during that age. Cultured people regarded it as interesting, but nothing more; and science had not at that time plumed her

pinions for daring flights, nor could it be said that the inventive spirit was abroad throughout Europe.

After Porta important observations and discoveries were made by Scheele, Senebier, Wedgewood, Sir Humphry Davy, Dr. Seebeck, and others; but it was not until the early years of the second quarter of the nineteenth century that the patient researches of Joseph N. Niepce and Louis Jacques M. Daguerre were crowned with such positive success as to challenge the interested attention of the scientific world.

The story has often been told of Daguerre's narrow escape from an insane asylum. It was in 1838 that Mme. Daguerre's fears in regard to her husband's sanity became so great that she consulted one of the most celebrated physicians of Paris. To him she confided her dreadful suspicion. She told him how her husband had formerly taken the greatest delight in his profession of decorator and scenic painter in the great Parisian theaters; how later his wonderfully successful diorama proved a great pleasure to him as well as the source of much profit; but how of late a strong hallucination had gained possession of his mind. He insisted that his shadow-image could be caught and held on some silver plate with which he continually labored. No amount of reasoning could dissuade him. Indeed, the hallucination became more and more fixed with each day's work. The physician, who was a specialist in mental troubles, found in Madame's recital palpable proofs of insanity. In the first place, the conviction or belief was clearly an absurd delusion, and the persistence with which he clung to the hallucination was another characteristic of insanity. Both the wife and the doctor were soon firmly convinced that Daguerre's place was not in the busy, bustling world, and with this belief every act and word of the scientist seemed to them uncanny or abnormal. The longer the physician observed Daguerre, the more his suspicions were confirmed, and he earnestly advised the wife to have her husband quietly taken to the insane asylum at Bicêtre with the least possible delay. Before they were able, however, to put the doctor's advice into execution, Daguerre had solved the problem, and early in 1839 the publication of a description

of his process and an exhibition of his pictures made the name of Louis Jacques M. Daguerre famous throughout Europe.

Some time before this date, however, Joseph N. Niepce, who since 1814 had been working on the problem, had succeeded in taking pictures unaffected by the light. His method was faulty, but in 1827 he wrote a paper on the subject and forwarded it with specimens of his work to Dr. Bauer, then secretary of the Royal Society of London. M. Daguerre, on hearing of Niepce's investigation along the lines upon which he was working, sought him, and after several interviews the two formed a partnership for the better prosecution of their work. In 1832 M. Niepce died, and his son and Daguerre then formed a partnership for the continuation of the research.

It would seem from the evidence that Niepce was the first to succeed in the attempt to fix or set an image, though it is probable that the discovery was so imperfect and unsatisfactory that it was not until the closing months of 1838 that Daguerre succeeded in sufficiently perfecting the process to make it worth while to exhibit the work and publish an account of the discovery.

At the suggestion of the Academy, the French government bought the process from the discoverer and gave it to the world. Daguerre received a sum amounting to six thousand francs, and young Niepce received four thousand.

The daguerreotype was taken on metal plates that were usually silver-coated. Early in 1839 Mr. Fox Talbot, who since 1834 had been experimenting, published a description of a process of his own by which he was able to make sun pictures on prepared paper. In 1841 he patented his process under the name of calotype (beautiful pictures). Daguerre greatly improved the daguerreotype before his death, which occurred in 1851; and indeed the great activity and interest among scientists during the forties furthered the new art in many ways, but the greatest and most important forward step was taken in 1850, when the collodion film on glass was introduced by Mr. Scott Archer of England. Soon after this advance step, pic-

tures were printed from negatives, and the new process supplanted the methods of Daguerre and Talbot.

Since 1850 the history of photography has been a series of brilliant triumphs. Numerous improvements and important modifications have followed each other in quick succession, and the art has been carried forward with that zeal which marks the modern scientific spirit, united with the enthusiasm that the beautiful always awakens in the imagination of man. Perhaps its progress has nowhere been more signally marked than in the increased sensitiveness of the plates. Daguerre, in describing his discovery, remarked that "the time required to procure a photographic copy of a landscape is from seven to eight hours, but single monuments, when strongly lighted by the sun, or which are themselves very bright, can be taken in about three hours." To-day only a fraction of a second is required. So sensitive, indeed, is the modern plate that the flash of lightning, the swift-flying bird, or the flight of a bullet from a gun, can be photographed.

Two of the most wonderful achievements made in the photographic art in recent years are found in color photography and the taking of photographs by the aid of the Roentgen or X-ray. Color photography is as yet in its infancy. Comparatively few persons have enjoyed the privilege of seeing this wonderful triumph of science and skill. In his admirable work entitled "The Wonderful Century," Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace gives in small compass so intelligent a description of this new triumph in photography that I cannot do better than reproduce the great scientist's words:

"It has long been the dream of photographers to discover some mode of obtaining pictures which shall reproduce all the colors of Nature without the intervention of the artist's manipulation. This was seen to be exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, because the chemical action of colored light has no power to produce pigments of the same color as the light itself, without which a photograph in natural colors would seem to be impossible. Nevertheless, the problem has been solved, but in a totally different manner; that is, by the principle of 'interference' instead of by that of chemical action. This principle was

discovered by Newton, and is exemplified in the colors of the soap-bubble, and in those of mother-of-pearl and other iridescent objects. It depends on the fact that the differently colored rays are of different wave-lengths, and the waves reflected from two surfaces half a wave-length apart neutralize each other and leave the remainder of the light colored. If, therefore, each differently colored ray of light can be made to produce a corresponding minute wave-structure in a photographic film, then each part of the film will reflect only light of that particular wave-length, and therefore of that particular color, that produced it. This has actually been done by Professor Lippmann, of Paris, who published his method in 1891; and in a lecture before the Royal Society, in April, 1896, he fully described it and exhibited many beautiful specimens.

"The method is as follows: A sensitive film, of some of the usual salts of silver in albumin or gelatin, is used, but with much less silver than usual, so as to leave the film quite transparent. It must also be perfectly homogeneous, since any granular structure would interfere with the result. This film on glass must be placed in a frame so constructed that at the back of it there is a shallow cell that can be filled with mercury which is in contact with the film. It is then exposed in the usual way, but much longer than for an ordinary photograph, so that the light-waves have time to produce the required effect. The light of each particular tint, being reflected by the mercury, meets the incoming light and produces a set of *standing* waves—that is, of waves surging up and down, each in a fixed plane. The result is that the metallic particles in the film become assorted and stratified by this continued wave-action, the distance apart of the strata being determined by the wave-length of the particular colored light—for the violet rays about eight-millionths of an inch; so that in a film of ordinary thickness there would be about five hundred of these strata of thinly scattered metallic particles. The quantity of silver used being very small, when the film is developed and fixed in the usual way the result is not a light-and-shade negative, but a nearly transparent film which nevertheless reflects a sufficient amount of light to produce a naturally colored picture. . . .

"The effects are said to be most beautiful, the only fault being that the colors are more brilliant than in Nature, just as they are when viewed in the camera itself. This, however,

may perhaps be remedied (if it requires remedying) by the use of a slightly opaque varnish. The comparatively little attention that has been given to this beautiful and scientifically-perfect process is no doubt due to the fact that it is rather expensive, and that the pictures cannot, at present, be multiplied rapidly. But for that very reason it ought to be especially attractive to amateurs, who would have the pleasure of obtaining exquisite pictures which will not become commonplace by indefinite reproduction."

The discovery and utilization of the X-ray have opened up an entirely new field for photographic work. The discovery was made by Professor Roentgen, of Würzburg, who after a series of experiments by the aid of the vacuum tubes and electricity, succeeded in obtaining shadow pictures of objects imbedded in opaque substances and hidden from the human eye by reason of intervening matter. Thus human flesh is not opaque to the X-ray, while bone and metal are. This of course renders the new discovery of great value in surgery. The luminosity of the ray of light differs from that of ordinary light. These rays cannot be refracted or reflected. They pass through powder as easily as through solids, and many substances, such as wood, paper, leather, and slate are pervious to the X-ray.

From this brief history of the discovery of photography and the successive steps that have marked its development, we now turn to a consideration of its service to the world.

II. PHOTOGRAPHY AS A SERVANT OF CIVILIZATION.

Few people to-day realize how much the discovery of photography has contributed to the pleasure and happiness of millions of people throughout the civilized world. Not only has this art filled our homes with the images of loved ones, but it has become one of the great factors in the culture of people, while also being one of the most useful allies of Science in her tireless quest for Truth.

Before the advent of photography only the very rich could afford portraits of the cherished members of the home circle,

for even indifferent work was far out of the reach of most persons, and few artists possessed at once the genius and the training necessary to catch and represent the lifelike features and expressions that we find in the work of the camera. Photography has changed all this, so that to-day in the homes of rich and poor alike, which jewel the civilized world, are found the lifelike shadows or images of those who hold a sacred place in the affections of the home makers. Would you realize something of what this means in the enrichment of life, then take the photographs of a few of your dearest friends, and think what they are to you—what they bring into life through the magic of memory and association whenever you look upon them. Here, for example, is the likeness of your father or mother who has passed into the summer-land of the soul, and as you look upon that thoughtful face, so faithfully depicted, you remember a life of sublime devotion and consecration to duty—a life of self-sacrifice and toil. You remember a thousand times when that parent looked just as the printed shadow, caught by the aid of the sun, represents the absent and silent one.

And here is a picture of a son or a brother, who years ago went bravely forth to meet life's stern realities. He is relentlessly, bravely, nobly battling, not for bread alone nor yet for fame or honor; for a great purpose he has sanctified his life—he is striving to make this old world happier and better. Before the magic of this picture the past rises as a dream, in which the boy, with joyous laughing face, gives place to the thoughtful youth, standing on the threshold of manhood, with brow mantled with the same look of confidence, mingled with serious concern, which the camera has so marvelously reproduced.

And here is a daughter or sister. Ah! that was a sad day in the little home when the lover bore away the bride. Hand in hand they started on their long journey, and now in a remote State they have builded their home. You will probably never see the sunny-haired girl again, but in a certain way she is with you whenever you look upon her likeness; for all her past—her beautiful, confiding past—comes vividly before

you, with the sunshine, the music, and the flowers of other days. And here is a likeness of one dearer than parent, brother, or sister. She, too, is absent now, but what witchery does this picture possess that makes you turn to it so often? How speaking are those eyes! Was ever a smile more tender? That picture always touches a magic spring in memory's hall, and forthwith a royal chamber is disclosed. Ah! it is the holiest of holies—the sanctuary of the heart—the throne of the deepest affection. You cannot look upon that picture without calling to mind a hundred cherished occasions when she smiled into your face, even such a smile as is here caught by the sensitive plate. Well may you say her soul speaks in those great luminous eyes; nor is it strange that you love to linger over that charming picture.

Now, with these treasures held in your hand, try to imagine what it would mean to you if they and the art for which they stand were suddenly destroyed, and then you will be able to understand something of what photography is to civilization's millions. Yet you have only considered this wonder of our century from the sentimental side. It is true that if photography did nothing more than enrich life by answering the yearnings of affection's cry it would hold a high place among the great blessings conferred by the inventive genius of the last century; but its service to man in other ways is already incalculable. It has been a great educational factor, the servant of broad culture, and the handmaid of science.

We have comparatively few pictured representations of the great of past ages, and these for the most part are unsatisfactory. Sculpture, it is true, has to some extent come to our aid by preserving the features of a few of the eminent ones of the remote past; but it was not until within the last fifty years that the world was made familiar with the illustrious sons of our age through photography. Now, however, the features and expression of almost all who have distinguished themselves during the last three-quarters of the nineteenth century are familiar to the reading public.

A gentleman interested in education some time ago deter-

mined to make an experiment, as a result of a discussion with an educator. He accordingly gained permission to present a series of photographs of leading statesmen, poets, novelists, essayists, scientists, philanthropists, and soldiers to the children of a certain public school. The boys and girls were requested to name the persons represented by the different pictures, and, to the great surprise and gratification of the teachers, a large percentage of the children recognized most of the photographs. This was especially the case with the poets, novelists, and statesmen. In like manner the gentleman exhibited photographic representations of great buildings and places of historic interest, and here he found even greater familiarity with the pictures displayed. In speaking of the result of this experiment he said to me that, though he had long been convinced of the immense value of photography as an educator, it was not until after this test that he realized how much this art, reenforced as it now is by methods of reproduction, is stimulating education and broadening the culture of the people. The picture of an eminent man at once arouses curiosity. Who is he? What has he done? And forthwith the child or adult begins to search for information. Reading about the person serves to increase one's general knowledge while it fastens the image of the person portrayed in the mind of the investigator. If the picture be that of a writer, the student is frequently led to peruse his work, and thus it often happens that the photograph or illustration of some famous individual not only leads to the inquiry as to his life but also culminates in acquainting the scholar with the best thoughts of the writer.

What is true of portraits is equally true of great historic places and spots around which a special interest clusters. How familiar to the school children of our time are the great buildings of the world! Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, the cathedral of Notre Dame, St. Peter's, the Parthenon, the Parliament Houses of England, the Tower of London, and scores of other famous spots have been rendered so familiar by illustrations that they would be readily recognized by almost any youth of

fifteen years to-day. And yet adults as well as children, a hundred years ago, were comparatively unacquainted with these great places, while few of them had been able to form any intelligent conception of the structures, not having had the opportunity to see their representations. Here also, as with portraits, the pictures lead to trains of study and investigation which add to the general culture of the scholar while increasing the enjoyment that comes with the acquisition of knowledge.

Nor is the present the only field in which photography has greatly aided educational advance. During the last century excavations and archæological researches have done much toward unfolding the buried treasures of earlier civilizations and of by-gone ages. These discoveries have been fully photographed and reproduced, until pictorial representations which fifty years ago, in the nature of things, could only be enjoyed by a few trained scholars are now familiar to the general reading public. Like Gutenberg, Daguerre and the other fathers of photography have greatly enriched life and increased the enlightenment of the world.

Perhaps nowhere has the utility of photography been so evident as in scientific investigations. Not in one department alone, but in numerous fields of research, photography has come to the aid of science, enabling the investigator to learn the nature and character of fleeting phenomena, which would have been impossible without its aid. The astronomer, the physiologist, and the biologist alike have found it an aid of the most positive character. From the sweeping of the heavens to the locating of a bullet or a needle in the human body, photography has performed such wonders that it is no exaggeration to term it a handmaid of science. Take, for example, astronomy. If twenty-five years ago a daring scientist or inventor should have ventured the prediction that before the close of the nineteenth century an instrument would be discovered that should prove a far more searching eye for man than the greatest telescope ever manufactured, he would have received little credence. And yet through the aid of this art millions of stars have been discovered that were invisible to the eye,

even through the strongest glass. The camera has revealed facts that even the telescope failed to indicate. The new map of the heavens will be greatly indebted to photography for its revelations. Among other phenomena disclosed to the astronomer by the camera has been the fall of snow on the planet Mars.

It would require a volume to illustrate the uses of this discovery in the various branches of science. We must, however, confine ourselves to one other illustration. A few years ago the world was astonished by the discovery of Professor Roentgen of Würzburg. Now the intelligent public is familiar with the Roentgen ray, by which it is possible to discover, through photography, many foreign substances in the human body—a discovery that has already resulted in the saving of many lives that otherwise would have been sacrificed.

Perhaps few persons realize how large a place photography is filling among the labor-saving devices of the present. One typical illustration among a number that might be cited will serve to emphasize this fact. A short time ago, when visiting the extensive works of the American Watch Company, at Waltham, Mass., my attention was called to a modern method of lettering the faces of watches. In the old times men with good eyesight and steady nerves labored tirelessly in painting the delicate figures, letters, and ornamental designs on the enameled surface; but by the aid of the apparatus of which I speak all this work can now be instantly accomplished by photography. The labor of a number of men, in a work exceedingly trying to the eyesight, is now performed by the camera, aided by a powerful electric light.

Inventors and discoverers have generally an exaggerated idea of the value of their contributions to the world's knowledge; but this was not the case with photography. Its sphere of usefulness has broadened with the flight of years and the improvements made in its processes, until to-day it would be difficult to overestimate the blessings it has rendered to civilized man.

B. O. Flower.

Boston, Mass.

RESPONSIBILITY IN MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

IF ever any part of the American people have been prone to admit that democracy might prove a failure, it has been in connection with municipal government. When that cheerful optimist, Mark Twain, rises to express his faith in the absolute honesty of our urban population, he seems indeed to be saying something new—people rub their eyes and look relieved, as one awakening from an unpleasant dream. The frequent exposure of political corruption in the large cities and the at least partial failure of the efforts to secure permanent improvement have created a feeling of distrust that is too often evident, because it constitutes one of the greatest obstacles in the way of substantial reform.

This is not the day to build hopes of political progress on any departure from democratic ideas. Honesty, intelligence, and devotion to the public weal are less than ever the monopoly of any one section of the community. No one would seriously claim that the voters of cities are so wanting in moral principle and foresight as to forget that a corrupt and extravagant government means greater burdens and less security to themselves. It must be admitted that these people have been repeatedly thwarted in their most determined efforts to get rid of the leeches that prey upon them; but when it is attempted to impugn their character or their intelligence they have only to reply that they have never had half a chance to rule themselves through representatives having full powers and well-defined responsibilities.

The problem of devising a free system of government for large cities is one that the United States must solve for themselves. It is not such, however, as to have necessitated so much fruitless labor and so many disastrous failures if it had been approached by our legislators in a proper spirit. The trouble has been that, instead of unselfishly seeking for that

government which would enable the people of the cities most easily to govern their own affairs, the Legislatures, at the behest of political bosses, have dealt with municipalities very much in the same manner that the Czar uses toward local authorities in his empire. The party in control has looked upon the power to intervene in municipal matters as a fair means of advancing its interests in national politics or of placing its friends in positions of emolument. Municipal bodies, theoretically intrusted with the care of protecting the life and property of a million people, have been treated like ordinary private corporations, whose very existence is a privilege and whose powers are to be extended or restricted as caprice may dictate. Legislatures have even assumed the right to dispose of municipal property, and in other respects have gone so far that to be a resident of a large city is to be something lower than the people of other parts of the same State.

The evils that have resulted from such action on the part of the Legislatures cannot be exaggerated. It has not only effectually prevented any earnest effort to find the best form of municipal government: it has been the means of making it impossible successfully to operate such municipal government as did exist—by destroying its importance and the interest that people should take in it. It has led those having the most at stake to depend more on their ability to lobby the rural legislator than upon the approval of the people with whom they were dealing, and it has handed the latter over to the tender mercies of men to whom municipal questions are of secondary importance. But, worse than all, the direct interference of the Legislature and the creation of boards subject to the State authorities have brought happiness to the soul of every political trickster—by providing unlimited facilities for the shifting of responsibility.

It is needless to call attention to the many "deals" that have made this system notorious. There can be no more fruitful source of evil in a system of popular government than division and confusion of responsibility. When the people can only feel the burdens resulting from bad adminis-

tration without being able to hold any one directly to account, there remains very little incentive to virtue and less deterrent from crime or slovenliness. The candidates no longer fear punishment for their misdeeds, nor can they depend upon recognition for good service. Men of worth are prevented from seeking office, and the control is left to those who find in it a source of personal profit.

The first condition of municipal reform, then, is to give the people of the cities complete autonomy—the absolute and exclusive right to act as they please in all things municipal. When once these people realize that they are free and that there shall be no appeal from misgovernment made possible only by their own indifference—then only shall we have a revival of healthy and permanent interest in municipal affairs.

And why should not the people of cities be given the greatest measure of autonomy? Why should not the State Legislatures realize that it is as serious a matter for them to meddle in the internal affairs of a town as it would be for Congress to infringe upon the rights of one of the States of the Union? There is certainly nothing more sacred about the right of the hundreds of thousands of Rhode Island to self-government than about that of the millions of Greater New York. Why is it, then, that legislative interference is so lightly accepted—nay, so frequently sought—by the "best people"?

There is a Gordian knot that must be loosened before municipal reform can be placed upon a sound basis. Legislative meddling tends to degrade municipal institutions; but it is the unsatisfactory operation of these institutions that prompts so many to look for external relief and to allow themselves to be governed by boards and officials over whom they have scant control. Therefore, to secure autonomy the cities must devise a system of government that will give the greatest possible guaranty consistent with representative institutions that whatever is done at any time by the local authorities is approved by the people. The greatest degree of independence

will be secured by that city which leaves no reasonable ground for any part of its people to appeal to outsiders on the plea that they have not had a fair opportunity to be heard at home or that the local legislators do not represent the majority of the people at the time. Improvement begets improvement just as evil begets evil.

That is the best form of government which will enable the voters to supervise the work of their representatives with the least labor, most easily to trace the responsibility for all deeds of administration to its proper source, and most promptly to call misdoers to account. Evidently the city charters of our early days did not conform to this definition. Then, as now, we had a complex system of committees and departments more or less independent of one another, and officials having special immunities—each body having its own powers and its own dignity to uphold, whatever the cost to the public.

The necessity of so concentrating control and responsibility as to make it easier for the voter to exercise his judgment was the first thing that entered the mind of municipal reformers, and this led to a general movement in favor of extending the prerogatives of the mayor. But a mayor must be elected for a stated period, and during his term of office he is free and exercises the power intrusted to him very much as he pleases. When he is clothed with the absolute power of appointment and removal in all the departments, he presents a very good image of a despot; and such a picture is never popular with the people of this country. Aware of the latter fact, most reformers have resorted to compromise measures. A notable example of this weakening of the champions of reform was shown in the drafting of the charter of Greater New York. "The power of appointment and removal," said the gentlemen who drafted that document, "is given to the mayor, so that the people may hold him responsible for his administration. His power of removal after the first six months is limited to removal on charges, because it is feared that, should absolute power be conferred upon

him, the Commissioners would be too much the creatures of the Mayor." Thus from the start the fear of autocracy makes reformers desert their principles, and the politicians of the Legislatures are not slow to take advantage of the circumstance to assume the right of supervision. In the end the people are left where they were before the agitation for the concentration of responsibility began.

There are many reasons why a mayor should not be made all-powerful—reasons that apply against every kind of despotism.

Every suggestion to increase the power of the mayor has been necessarily at the expense of the legislative branch of the government, and has been instrumental in lowering the standard of the latter. As matters stand, it seems to be taken for granted that a common council must, of its nature, be a corrupt and incompetent body, to which only people of a very inferior class will seek election. One must be a very poor student of history who has not learned that the decline of legislative bodies has everywhere been the signal for the overthrow of free government. The salvation of municipal institutions lies in the restoration of the city parliaments to the position that properly belongs to the legislative branch—the first.

We fully realize that one of the leading reasons that have prevented many a good man from serving in the municipal legislature has been the large amount of administrative work unnecessarily required of him. However public-spirited a man of business may be, he will soon become disgusted if he has to be present to vote every time there is a contest over the laying of a few feet of drainage pipe or the appointment of a policeman. The proper remedy for this condition of affairs is the appointment of executive agents; but it has been a very serious mistake to make these largely independent of the legislators. The class of men who have no time to waste upon petty details will not be tempted to enter a body shorn of its legitimate influence and prestige. In relieving the common council of executive duties, care should be taken to pre-

serve in every way its right to order and control, to censure and dismiss.

And now I invite attention to that most pliable and efficient instrument of government which the "mother of Parliaments" has evolved under the stress of social, religious, and economic changes—the responsible parliamentary cabinet. I fail to see any difficulty in the way of adapting a cabinet after the British model to our municipal conditions. According to this idea, the mayor would be required to select the chiefs of departments—let us call them commissioners—from among the members of the city council. It should certainly be an easy task for men who aspire to such positions of trust to show that they are sufficiently in touch with the people to secure a seat in the council. The next thing required of the commissioner would be that they work together, stand responsible for one another so long as they choose to remain in the same cabinet, and that they step out of office whenever their policy ceases to meet with the approval of the majority of the people.

Those are severe conditions. Men who seek office will no doubt prefer the present system, which places a man in power for a definite period and does not compel him to worry over what other departments are doing, nor even to consider whether the policy he follows is the one that he was expected to carry out. But the people have a vast interest in the change. It will give them all the advantages that were to result from the concentration of authority in the hands of the mayor—unity of responsibility and harmony—without the danger. The system goes as far as possible toward securing harmony and consistency in the administration. Members of the cabinet have a free hand in their respective departments, but they must submit to the control of their colleagues and consider always a general policy; their common interest teaches them to sink their differences. The thought must ever be present to their minds that the fault of one may bring about the downfall of all.

The commissioners, while in office, would have absolute

power, within the bounds of law; but the danger of abuse is reduced to a minimum by the necessity of rendering account of their stewardship to the Legislature. In a national government, where the sessions of parliament occur only at long intervals, the ministers may take some liberties. In a city, where the representatives are easily convened and informed, the control of the legislative branch would be practically uninterrupted.

In the present system, executive officers who fail to carry their schemes through the legislative branch lose very little. If their path is blocked in one direction, they retain their office, with all the incidental influence, for future use. With parliamentary responsibility, on the contrary, those who have helped to defeat the authors of an unpopular policy immediately succeed them in office and have an opportunity to apply their own principles.

Thus we have realized three great objects: (1) unity of responsibility, making it clear to the people that every member of the cabinet and every representative who voted to keep them in office are responsible for whatever has been done; (2) immediate punishment, as a deterrent from the abuse of power; and (3) immediate reward as an inducement to enter the lists for the right.

Now, as to the influence of this régime on the morale of the legislative body. With a responsible cabinet, the private members are as much relieved of the duty of looking after details as under any other system; yet the dignity of their office is maintained by the fact that they have the right of general and absolute control over the administration. By making the path of duty comparatively easy, a first inducement is offered to good men to enter office. A greater inducement is held up to the ambitious through the way the members of the cabinet are selected. At the present time, to become an alderman is sometimes an impediment to political advancement; it is very seldom a help. When one shall be obliged to pass through the municipal legislature to reach the highest positions in the civic service, seats will be sought by the best class

of men. The council shall again become a training-school for future executive officers, the public interest in it shall revive, and each branch of the government will exert a fruitful influence on the other.

When the character of the legislative body has been thus elevated it is very proper that it should have supreme power to direct the executive. A large body, all other things being equal, is always more likely to reflect the minds of the people than any one man. Yet the legislature itself would not be left without check. The cabinet members could relieve the mayor of many annoying duties that are now thrust upon him; but still the head of the executive would be left with powers by no means less important than those with which he is now intrusted. Among these prerogatives are the right to vote, the right to dismiss a cabinet when the legislature fails to do its duty, and the right to dissolve the legislature itself in case of persistent disagreement. Thus the mayor, representing the whole people, stands as a power almost equal to the Legislature in cases of emergency.

But between these two powers there can be no deadlock such as has often forced good men into very unsavory "deals" to prevent the clogging of the wheels of government. The appeal to the people direct, at the time when all the facts at issue are fresh in every mind, provides an ever-ready solution. It is not the least of the merits of this system that no statesman who feels that he is supported by public opinion need accept a compromise. And upon the rock of public opinion we may safely build.

T. St. Pierre.

Worcester, Mass.

RACE REVERSION IN AMERICA.

PROFESSOR Frederick Starr, of the University of Chicago, has a pet theory that the white race on the American continent will eventually become Indians. The data from which he draws this conclusion are some ethnological investigations he has carried on in various parts of the United States, particularly Pennsylvania.

Professor Starr is not the first to hold this theory. Starting from the premise that every continent has a characteristic flora, and, so far as the lower animals go, a characteristic fauna, it is not unreasonable to assume that the rules of modification that apply to the rest of Nature also apply to man. What, if not climate, food, and surroundings, has caused the different varieties of the human race—the wide divergence from the original red-haired, ruddy-skinned man who first flourished on the Riviera of France? How explain the certain family resemblance that exists between the plants and animals of each continent? The Caucasian Abyssinian and the semi-Caucasian Nubians and Gallas are as black as the negroes of the rest of the continent. The Finns, Huns, and European Turks, descendants of yellow races, are white, like other Europeans. The descendants of the tiny Chihuahua mastiff in a few generations approximate the size of English mastiffs, if bred in England. The big Andalusian horse of the Spanish cavalry of Cortez has become the small, light-limbed, piebald broncho of North America. Ergo, it is possible, nay probable, that the light-haired, light-skinned European, wide of girth, will become—nay, is becoming—the dark-skinned, dark-haired American Indian with little superfluous flesh upon him.

So far, very good; but as much may be said the other way. The diminutive, swarthy Laps were dwelling in the Scandinavian peninsula when the first glimmerings of history began, but they have not become blond or tall. The Eskimo of the

farthest north is as swarthy as the Berber of the Sahara. The Jew has remained a Jew wherever he has gone. The brown Hottentot, small and ill formed, lives side by side with the shapely, tall, and black Zulu. The huge Patagonians front upon the miserable Fuegians. The splendid Navajoes, long faced and big nosed, are not far from the flat, round-faced, entirely Mongolian Mojaves. What has climate to do with the peculiarities of these people? If hot climates make negroes and cold climates blonds, then the failure of the Arctic regions to bleach the swarthy hyperborean races requires explanation.

If the American continent is going to turn the white man into an Indian, what kind of an Indian is he going to become? The white nationalities in this country are comparatively homogeneous. The predominant English type with its kindred Celtic and Teutonic types, whence it is derived, will form a homogeneous type within a few generations. Is this white American to become the tall, aquiline-nosed, long-faced Indian, the hunting Indian of the East, now almost extinct, or the squat, flat-faced, Mongolian agricultural Indian? It will not do to answer that he will become that variety of Indian which lived in the section he inhabits, for distinct varieties of Indian live side by side, the common conditions of their surroundings having been unable to bring them to a common type. The Abyssinians and the Gallas are black; but here it is possible to prove too much, for they are blacker than any negro tribe. Their carbonaceous diet is said to be the principal cause of their blackness. The Turks, Finns, and Huns are white, but all these nations have absorbed Slavonic and Greek blood for centuries. Natural causes springing from their surroundings have not changed them within these few centuries, for, in that case, residence in tropic lands for several centuries should have changed the colonial Spanish, French, and Portuguese. The Spanish-American of pure descent is no darker than the Spaniard. Brazilians and Portuguese of Angola have not become darker than the European Portuguese, except where there has been an intermixture of dark blood.

Professor Starr has been among the Germans of western

Pennsylvania, and he finds that these people, who for two hundred years have received no new admixture of foreign blood, either from those around them or from fresh accessions from Germany, show many instances of the Indian type. He finds case after case where these descendants of blond, short Germans are tall, thin, and dark, with aquiline noses and high cheek-bones. From this premise he reaches the conclusion that the Americans of European descent must inevitably become Indians. But is not his premise fallacious? Professor Starr may come into certain districts of Wisconsin where he will find Germans of the first generation, and, measuring them, will find tall, thin, dark, high cheek-boned people in plenty. When the writer, as a Yankee lad of thirteen, first made the acquaintance of Germans in the West, it was the high cheek-boned, small-eyed type of German which he erroneously took to represent the race. The Gothic German does not differ enough from the prevailing English type at once to be detected by an unskilled observer, but the Mongolian-mustached, slant-eyed, high cheek-boned German is sufficiently numerous to be mistaken by a tyro for the general German type. Bismarck was of this type. Compare his picture with that of Li Hung Chang, and you will see that if Li had sheared his mustache somewhat, put a pickelhaube on his head, and got into a Prussian uniform, he would have made a very good Brandenburger.

The Germans are far from being pure Teutons. Scattered Turanian peoples existed all over the present territory of the empire until quite recent times. Scattered Slavonic peoples still exist on German soil—preserving their speech and identity. The very name *Prussian* is Slavonic, and the Germanization of old Prussia is not many centuries old. In the west of Germany, in Hanover, a tribe of Slavonic Wends kept up their language and separate existence until the eighteenth century, as other Wends still do in other portions of the empire. The writer once came across a little group of Rhenish Germans at a Wisconsin auction. They were tall and thin and had high cheek-bones and long, thin, hooked noses. With

shaved lips and the long, thin chin-whiskers popularly associated with Kansas, they were a wide departure from the ordinary German. Yet they were Germans. Where did they get those long, angular faces? What strain did they represent? The answer was found in ancient Nineveh, in an Assyrian mural painting representing Scythian prisoners of war taken in the great Scythian invasion of Asia in the sixth century B. C. These portraits from buried Nineveh might have been sketches of these Rhenish Germans; they might have been sketches of Pennsylvania Dunkards whose pictures I have seen.

Germany has witnessed a constant migration of peoples. In Cæsar's time, Teutons were pressing the Gauls on the Rhine, and in the rear of the Teutons were Sarmatians and Ugrians pushing them in turn. Back and forward have swept the waves of Teutons and Slavs, and Mongol Huns in historic times, and Finns in the dim traditional times just before history, left their traces on Germany. In Cæsar's time the tide was setting eastward. Since then the Slavs have been pushed westward, absorbed, Germanized. These high cheek-boned Germans in western Pennsylvania are descendants of high cheek-boned Germans in Germany itself—Germanized Sarmatians, Finns, Huns, Letts, Wends, and all the various ruck of Mongols and Slavs that have swept back and forth across Germany for three thousand years, leaving their imprint behind.

Is it not possible that Starr's premise is fatally defective in that these Indian types found by him are not approximations but real types—descendants of Indian ancestors? When you look for it you will see the Indian type very frequently. What became of the Eastern Indians? After the wars of early days were over they dwelt in little civilized communities near the whites. We hear of them as clergymen (even ministering to white congregations), as doctors, as teachers. Were they all slaughtered? Did disease claim them all after they had acquired civilization? No; they were absorbed. Those who look for it will occasionally see the Indian type among New Yorkers, New Englanders, New Jerseyans, and Pennsylvani-

ans. If this is the effect of climate, then why do we find it only in isolated instances, with no gradual approximation on the part of the whole population? The original emigration from the Palatinate to Pennsylvania was not large. A small amount of Indian blood introduced then, increasing in its distribution by natural increase, would result in a large number of occurrences of the Indian type in the present population.

The Pennsylvania Germans sent forth many pioneers, and the pioneers of all nationalities took many Indian wives. The Pennsylvania Indians were on better terms with the whites than were the Indians of other colonies. It would not be strange if the Germans who settled in the region where the Indian types have been found absorbed the Indians whom they found dwelling there.

If we could arrive at the truth we might find that the Indian types among Pennsylvania Germans were, after all, Indians. The aborigines did not increase in their original state. They had large families, but death in infancy claimed a large number, and epidemics before which they were helpless claimed others. This blood mingled with white blood would not necessarily be infertile. Indeed, statistics of our Indian agencies show that the birth-rate of the mixed bloods is higher than that of either parent race. The infant of mixed ancestry, cared for by civilized skill, would have the same chance of living that white children would have. Small numbers of people of colonial times are represented by large numbers now. As an instance where we are not compelled to make estimates, we have the sixty-six thousand French of Canada, when England conquered it, now represented by over two million descendants in Canada and the United States—an increase assisted by no immigration.

The Indian types among Pennsylvania Germans came about in two ways. They are actual Indian types. They are high cheek-boned, long-faced recrudescences of various German, though not Germanic, breeds.

If there is a certain family resemblance of fauna and flora on the same continent, there is more than a resemblance of flora

in similar climates. At certain elevations of the Alps, and of the Andes, are found plants that elsewhere find the temperature favorable to their growth in regions near the Poles. European weeds and vegetables introduced into this country remain as they were, unless change be artificially produced by the horticulturist. Here is a direct challenge to the analogy of the family likeness of fauna and flora on the same continents.

Philology once assumed to decide all questions of ethnology. Language was supposed to prove race. The absurdity of this is even yet hardly appreciated. It is the criterion responsible for the denial of the large amount of Celtic blood in the miscalled Anglo-Saxon blood, though the Anglo-Saxonism of the race was never seriously questioned by the fact that the Norman-French, supposedly Norse, spoke French to a man, without a word of Norse. If the amount of Celtic blood in the English people is no greater than the percentage of Celtic words in the language, then we must conclude that the Normans were one hundred per cent. French because they spoke a tongue one hundred per cent. French! To take an extreme case, a negro may speak English—a whole tribe even in Africa, as the Kroos, may speak English.

After the right of philology to decide ethnologic questions began to be questioned, anatomy and physiology became the arbiters. Anatomical measurements, color of hair and skin, composition of color pigments—these were to have the last word. History has been little considered. Anatomical measurements, as in the case of Professor Starr, may lead one into grave error. In themselves, the results of Starr's investigations might seem to justify his conclusions, were we to disregard all that we can learn from climatic and other influences on other continents—and, for that matter, on this continent. But history must be taken into account; the antecedents of the race must be studied. Professor Starr does not seem to prove his theory on any line. At the very start he fails to tell how the aboriginal Americans themselves presented such widely variant types as the Mongoloid Indians of the West and the Semitic type of the East—a type that started the old Puritan

theory that the Indians were the Lost Ten Tribes: a theory lately borne out by the discovery of the Afghan tradition that Afghans came to North America at some remote epoch. Further, the Afghans believe themselves to be descendants of the Lost Ten Tribes, and they present marked Hebraic characteristics.

Philology and anatomy cannot have the last word in ethnology and anthropology. Nor can history determine race origin. But by giving each its due proportion we may approach the truth. Disregarding history, the investigator of a few generations hence would be able to find that the Swedes and Norwegians of Minnesota and Wisconsin were becoming Indians. Among the emigrants from these two supposedly pure Teutonic nations can be seen many a Mongoloid face—evidence of Finnish and Laplander ancestry; and the long-faced, high cheek-boned face is there too. But it cannot be the sand, the pines, or the cranberry marshes that have done this, as perhaps some investigator might think a hundred years hence. It is not the country that is subtly changing man into a consonance with the aboriginal fauna and flora: these people presented these Indian types the day they landed at Castle Garden.

In Uruguay and Paraguay, Starr might find apparent proof that the Spanish stock had approximated the Guarani Indian type, even in cases where there had been no admixture. But if he were to follow them back to Spain he would find these Spaniards came from the Basque provinces, and that physically they bore a strong resemblance to the Guaranis before they ever saw America. One might even go to Angola and Mozambique and find that Portuguese families who had preserved their Portuguese blood without mixture for generations were approximating the African type—that here Caucasians were slowly being turned into negroes. But history would tell him that, in the century after Vasco da Gama, hundreds of thousands of negroes were brought into Portugal and were absorbed by the nation, that the whole race save in the northern provinces has been tinged by it, and that a purely

Portuguese family in Africa might be purely Portuguese in its ancestry for two hundred years and yet have the blood of Africa. History must not be disregarded. The ethnologist, the anthropologist must be more than a scientist alone. Such a complexity as man must be studied in a complex manner.

WARDON ALLAN CURTIS.

Madison, Wis.

CORPORATIONS AND TRUSTS.

THERE exists a general but entirely unjustifiable impression that there is some necessary connection between the corporate form of doing business and the ills resulting from those monopolistic combinations loosely designated as trusts. It is true that at present all trusts are corporations, but the converse is not equally true. Not all corporations are trusts. As a matter of fact, not one per cent. of all existing corporations could be classed as trusts. Yet men of considerable intelligence fall into the common error of visiting the sins of the trusts upon the corporations. By this mistaken and misapplied denunciation thousands of stockholders in the multitude of small corporations are antagonized, and are perforce compelled to enroll themselves as defenders of the trust system in order to protect their own small corporate interests from threatened assault.

The corporation form as used for ordinary business purposes is a useful and legitimate method of associating skill and capital to conduct joint undertakings. Its advantage is that many can join with small amounts in a common enterprise without incurring the partnership risk of losing their entire fortunes. If the corporation fail, the individual stockholder loses his investment, but no more. Also, the issue of stock certificates to represent his investment makes it easy for him at any time to transfer his interest or to use it as security upon which to borrow money. Coöperative undertakings would be almost impossible if the parties thereto were compelled to organize under the harsh rules of the common law partnership.

If the farmers in a neighborhood wish to start a creamery, they unite under the corporate form and each takes so much stock. If a few mechanics wish to start a coöperative shop, they naturally organize as a corporation. If an inventor has designed a new fruit crate and wishes to start its manufac-

ture, he forms a stock company and invites his friends to join with him by each subscribing to a few shares. Few of the incorporations in the State of New York have a capitalization exceeding $100,000, and the majority range from $1,000 to $20,000. Further, with hardly any exceptions they are formed to carry on useful trades and industries. In one day recently there were incorporated, in the State of New York, companies for the following purposes and with the following capitalizations: To manufacture ice, $50,000; to manufacture photographic paper, $30,000; to manufacture furniture, $15,000; to build, decorate, and furnish houses, $2,000; to deal in fibers, flax, hemp, and jute, $20,000. Usually the list is larger and the average capitalization somewhat lower, but otherwise the foregoing list is a fair representation of the daily incorporations in the State. Nearly all are formed to carry on industries beneficial to the State, and in their nature they are the antitheses of the trusts. Were it not for the uncalled-for attacks on corporations as such, the stockholders in these small companies would from self-interest be among the most earnest opponents of the large combinations.

The same reasons that lead these small enterprises to organize under the corporate form—business utility and convenience—lead the trusts to use it. These last do not, however, owe any of their monopolistic features to its use, and, what is yet more to the point, they could exert all their monopolistic power under other forms quite as effectually. Lawyers always avoid experiments as long as possible, but it is known to all well-informed members of the profession that there are many variations of the partnership, the joint-stock company, and the board of trustees, that can be employed to continue the being of the trusts, should they be driven from the use of the corporate form. To the smaller enterprises the corporation form is essential, but to the larger combinations it is only convenient. Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Havemeyer, or Mr. Morgan could procure almost any amount of capital for his purposes under any form of organization he might adopt.

It should also be borne in mind that, if driven to seek out

these other forms, the trusts would then be under the protection of constitutional provisions that do not apply to corporations, and it would be more difficult to restrict and regulate their operations. A corporation is purely the creation of the law, and the Legislature has absolute control over it. The power to tax is the power to destroy, and corporations may be taxed without limit. They may be classified and each class taxed at a special rate. As capitalization increases, the ratio of taxation may be increased, or it may vary with the dividends earned. They may be limited to one plant or factory if desired. They may be forbidden to hold real property or to establish themselves in a State. To force trusts out of the corporate form would be most unwise.

Those who are so zealously fighting the form rather than the substance of monopoly are not only wasting their efforts but are actually making foes of those who should be allies, and are diverting attention from the real issue, which is the restraint of monopoly, to a barren warfare against its present outward and visible form.

As has been well said by Senator William Lindsay, of Kentucky, before the American Academy in Philadelphia: "So long as the active opponents of trusts continue to treat all corporations as equally bad and all combinations of capital as equally pernicious, just that long will they continue to reenforce the monopolies with allies, who have no sympathy for but are compelled to make common cause with them, in order to protect themselves in the war they are being foolishly and unjustly required to defend."

THOMAS CONYNGTON.

New York.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF BROTHERHOOD.

THE disposition of capital to combine is a perfectly natural one. It may have its resultant evils—nay, it does have—but it is acting on legitimate lines of self-defense and self-advancement, and has also its resultant good, especially in moving other and better forces to similar action. In this the capitalist, the despised rich man, has led off in the very greatest principle underlying Christian ethics. Verily, "the children of this world in their generation are wiser than the children of light." Combination means brotherhood, and though it begin in a limited circle it must eventually break into larger and still larger circles.

It is a basic law of the universe that all things are related as part to whole. The rich man is related to the poor man—they are both misshapen parts of a perfect whole—and the money that is between them is the basis of action for both. Combination of capitalists in America some years ago forced the combination of the laborers. Now, that was the very best thing that ever happened—the union of labor. The world had been needing it ever since Cain and Abel quarreled. It has made an inestimable profit by it. Of course, these two old-time supposed enemies, Capital and Labor, rushed at each other with malice prepense to kill—and be killed. Many is the bout they have had, and probably shall yet have. But who can doubt the end? Who would not name the victor? Man is a greater force than money, and labor will sooner or later win all things for itself. The seal of honor was set upon it long ago in the dictum to Adam—who had not the ghost of a chance to form a trust: "Henceforth thou shalt earn thy bread in the sweat of thy brow." That has been mistaken for a curse; it is a blessing so rich that mankind without it would have starved. I know a poet once said:

> "Just experience tells in every soil
> That those who think must govern those who toil."

But the poet in his wildest imaginings never dreamed of a land where the toiler would be the thinker. He wrote that under the spell of monarchism, else he would have said that he who toils shall rule the globe; for the toiler is the thinker. In America to-day the men that control in any field are toilers, come from the toiling ranks. There is no chance for an idler. The struggler will mount upward, but the laggard will go down. The capitalist is the veriest laborer in the field: he toils to win his capital and he toils to keep it. But here under the influence of the hated "trust" he is learning to turn it loose for the benefit of others, and—lo, a miracle!—it comes back to him, a hundred-fold, and his labor is lightened besides.

Indeed, these two are coming to understand that they are not enemies after all. They are beginning to realize some proper relation between the man who *would* win and the man who *has* won. Like every other good thing it has been worked out by slow stages, and that too while men supposed they were working out something else.

It is one of the necessary results of *Americanism*, so called, which never did mean anything but a higher order of brotherhood. A nucleus of Anglo-Saxon minds once expressed it in a formal declaration thus: "All men are born free and equal," and further added that they have an inalienable right to the "pursuit of happiness." This was a long jump from the "divine right of kings," and it startled the world—especially the kings. It was a bold assertion, and must needs be proved. Nothing daunted, the thirteen American Colonies undertook to defend it; and after silencing the strenuous objections of George III. with powder and ball, thus hurling a fusilade of defiance at Old World ideas, they set about demonstrating their theory with an assurance so sure that Europe called it "spread-eagleism." A very good word, too, considering the way in which this audacious claim has spread itself!

Perhaps it has not been satisfactorily proved. Perhaps it could not be proved as a whole. But in its attempted verifica-

tion many truths have been evolved that it were good for men to know—none of more vital importance than that of the brotherhood of the race, which has developed so phenomenally that it is now the dominant chord of our civilization, notwithstanding the pessimistic hue and cry that money is king, and that the dollar-mark is the coat-of-arms of our nobility.

It is true that the making of money has been and continues to be a prominent phase of our national life. The conditions of the country are conducive to labor; labor amasses wealth; wealth demands an avenue for further activity—and finds it in investment, thus piling up wealth upon wealth. But here, as nowhere else, is it turned back through legitimate channels to the poorer masses that forever bring up the rear of human toilers—advancing with every generation, mere stragglers of the camp, to be leaders of the army. It goes into the large manufacturing, mining, engineering, and commercial interests for the employment of those without means of their own, thereby solving the problem that has vexed all the past. The only way effectually to help men is to enable them to help themselves. The rich man has inadvertently taught us this, and has used his remarkable money-making genius to further this end.

Witness the lavish gifts of individuals, not only of the millionaire but of the moderately wealthy classes. In 1900, bequests and gifts for public purposes alone in the United States sum up $47,000,000, while the aggregate for the last eight years is $314,050,000. This is exclusive of the ordinary donations for church, educational, and benevolent concerns, which every year run far up into the millions. A beautiful feature of these annual lists is the large amounts given by obscure persons. Men and women whose names are comparatively unknown give sums that would have enriched the Ptolemies or the Cæsars. The large proportion of such gifts rivals that of the multi-millionaire class. It seems the man with one talent has not wrapped it in a napkin—and certainly he with five talents has not abused the trust. The placing

of $7,000,000 by Mr. Carnegie, to be held in security for his employees, besides the giving of other several millions to establish and perpetuate free libraries and art galleries, is a new order of things. Mr. Carnegie himself is a new type of rich man, indigenous to our soil. John D. Rockefeller's gifts to Chicago University alone foot up $9,133,874. Peter Cooper literally sold all he had and gave to the poor. Mrs. Leland Stanford has practically done the same thing, investing Leland Stanford University with properties valued at $50,000,000—the largest endowment in the world. Mrs. Emmons Blaine recently gave $1,000,000 to the Chicago University School of Education.

Such munificent giving, so common that it ceases to excite more than passing comment, argues a higher feeling than mere love of money. It hints strongly of a practical understanding of the New Testament command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and is one of the surest signs of our approach to civic brotherhood—that ideal state to which all nations would attain. A vast network of sympathy is permeating society and leading it into a well-defined and acknowledged kinship where every man considers somewhat his neighbor's good.

Outside the large church organizations, in which the principle originated and in which it has been zealously fostered, there are a score or more of orders for the promotion of brotherhood alone. Among students it is the college fraternity. In the social realm it is Masonry, Odd Fellowship, Red Men, United Workmen, Woodmen, Elks, and numerous others, including the ever prevalent club. Interdenominationally, the Young Men's Christian Association and the Christian Endeavor serve to widen more and more the borders of Christendom. And lately there has sprung up and spread like wildfire an order known as Buffaloes, which is a kind of practical joke and a pleasant satire on our organizing propensity, but which nevertheless is fast becoming a recognized bond of fellowship all over the country. "Are you a Buffalo?" is a keen little query—heard in Mississippi and Michigan, in New

York and California—which is calculated to draw a smile sooner or later, from even the staidest son of Uncle Sam. It is no respecter of persons, for its membership includes men—women too—of the highest standing, officially and otherwise, as well as cowboys and roustabouts. Mere humor as it is, it shows the tendency of the times.

I know it is popular to shriek that the few are throttling the masses. But the masses have never yet been throttled. Instead, the masses have from time immemorial swayed mightily the race. They have set up and thrown down principalities and powers, and have given and withheld crowns and scepters. If they bow to emperors and kings, it is because they choose to do so; and whenever they choose, kings and emperors must bow to them.

There may be kings in a free Republic. I dare say we have all at some time or other seen one—a real, live one—hedged around with gilded royalty and salaamed to by a gaping populace. But most likely he carried no other insignia of rank than the favor and patronage of his makers, the populace, and bore the stamp, whether true or counterfeit—"for one may smile and smile and be a villain still," and thereby deceive—of honest manhood. If counterfeit, he was the figment of men's fancy, *their* creation of a day—"a breath could mar, as a breath had made." I remember one I have seen. He was a small, ragged boy who hailed from New Orleans, traveling complimentary by way of the Illinois Central. He stopped for dinner in a railroad hotel of Illinois, where half a hundred men and one woman were eating a hasty meal. He seated himself at table and ordered with the best of them. Questioned by the proprietor, he said he was going to Chicago—didn't have any money—never had any money. Half a hundred men and one woman were ready to pay the fare for the king's dinner, and several proffered it, all of which the landlord promptly refused. After dining heartily, his majesty sauntered out and took his pick of several long trains going north, clambered to a perch on a box-car, waved his

hand to the mixed multitude of his subjects on the platform, and disappeared around the curve.

Bad as we are, this fairly illustrates the spirit of the age among the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the learned and the unlearned. Instances might be multiplied. Current fiction teems with stories of a similar character—idealized, it is true, but taken rough-draft from actual experience. The leader in real life, whether in politics, religion, or trade, is he who draws men after him largely by the subtle force of fellowship; and the hero of the public is the man that feels the most for the greatest number. If there is a ruler of the sovereign people in America, he is my brother.

EUGENIA PARHAM.

West Kentucky College, Mayfield.

IBSEN'S "PEER GYNT."

"PEER GYNT," which was written in 1864, while the author was in southern Italy, is perhaps Henrik Ibsen's greatest drama. In every sense of the word it is *modern;* and a critical, sympathetic study of it is well worth while for any one who would learn what a clever psychologist and lively, lucid artist Ibsen really is.

For just what "Peer Gynt" is most significant it is in truth hard to tell. There is no nauseating, harrowing element in it, as in "Ghosts." It is fresh and exuberant through and through. Indeed, "Peer Gynt" is essentially a dramatic comedy, instinct with vital action, symbolic, phantasmagoric, and fairly packed with pathos and humor. Peer, the chief character, moves before us in divers situations, a reckless, rolicking, fantastic being—until confronted by the Button-molder, Death. He is then alarmed into taking a serious view of life; and through the influence of a woman a transformation for the better is effected. Diction, songs, scenes—all contribute to shadow forth Peer's erratic, devil-may-care personality. The almost galvanic rhythm of the snip-snappy, rub-a-dub verse is especially adapted to a rendering of his freakish vagrancy. And without doubt Peer's outlandish vagrancy is as significant and suggestive as anything in the drama.

That a moral issue runs through "Peer Gynt" is probable. In our rational age the infusion of a moral issue into a piece of literature is evidently quite the fashion. Hugo's three works, "Notre Dame de Paris," "Les Miserables," and "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," are narratives concerning respectively the oppression of men by Church, State, and Nature. Balzac's three romances, "The Magic Skin," "Louis Lambert," and "Seraphita," pertain respectively to physical, intellectual, and spiritual phases of man. Zola has recently undertaken a series of chants preaching respectively the gospels of Fruitfulness,

Labor, Truth, and Justice. And the "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" of Ibsen assuredly warrant us in giving him a place along with other eminent modern didactic writers.

Ibsen's "Brand" and "Peer Gynt," in fact, are unusually graphic and ingenious portraits of two fellow-beings with opposite characteristics. Brand, the young Norwegian priest, is a Stoic with a will of iron. Peer, the Norwegian vagabond, is a wanton with a will of water. The distinguishing trait of Brand is self-assurance; he is positive that his mission in life is to serve God and save men's souls. The distinguishing trait of Peer is lack of self-assurance; he fancies that his mission in life consists in getting joy in some way or other by being emperor of himself. The manner in which Ibsen develops these two unique individualities to their final fates is certainly in a high degree dramatic and expositive. A comparison of one with the other will perhaps help us to understand each the more clearly.

Brand, in order to fulfil his supposed mission in life, translates all his thoughts and feelings into vehement, single-minded action. He would have wife, mother—everybody truckle to his senseless notion of duty. Brand's resolute, heroic temper at first inspires admiration in the breasts of his fellows. He is hailed as a sort of deliverer and prophet. But, after tolerating his stern, cruel concepts of duty a while, people turn from him. He is beaten and spurned by them as a kind of monster. He meets with a death in more than one sense striking. In a mountain pass, while trying to convert a crazy girl on a cliff above him to faith in God, he is buried under an avalanche.

Peer, on the other hand, would serve nobody but himself. He is disposed to frisk about the world, indulging in all sorts of vain fancies and shirking every kind of human duty and responsibility. Peer, like Brand, is at first everywhere regarded with admiration—in his native village, in the abode of the Trolls, on board the hospitable yacht, in the Arab encampment, and elsewhere. But wherever he turns up people soon discover what a half-hearted, light-headed, selfish, and irresponsible creature he is; and thenceforth they seek to exploit

and desert him as soon as possible. The way in which naïve and captivating but thoroughly practical Anitra, the Arab dancing-girl, dupes him and makes off with his valuables as soon as she perceives what a shiftless visionary he is, is perhaps an incident as humorous and ironic as any in the drama.

Roving, volatile Peer, however, has qualities more human and hopeful than any possessed by Brand. Stanch, flinty, sure of himself, Brand will not affiliate with humanity in a normal and wholesome manner. He holds himself aloof from men and tries to dominate them. Even when driven from society and face to face with death, he clings as inflexibly as ever to his abstract God and supposed imperative mission to serve Him. Peer, however, though a reckless, rollicking, fantastic vagrant, is yet altogether more fluid and impressionable. An outcast of society, and in the presence of death, Peer's faith in himself, so far as he has any, is thoroughly shaken. He at last comes to know that he does not know; and in this sorely bewildered state he chances upon Solvig, the sweetheart of his youth. In the arms of Solvig, who has always loved and idealized him, Peer is rescued from an untimely end and finds rejuvenation.

In bringing the drama, "Peer Gynt," to a close as he does, Ibsen shows deep knowledge of human nature and consummate skill in setting it forth. In responding to affectionate Solvig, Ibsen's symbol of "the eternal feminine," poor storm-tossed Peer at last finds the conventional sound and secure anchorage; or, rather, he at last finds the proverbial romantic other half of himself, from the warm and luxurious, steadying and exhilarating influence of which he has hitherto been separated. As the husband of amiable Solvig, and the father of her possible offspring, Peer will be led at last to assume normal and wholesome duties and responsibilities. These will induce him to labor earnestly with purpose; and in this sort of thing he is of course to realize himself and attain to some measure of that mundane happiness for which all of us in our several ways are ever faithfully yearning.

To set up a comparison between so extravagant a piece of

literature as Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" and such supreme dramatic creations as Shakespeare's "Hamlet," Goethe's "Tasso," and Molière's "Le Misanthrope" seems scarcely proper. But in more than one respect "Peer Gynt" is a masterpiece. It has a freshness and vitality, a verve and spontaneity, to be met with in few modern dramas. And as regards vividness of insight and sprightliness and versatility of imagination, it does not show up in an unfavorable light beside Edmund Rostand's modern drama, "Cyrano de Bergerac." The spirit and character of happy-go-lucky, good-for-nothing Peer, with his ultimate felicitous reform, and the spirit and character of chivalrous, magnanimous Cyrano, with his gloriously preposterous self-abnegation, assuredly bite into the mind in different ways so as to inform and amuse us.

WALTER LEIGHTON.

Harvard University.

THE WORK OF WIVES.

THE returns of the new census of the United States show that a very great majority of our women are engaged in a "not gainful" pursuit. In other words, they are married—working not for wages, but for love and such keep as a supposedly faithful husband pleases to give them.

As the census enumerator made his round he asked among other questions of the woman of the household, "Have you an occupation?" If she replied, "Yes,"—law, medicine, journalism, clerking, typewriting—any profession or trade, she was correspondingly accredited. If, however, to the question she replied, "Yes," and went on to explain that she keeps house for a husband and seven children, cooks, scrubs, washes, irons, and sews, the census enumerator heeded not the extent, importance, and manifold complexity of her industry but wrote her down in his note-book as "N. G." Thus her industry is recorded in the pages of the census, and thus would it appear, interpreting the abbreviation in the American language, that housewifery in the United States is "no good." Technically, however, the abbreviation is intended to describe the woman's occupation as "not gainful." Under this head, Director of the Census Merriam catalogues all women who perform household service without pay. In the same category also appear industrious convicts and idle millionaires.

The director of the preceding census sought to count the number of housewives in the United States and the number of other unpaid houseworkers. The enumeration was completed, but the returns were never tabulated. Director of the Census Merriam has made no attempt to distinguish women who work for nothing (under the sacred bond of matrimony) from men who do nothing, or from men and women who work in prison yards. The United States Census of 1900 will therefore bear ample evidence that all but about twelve

per cent. of the women of the country have not a gainful pursuit. With statistics thus defining the economic status of woman's labor performed under the terms of the marriage contract, the American woman is compelled to believe either that matrimony is not a sound business proposition, so far as she is concerned, or that there is a mistake in the logic that establishes the wife's occupation as a "not gainful pursuit."

The assumption is that the work a woman does for her husband without wages is not gainful for the reason that it is not pursued to the end of the money thus to be made. The whole matter is supposed to be disposed of in the understanding that love is the animating principle and all-satisfying return of the wife's work in the household. In a sense and under normal conditions, this is true, and still the lofty spirit of devotion in which a woman may cook, scrub, wash, and sew (keep house and do housework) does not dispel—it does not even sublimate—the economic relations of this work. Nor does love correct the errors arising from failure to appreciate the economic value of this work. On the contrary, failure to consider a housewife's wage in the science of household economy—failure to attach economic value to the labor performed by the wife for the family—is a source of confusion in problems pertaining to men's business gains and losses and of all the hardships, injustice, and the inequalities to which the paid labor of woman is subject; it is also the unsuspected source of much social evil. Here is the origin of a vast number of divorce cases that are set down in court records as attributable to secondary causes.

At a glance it would seem astonishing that the productive force of about one-half the industrial population of a country should be disposed of simply as "not gainful." It would seem that this power in industry must produce something worth counting, as values are measured in exchange—that so great a number of workers must make a definite contribution to the world's wealth. The chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics once discovered that wives who work in the

home are technically in industry, in spite of their not receiving wages; and this statistician has suggested that the unpaid labor of these workers is at least worth what it would cost to hire the same labor done. This theory affords a mere hint—not a measure—of the value of the housewife's labor, for the reason that the latter is involved with the pure labor of love,—the wife-labor, the mother-labor,—which, while not being measurable in money, does by its tax on a woman's energy affect her power of production.

But, if the sex function operate to confuse economic equations of the housewife's industry, still does this labor condition the first cost of every sort of production. The first cost of production is the cost of living, and the cost of living is largely determined by the force, skill, and application of the housewife. As she is extravagant or inefficient she increases the cost of production by increasing the cost of living, and so raising the price of labor. It has been estimated that the American people are poorer each year by $1,000,000,000 because housewifely pursuits are not followed more economically. This includes waste incurred by extravagant expenditures of money—also waste of human energy attendant upon bad cooking and unsanitary housekeeping. If this estimate be even approximately correct, the "not gainful" pursuit of the housewife is thus seen to restrict materially the gain of men's pursuits.

The most intimate relation of the wife's unpaid labor to recognized industry is in its bearing upon domestic service. It is the great first cause of the servant problem. The lack of proper organization, the poor equipment, and the small pay of domestic laborers proceed from these workers engaging in a sphere of industry that lacks an economic measure of value. Of a "not gainful" pursuit—housewifery—paid domestics attempt to make a living. The economic hypothesis is that housework is done by a man's wife, who in return is given a living by the man. Thus the wage that is paid a domestic for the work the wife is understood to do without pay creates an outlay for which no standard apportionment

of expenses makes provision. I have never seen housework included in any scientific analysis of the cost of living; and thus—though this is an expense as unavoidable as rent, fuel, or light, not being established in the general mind as a fixed element of the cost of living—it becomes a sphere of work that is economically submerged. The industry that is economically submerged is from every point of view, with reference to every interest concerned, as hopeless as the individual who is socially submerged. Proportions make of the economically submerged even a greater problem than the socially submerged. The latter is but one-tenth of society; the former is approximately one-half the industrial population of the United States.

The submerged conditions of housewifery distort values in every equation into which woman's work enters. Since the occupation in which the great majority of women engage is understood to be not gainful,—to have no strict connection with business interests,—no account is kept of its profits and losses. It is operated under a rule of charity—love, not business principles. For this reason women are commonly allowed the established equivalent of their unpaid labor in the home—their keep—without reference to whether they do the work or not. Thus wives and daughters engage in industry outside the home without reference to the cost of their living. There instantly arise, then, the inequalities of men's and women's wages. Eighty-five per cent. of women who earn wages are supported entirely or in part by a husband, father or brother. They are thereby enabled to work for less than it costs to live; they cut wages, and both men and women wholly dependent upon their labor for a livelihood suffer in consequence.

"Not gainful" pursuits of the sex, rather than the greed of capital, are the source of the error and confusion in the economic order attendant upon woman's entrance into fields of general industry. Not alone the wage problem so results. The physical break-down that women commonly realize in consequence of their attempt to do men's work proceeds

largely from the fact that, engaging in men's work, women still follow the "not gainful" pursuits of their sex, which are not recognized as having any industrial existence. Every woman able to work for less wages than a man, because she is being wholly or in part "supported," yields some measure of service in return for this support. This division of the woman's interests tends to produce a low order of production both in the home and in the industry that pays her wages; but, while industry in both domestic and business spheres thus suffers a little, the woman, mentally, morally, and physically, deteriorates to an alarming extent because of her impossible ambition to serve two masters—to compass at once two separate orders of industry—the household and business.

Again, no value attaching to the industrial pursuits of the wife, no business obligation of excellence in these pursuits, is imposed upon her. "Work that is not worth paying for is not worth doing." That is a maxim of industry which connubial love is supposed to explode with reference to the unpaid labor of the wife in the household. That the maxim still holds good, however, even under the "sacred bonds of matrimony," is, I am convinced, negatively demonstrated by the growing instability of the marriage institution. The number of men who have secured divorces because their wives have neglected properly to secure the economy of the household, if referred to this undoubted cause of widespread failure of marriage, would doubtless not be greater than the number of women whose affections have been alienated from their husbands—divorce resulting in consequence of the industrial serfdom that marriage imposes on wives.

The wife has not the economic incentive to the right performance of her labor that competition provides; neither is she subject to any legal obligation in this matter. According to her temperament, circumstances, and ability, therefore, she is logically free to neglect the work devolving upon her in the domestic relation and to be an idle good-for-nothing, or else to find occupation outside the home that is gainful in a simple business sense. Whichever course she chooses, the

result in the home is practically the same. Household economy is left to take care of itself, and whether the wife earn money or not makes little difference to the husband, since on him the law fixes the responsibility of meeting the cost of living for the family. Separation of the business interests of the husband and wife inevitably ensues as the latter undertakes independent money-making ventures; and altogether—directly following from the fact that housewifery is held to be a "not gainful" pursuit—one way or another, men have abundant reason to despair of reconciling domestic economy with the economy of their business. And, in the discouragement they suffer from finding their best efforts inefficient to insure business order in the household, that men take to drink and what-not dissipation leading eventually to divorce, is in a sense reasonable, however far from right.

The effect of the situation upon the wife operates in two ways. It fails to satisfy her reason and sense of justice, causing her to rebel against her duty in the domestic relation; and it often fails to provide her with money according to the business necessities of the work she assumes to perform. Men give their wives what they think best for household expenses. The whole sphere of housewifery and the wife's personal necessities being submerged, how far this amount of money meets the actual requirements of the wife the husband has no clear means of knowing; and with a limited income there follows eventually friction over the matter of domestic expenditures. The contention thus arising is hopeless, because all men and many women have the notion that a certain virtue of wives makes it possible for a really good, true wife to take two from two and have four remain in regulating the business of the household. Thus, because their actual need of money is not measured by economic standards—also because of the injury the situation is to their pride, as education fosters ability and a spirit of independence in women—wives are more and more disposed to seek in some form of wage-earning a personal income and the assurance their pride wants that the work they do in the world is worth while, according

to the world's way of reckoning values. In a majority of instances, doubtless, it is not that a wife wants more money or less money where money is the root of the evil whence marital unhappiness proceeds. It is that she wants a recognized right to what she has, be it more or less. And she wants this right because it is due her economic importance in the interests of all industry. Her contention with her husband is not for an "allowance," great or small, but for the declaration of a principle that shall reclaim the wife's work for the family from the evils of the economically submerged.

I am not unmindful of how the sex function of the wife operates eternally to confuse economic calculations of her industry, constantly, yet without rule or reckoning, withdrawing her energy and her production into an order of values not measurable by dollars and cents. But I am convinced that to attach the dollar sign to this unpaid labor of wives would have the effect of so elevating it from its present submerged status that much good would result to society as well as much gain to the wealth of the nation. To this end, therefore, why should not the law define a wife's wage as definitely as it has defined a wife's dower right? The widow, who gets no more than the property this right gives her in her husband's estate, may not get all to which she is in equity entitled. But she gets justice, and thus does intelligence expressed in the law establishing this right protect the individual woman against the utter injustice the individual husband by will and testament might do her. So, if the law defined a percentage of a man's income as the wife's wage in recognition of the service she accords him in the family, justice in this matter would acquire a measure by which intelligence could then proceed to make all necessary terms insuring order and progression of the social good involved. Thus the wife's right to the worth of the work she performs under the bond of matrimony would be created, and there would then exist economic cause compelling business accountability in the performance of this labor, which, besides tending to improve the marriage rela-

tion, would, I think, tend also to improve both the labor and the character of women. In spite of education, in spite of all accidental industrial gains, women must retain more or less the character of slaves so long as, working in the family, they work on the terms of slaves, their labor not deemed worthy of its hire in any economic sense.

FLORA MCDONALD THOMPSON.

Washington, D. C.

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?

A New Year's Story.

BY MORTIMER P. STUART.

The light shone brightly through the windows of a huge apartment hotel, one of those buildings which contain people enough to populate a small city—buildings peculiar to New York, which have grown up in the last ten years and are not to be found in any other city of the world. However, it is not with the hotel that this story has to deal, but with an occupant of one of the rooms, removed many stories from the ground. If one could have looked in on that particular night, he would have seen a man with head bent in hands, motionless and alone. Yet he was *not* alone, for crowding in upon him were the years of his own life—a long array of experiences through which he had passed.

So immovable was he that to an onlooker he might have appeared to be asleep. It would have been somewhat difficult to have formed any surmise as to whether he were young or old. The crouching position might have indicated age, and if one had looked closely one might have noticed an occasional gray hair. He had been sitting there for hours like one in a trance, when he rose suddenly and, going to the window, threw it up and looked out. The chill blast of winter struck him and the man shivered—possibly from the cold, yet it might have been from his thoughts. He was thinking, thinking, as he looked out over the many roofs in the distance or gazed at the bright stars beyond.

While looking out he soliloquized: "Yes, I *could* end it right now; and after all, would it not be the best thing?" His eyes glanced downward; the distance to the earth seemed a long way, and he shivered again. "But it would all be over in a minute. Yes, yes; it would be best." And a determined

look came into his eyes as if he had decided on some immediate course of action. The features of the face grew more and more strained; his soliloquizing died into a murmur, and his lips moved as if in prayer.

All at once the bells from many steeples pealed forth in chorus, and the chimes of a distant church were heard. A change came over the man's face; he closed the window and sat down in the chair again, with his head in his hands—this time not motionless, however, for his body heaved and shook: he was crying as he had not cried for many a long year.

Meanwhile the bells continued to ring out their joyous peal of welcome to the new-born year, intensifying each moment the man's emotion. Like a flash they had carried Alfred Manning back twenty years to a little western city, where, on just such a night as this at the close of the year, the bells had rung out merrily on the winter air; but they had meant far more to Manning than the closing hours of an old year, for he had just wedded the most beautiful girl in that far-away western town. As boy and girl they had grown up together, and twenty years ago this night both had been radiantly happy in each other's love. No shadow seemed to lie across their path in life; everything was auspicious, for Manning had been offered and had accepted a place in his uncle's brokerage house in New York, and this very night they were to leave for Washington for two weeks, then for New York, where bright business prospects were awaiting the happy man. His young wife, Margaret Leighton, was not only the most beautiful girl but was also the best beloved of any in her town. Into many a home where sickness or hunger had found its way Margaret had carried sunshine and health. The few short years of her life had been filled with a thoughtful kindness that was ever shaping itself into good deeds; and so all argued well for the wedded life of these two, and the good wishes of the young and the blessings of the old went out to both on this night twenty years ago.

A year elapsed and they were settled in New York, living in a little home of their own, in what was considered far up-

town in those days but is now a very central part of the city. If one could have looked in upon them, on their anniversary night, one would have seen evidences, not only that the happiness had remained, but that the property, too, had increased; for the house was richly furnished.

Four years later there is a finer house and richer furniture, and again the old year is passing away and the bells are beginning to ring out their welcome to the new. A woman, anxious and sad, sits alone awaiting a familiar step. It is the same beautiful face of former years, but the tense lines of the mouth have added fully five years to Margaret Manning's appearance. Just as the bells are ringing the door opens, and her husband comes into the room, but he is evidently not the Alfred Manning of five years ago. The pleasant, light-hearted young man has changed, and there is something almost repellent in his look. As his eyes rest on his wife, a look of surprise, a tinge of something like anger, comes into his face. His words are almost cruel, as he asks her why she had not retired hours before.

"Alfred"—there was a pathetic appeal in her eyes—"Alfred, you know, do you not, dear, what night this is?" She hesitates shyly a moment and then adds, softly, "It was just five years ago to-night."

"Yes," he says, "I know; but it seems a great waste of time for you to be sitting up here alone, waiting for me, when you might have been fast asleep hours ago. The fact is, Margaret, my life is too busy now to waste it in matters of sentiment. Some time when I am worth a million I can devote my time to you, and to many things, other than business, that I want to do; but business first, you know, and pleasure afterward. I had to be up these last few nights in working out a scheme to acquire, with some of my business friends, the control of the O. & B. Railroad. To-night we have completed all our plans, and in another week we will be masters of the situation. This will mean thousands and thousands of dollars to me, but my goal is a million. Nothing short of that will ever satisfy me in this world."

"Oh, Alfred," his wife said, sadly, "in your chase after the phantom million, do not lose the present realities of life. One far wiser than either of us has said that thieves break through and steal—that moth and rust may corrupt—the riches of this world; but there is another kind of riches, which none can take from us—the happiness of our present life, the good we can do for others."

Manning waited impatiently till his wife had finished, and then said: "I am tired of all this preaching. Neither you nor any one else can turn me from my project. I want a million dollars, and I shall have a million. I want it for the power it will give me, and for the satisfaction that will come to me, because of my having made it all myself."

The bells that had heralded the New Year had scarcely ceased their ringing before Manning had forgotten his cares and ambitions in the sleep of sheer fatigue, but the morning had dawned before Margaret closed her eyes in sleep.

Ten years more passed away, and another year is closing. Many changes have occurred in Manning's life, and he is now rated as a millionaire and is known as one of New York's most successful men. The hard lines of care and anxiety have deepened in his face; seldom if ever a smile lightens his countenance. In his quest for wealth he has apparently shut off every avenue that would tend to bring him into a larger life. Being completely absorbed in the art of accumulation, he has lost all power of enjoyment which those have who are interested in many things. If the mere acquisition of wealth constitutes success, then he was a successful man; but if success is measured by a higher standard, such as kindness of heart, breadth of mind, and good deeds, Manning was not successful.

Year by year he had grown harder in his judgments and condemnations of other men. In his mind every man was trying to get the better of every other man. In other words, he had become the embodiment of what he thought he saw in others, so that he had few friends in the world: men feared him, but none loved him.

On this New Year's morn a serious disagreement had taken place between him and his wife, Margaret. During these hard years they had steadily grown farther and farther apart, until at last they did not seem to have a single thought in common. Year by year Margaret had become more and more absorbed in aiding and uplifting the many she found in need. But in doing this she had received no sympathy or assistance from her husband; even the money she used had come to her through a relative who had left her quite a fortune.

At first she had pleaded with her husband, using all the arguments she could bring to bear, to show him that the course he had taken in life was a mistaken one; that it deprived them both of happiness, and that his stock-gambling manipulations were ruining hundreds in order to advance his own selfish ends. But it was all of no avail, and the disagreement that came this New Year's morning was over an old friend of Margaret's, a friend in fact who had cared as ardently for her, wooed her as persistently, as Alfred Manning had years ago—for they seemed long years to Margaret.

This friend had come to New York, engaged in buying and selling stocks. In his business transactions he had defeated Manning a number of times in his effort to carry out certain deals, but matters had now reached a point where the advantage was all on Manning's side. The two had been rivals from boyhood up, and now that Margaret's husband learned that the man was at his mercy he deliberately set to work to crush him.

Believing that a certain stock was about to fall in value, the man had sold it "short," Manning at the same time buying it in rapidly. Then the price began to soar.

When Margaret had learned that New Year's morning that her husband had refused all offers of settlement made by their former friend, her indignation was kindled against him. She had remonstrated with him, begging him not to ruin the man and pointing out the fact that he had a wife and children, and that if he were ruined now he might not have the courage to try to regain his fortunes. But she could not move him; the more

she begged and pleaded the more determined he seemed to be to carry out his purpose.

Finally a defiant look came into Margaret's eyes, and drawing herself up she said, sternly:

"Alfred Manning, when I married you I supposed I was marrying a man—a man with a heart and conscience; a man who loved me, as I loved him; a man who would not sell his soul for gold. Little by little I have found, to my sorrow, that the reverse of this is true; and this last thing that has come is too much. All three of us were brought up as children together. We went to the same school, and were *friends;* and now you would ruin this man, and his family who are dependent upon him, without one grain of pity or remorse! I have lived this life long enough to find out that my husband is an utterly heartless being, and I shall live it no more!"

Manning stood staring at his wife in astonishment; but, as she finished, a cold, cynical expression settled in his eyes, and he retorted:

"Very well, do as you please; but before the Stock Market closes to-morrow night that man will not be worth one dollar to his name."

In the evening papers next day there was a report of a failure in the Street. The failure was followed by attempted suicide—a ruined broker had shot himself.

That same night a train speeding to the Far West was carrying Margaret Manning back to the home of her childhood. By the following afternoon she was under the roof where she was born, weary of heart, and without hope or even desire to live. Weeks of sickness followed; and not until spring came and the perfume of the apple-blossoms was wafted into her room, and she could hear the joyous love-songs of the birds as they flitted through the trees, did she begin to revive. Then little by little health came back once more. Yet no word of any kind had passed between herself and her husband, and no news was brought to her.

In this way years slipped by, she living her solitary life in the little western town and seeming to the people about her

a veritable saint on earth. Her sad, sweet face grew more beautiful as the years passed, and, if blessings and good wishes could have made life happy, surely hers should have been so. But there was a longing in her heart and she was not satisfied.

All this time Manning had gone on increasing in wealth and power. In one of his large transactions he made the discovery that a concerted move was being made by a number of brokers, having for its object his financial ruin. It was conducted by one of the most wily and unscrupulous of men, one who was said to be worth millions but who was utterly devoid of heart and principle. Graham Vance, for this was the name of the man, had brought wreck and ruin into the lives of thousands of people through his unscrupulous dealings—a man far more detested than even Manning, and one who had carried his disreputable transactions so far that even a United States government investigation of his manipulations had been demanded on the floor of Congress.

Manning's knowledge of the move set on foot against him made it possible for him to counteract it in such a way that he succeeded in causing his opponents a large loss. In doing this, however, he made for himself an enemy who swore he would get more than even with him. Vance, besides being a speculator, was also the president of a great steel and iron company, the stock of which ran up to many millions of dollars. Manning had looked into the business and had found that the profits of the concern were increasing daily, while the manufactured product was rapidly rising in price. After what seemed to be the most thorough investigation he began buying the stock heavily, day by day increasing his purchases—always at an advancing price. This he did in conjunction with certain others, hoping to acquire a controlling interest that would put him in position to oust Vance and elect officers and directors to his own liking.

When Vance made the discovery that the largest purchaser of his company's stock was Manning, he laid his plans accordingly. During the years that Manning had been on the Street he had made many enemies, and Vance was not slow to take

advantage of the fact. He found out the other stocks that his rival was interested in, and then planned a thoroughly concerted move against him. Throughout the whole affair Manning had little idea of what was going on. To him everything seemed to be favorable. There was not a ripple on the surface; he could count his profits by hundreds of thousands.

The first trouble came when the Q. & B. stock, of which he had bought heavily, dropped ten points in a single hour. There were all kinds of rumors afloat. Another stock that he had been "bearing" took a sudden rise. So one thing after another went wrong, but the steel stock was still climbing upward, and Manning continued to buy, hoping to make good the loss that had come to him in other directions.

One never-to-be-forgotten day on the Stock Exchange a panic was precipitated out of what seemed to be a clear sky. Vance had shut down the steel company's mills in various sections of the country and caused it to be rumored that the company was on the verge of bankruptcy. The commotion created was intense: from every quarter came orders to sell, and stocks of all kinds were thrown on the market to bring what they might. Prices tumbled five points at a time. Manning began an effort to unload his stocks, but the price changed so quickly that it was with difficulty he could sell at all. Occasionally during the day there would come some slight rally, only to be followed by a still greater break. Manning saw his fortune melting away by tens of thousands.

Every effort he could make to stem the tide was of no avail, and when the Stock Market closed on the afternoon of the thirty-first of December Manning was apparently a ruined man. It was on this night that we found him sitting alone in his apartment.

On returning to the hotel he had sat down and tried to eat dinner, but he could not swallow his food; and so, going to his room, Manning had turned the key and dropped into a chair, his strength having completely left him. If one could have read his thoughts this is what he would have seen—"Twenty years of struggle for power and money, and now in a

day all gone! Love and the affections of a true wife offered upon the altar of Mammon; money, friends, happiness—all gone; no life, no hope, nothing left but ruin and despair. Of what use to live? Life can offer me nothing. Why not end it all?"

With this thought in mind he had thrown the window open; and then came the ringing of the bells and his thoughts flew back to the night twenty years before, when the bells had seemed to share his joy and proclaim it to all the world. When he shut the window and sat down again every muscle in his body was quivering and every faculty of his mind was alive. He could see the whole past as he had never seen it before; the panorama of his life had been unfolded almost in the twinkling of an eye, and the past rose up in judgment against him. It was more than he could bear, and his whole body seemed rent by his sobs.

"What shall it profit—" you could hear him mutter to himself; "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" He repeated over and over again, "And lose his own soul." "Oh, Margaret!" he cried, "if I had only realized—if I had only known that you were right! But I *did* know—there was something that told me you were right. I have only myself to blame. I can lay no accusation against any one else. The thieves have broken through and the moth hath corrupted: the real riches of life are not mine."

At times he would talk aloud, and then he would rise and with bent head pace the floor in silent agony. As morning was dawning he rose and, going over to the window, stood looking out over the city. He had grown older from the awful agony of the night, but the lines of his face were not so tightly drawn, and in his eyes there was a look almost akin to hope—it was the dawning of a new life. With the coming of the morning had come new determinations, new ideals. He stood there breathing in the cold air with a sense of satisfaction; a few minutes later he closed the window, and retiring to his bed he slept soundly for hours.

When the Stock Market opened on the second of January

a strong interest had succeeded in bringing about a rally; the values advanced, and when Manning at last succeeded in making his settlements he was still a comparatively rich man, although no longer a millionaire. He continued to buy and sell stocks, but his associates noticed a marked change in him. He had become kindlier of heart and more friendly. The old grasping spirit had passed away and the people who had formerly disliked him and even some of those who hated him were surprised to feel a growing friendship for him. He had been so long on the Stock Exchange that he had become a regular feature of it and no one thought of such a thing as Manning's dropping out, so that it was with surprise that his business acquaintances learned that his seat had been sold. He was quitting the business, as he announced to the brokers, never to return to it. His retirement from the Exchange was the talk of the day, but in one week he was almost as forgotten as if he had never operated on the Street at all.

One lovely May morning, when the apple-trees were in bloom and the music of the birds filled the air, Margaret was out in the orchard breathing in the breath of spring. Sitting there under a great branching tree, she looked very beautiful, the light that shone in her face being the reflection of a far greater beauty that dwelt in her soul. She had not had a single line from Alfred, although in the five years they had been separated she had written him twice. While she sat there musing, she heard the whistle of the fast mail from the East and could see in the distance the train coming nearer and nearer to the little station that was plainly discernible through the trees, less than a quarter of a mile away; but her thoughts were elsewhere, and soon she was living completely in the past. The first year of her married life came vividly before her, and she lived again in the happiness of that wonderful year before the greed of gain had entered the mind of her husband. How she longed for that old life back again with all its brightness and joy!

So absorbed was she in her thoughts that she was not aware of the approach of a man, who was just about to enter the house, when, happening to glance in her direction, he walked

hesitatingly toward her. For a moment he stood a few feet away gazing at the beautiful face in silence, hoping that she would look at him; but when he could bear the strain no longer one word escaped from his lips—"Margaret."

With a start the woman jumped to her feet, and, as their eyes met, each read in the other's the old love that had been theirs as boy and girl. All the years, unconscious to themselves, their love like a flower in the bud had been steadily growing and now in an instant of time had blossomed out in all its fulness and glory. Both had been purified by the experience through which they had passed, and the lives that had been separated for a time were brought together by a love that knows no ending. Henceforth the riches that thieves can break through and steal —that moth and rust can corrupt—can play no part in either life. The eternal riches that come through the experiences of life are theirs, and so we will leave them in their new-found wealth.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

By B. O. Flower.

A PROBLEM FOR TRUE STATESMANSHIP.

I. A SUPREME DUTY CONFRONTING THE STATE.

Among the true functions of government are the securing of justice to all the people, the diffusion of useful knowledge, the promotion so far as possible of the well-being and happiness of every citizen, and the fostering and maintenance of self-respecting manhood. This last object is of far greater importance in a republic than in any other form of government; for upon the intelligence and moral rectitude of the voters depend the healthy progress and the stability of the State. Everything that tends to discourage the legitimate and rightful aspirations of the individual, or to break his high spirit and to weaken his confidence in his ability to earn an independent livelihood—everything that takes from the citizen hope, courage, or faith in himself—is an injury to the State.

These self-evident facts have been little appreciated by our statesmen in the past, but signs are not wanting which indicate that the day is at hand when their importance will be forced upon the serious consideration of all thoughtful friends of progressive democracy. Gerald Massey utters a timely and impressive warning to our people no less than to his own countrymen when he says:

"Humanity is one. The Eternal intends to show us that humanity is one. And the family is more than the individual member, the nation is more than the family, and the human race is more than the nation. And if we do not accept the revelation lovingly, do not take to the fact kindly, why then 'tis flashed upon us terribly, by lightning of hell, if we will not have it by light of heaven—and the poor, neglected scum and *canaille* of the nations rise up mighty in the strength of disease, and prove the oneness of humanity by killing you with the same infection.

"It has recently been shown how the poor of London do not live, but fester in the pestilential hovels called their homes. To get into these you have to visit courts which the sun never penetrates, which are never

visited by a breath of fresh air, and which never know the virtues of a drop of cleansing water. Immorality is but the natural outcome of such a devil's spawning-ground. The poverty of many who strive to live honestly is appalling."

No fact in modern commercial history is more obvious than that periods of depression and widespread want inevitably follow eras of expansion and inflation. A few years of poor crops, some great public calamity, or a miscalculation on the part of rival capitalistic combinations, such as would afford an opportunity for the "bears" in the great gambling centers to create a panic, and the evil day will be upon us. It may be deferred for a few years, or it may overtake us in the near future; but sooner or later, judging from all past history, the years of plenty will be succeeded by a period of hard times. It is always during these eras of depression that the Dead Sea of want rapidly enlarges its borders. Then it is that thousands, and sometimes tens of thousands, who are dwelling on the narrow margin that divides independent, self-respecting manhood from despairing and hopeless want, are swept into the social cellar through no fault of their own; and the loss of these citizens from the ranks of productive industry is a positive calamity to a free government.

To prepare to meet the evil day by prompt measures that will maintain self-respecting manhood and ultimately vastly increase the national wealth, and also to provide means whereby the denizens of the social cellar may be given opportunities to regain what they have lost and strengthen the forces of civilization instead of retarding the wheels of progress, are pressing problems worthy of the most profound consideration of our foremost statesmen. To-day we can prepare for the hour when the unemployed thousands will clamor for work; whereas, if we drift listlessly on, the time of peril will come upon us as it came early in the nineties, finding State and nation entirely unprepared to cope with it in a manner worthy of the brain and heart of present-day civilization.

History is usually helpful with its suggestions, even when we are in the presence of new problems and issues that demand more enlightened treatment than has been accorded in the past; and though few have been the intelligent and sympathetic attempts made by government officials and those in authority to transform the beggar and the tramp into self-respecting citizens, there are, happily, signal instances where the heart and brain have labored with most encouraging results to abate

an evil that debases the individual and menaces the State. Two notable examples, one in ancient times and the other of comparatively recent date, will serve to illustrate the entire practicability of well-directed efforts aimed at overcoming uninvited poverty and exalting the State by rescuing and helping to independence those who have fallen under the wheel.

II. HOW PISISTRATUS ABOLISHED POVERTY IN ATHENS.

When the Grecian statesman, Pisistratus, came into authority, he found the streets of Athens thronged with beggars clamoring for bread. On being asked why they were not at work, they replied that they could find no employment. The statesman rightly concluded that one of the greatest dangers that could threaten a State lay in a large and growing class of wretched, degraded, and suffering poor, and he at once sought a remedy to meet the exigencies that confronted him.

Beyond the limits of Athens was ample land which only awaited the hand of careful industry in order to yield bountiful harvests of real wealth for the toilers and sustenance for the community. This land Pisistratus had at once parceled into lots sufficiently large for one man, or a family, as the case might be, properly to cultivate. The beggars were then assigned portions of the land and were supplied with seeds to plant and tools and animals necessary for the cultivation of the soil. After this was done and every one had been given an opportunity to earn an honest livelihood, the ruler promulgated a decree prohibiting able-bodied persons from begging, and attaching a severe penalty for disregarding the mandate. The wholesome results of the measure were soon evident. The erstwhile beggars became thrifty, independent citizens, who greatly increased the national wealth. Indeed, so marked was the transformation that all members of society felt the benefits, and the rule of the statesman was long known as the golden age of Pisistratus.

III. COUNT RUMFORD'S VICTORY FOR CIVILIZATION.

In modern times a still more striking and suggestive experiment resulted in a splendid success, with material that was anything but promising. The philanthropist whose wise and eminently practical work entitles his memory to the lasting honor and love of all friends of humanity was an American

by birth, Benjamin Thompson by name, though better known to history under the title of Count Rumford, later bestowed upon him by the King of England. At the breaking out of the revolutionary war Mr. Thompson sided with the Loyalists and was proscribed. Later he went to England, where he was employed in an important position in the Colonial Office until the close of the war. For some time prior to leaving America he had devoted much time to studies in physical science, and in London he took a leading place among the savants of Great Britain, becoming a pioneer advocate of the vibratory theory of heat and contributing materially to the general interest in physical science, which at that time was girding itself for the greatest onward march in the history of civilization. In 1782 he was knighted by the King of England as Benjamin Thompson, Count of Rumford. He was also elected a fellow of the Royal Society of England. Later when in Munich the reigning Duke of Bavaria, attracted by his superior executive ability, employed him to direct some important military affairs and introduce a new system of order among the soldiers. These services were so successfully performed that the monarch appealed to him to aid in devising a practical plan for ridding Munich of its great army of professional beggars, who at that time swarmed the streets and whose numbers reached up into the thousands, most of whom, it was said, "had been used to living in the most miserable hovels, in the midst of vermin and every kind of filthiness, or to sleep in the streets and under the hedges, half naked and exposed to all the inclemencies of the seasons. Not only were the greater number unacquainted with all kinds of work—having been bred up from infancy in the profession of begging—but they had the most insuperable aversion to honest labor, and had been so long familiarized with every crime that they had become perfectly callous to all sense of shame and remorse."

Count Rumford gave the subject his earnest consideration and accepted the serious trust. He immediately set about fitting up great industrial workshops and factories, where men, women, and children could be given immediate employment in simple and useful manufactures and where they could be taught weaving and other important crafts under skilful instructors. These industrial shops were provided with ample accommodations for lodging and feeding the poor, under conditions calculated to promote comfort and contentment.

When all preliminary work was finished, Count Rumford

set January 1, 1790, as the day of the inauguration of his campaign against mendicancy in Munich. The civil and military bodies coöperated with him, and when all was ready the chief magistrate of the city and the Count started down the street. Almost immediately they were importuned for alms. Gently laying his hand on the shoulder of the beggar Count Rumford arrested the man, informing him that henceforth no begging would be permitted in Munich, but that if he needed assistance his wants should be provided for. This was the signal for inaugurating the movement, and in a few hours not a beggar could be found in the streets of the city. Those apprehended were taken to the town-hall and after having their names and addresses registered they were instructed to apply at the industrial shops on the following day, where they would find warm, comfortable rooms, plenty of food, and work for all in a condition to labor.

In the city of Munich, with a population at that time not exceeding 60,000, more than 2,500 sought and found an asylum in these great industrial shops within a week. At first there was necessarily some confusion, and we may readily imagine that discontented ones were not wanting; but the management united firmness with great kindness and patience, ever keeping in view the double purpose of the Count—the reclamation of the individual and the best interests of the State.

Of the result Count Rumford in his autobiography, written years after the experiment had become a splendid success, observes:

"The awkwardness of these poor creatures when first taken from the streets as beggars and put to work may easily be conceived; but the facility with which they acquired address in the various manufactures in which they were employed was very remarkable and much exceeded all expectation.

"But what was quite surprising and at the same time interesting in the highest degree was the apparent and rapid change produced in their manners, in their general behavior, and even in the very air of their countenances upon being a little accustomed to their new situation.

"The kind usage they met with and the comforts they enjoyed seemed to have softened their hearts and awakened in them sentiments as new and surprising to themselves as they were interesting to those about them.

"The melancholy gloom of misery and the air of uneasiness and embarrassment disappeared by degrees from their countenances, and were succeeded by a timid dawn of cheerfulness rendered most exquisitely interesting by a certain mixture of silent gratitude which no language can describe.

"The spinning halls by degrees were filled with the most interesting little groups of industrious families, who vied with each other in diligence and address, and who displayed a scene at once the most busy and the most cheerful that can be imagined.

"Whether it was that those who saw them compared their present situation with the state of misery and wretchedness from which they had been taken, or whether it was the joy and exultation which were expressed in the countenances of the poor parents in contemplating their children all busily employed about them, I know not, but certain it is that few strangers who visited the establishment came out of these halls without being affected."

Those in whom the finer sentiments of life have given place to heartless cynicism, and whose moral natures seem to be atrophied, are wont to sneer at any attempt to reform the morals of persons who have long dwelt in the social cellar. Yet Count Rumford's experience flatly contradicts their pessimistic assertions and assumptions. On this point, and with the positive success of his experiment in the full view of the world, he thus wrote concerning the moral uplift experienced by the beneficiaries of his work:

"In this I succeeded. For the proof of this fact I appeal to the flourishing state of the different manufactories in which these poor people are now employed; to their orderly and peaceable demeanor; to their cheerfulness; to their industry; to their desire to excel, which manifests itself among them on all occasions; and to the very air of their countenances.

"Strangers who go to this institution (and there are very few who pass through Munich who do not take that trouble) cannot sufficiently express their surprise at the air of happiness and contentment which reigns throughout every part of this extensive establishment; and can hardly be persuaded that, among those they see so cheerily engaged in that interesting scene of industry, by far the greater part were, five years ago, the most miserable and most worthless of beings—common beggars on the street."

Under the Count's experiment each person was remunerated for his labor, while all who excelled were praised and encouraged in various ways for the proficiency shown in their work. They were treated as self-respecting men and women, and the divine in their souls rose to meet the expectations of their new-found benefactor. The love and gratitude which these poor people felt for the Count were touchingly expressed on many occasions. Once, when it was reported that he was dying, hundreds of these people filed forth *en masse* and journeyed to the cathedral church to offer prayers for

this Protestant, of a different nationality and tongue, who had proved their savior. The moral victory won, which was of inestimable value to society, was supplemented by a large monetary return which the municipality enjoyed from the experiment, as we are informed that "notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which it labored in its infant state, the net profit arising from it during the first six years of its existence amounted to above one hundred thousand florins, after the expenses of every kind, salaries, wages, repairs, etc., had been deducted; and, in consequence of the augmentation of the demand for clothing for the troops, business increased so much that the amount of the orders received and executed in one year did not fall much short of half a million of florins."

These examples afford helpful hints from well-authenticated history, which clearly prove what may be done. With us there are boundless resources, and with firm, wise, and above all loving guidance a well-conducted program of progress might easily be inaugurated that would obliterate uninvited poverty and reduce all want to a minimum; while the State and civilization would gain immensely through ennobled manhood and the enormous increase of wealth products that would flow from giving direction to the now nerveless hand of poverty.

* * *

THE AUTOMOBILE AS THE SERVANT OF CIVILIZATION.

I. THE IMPOSSIBLE OF YESTERDAY A REALITY TO-DAY.

It would seem that in the sphere of mechanical invention the most abstruse and difficult problems are susceptible of solution when once the inventive genius of the age is concentrated upon the obstacles to be overcome. True, the problem of aerial navigation is as yet an exception to the rule; yet who shall say that there is not to-day stirring in the restless brain of some genius the key to the mystery, which when once found will lead to practical success and ultimately to the general employment of aerial machines for many useful purposes?

The most signal triumph of inventive skill during the last decade, along the pathway across which conservative wiseacres had raised the barriers of impossibility, is found in the

phenomenal success and rapid introduction of self-propelling vehicles that are not dependent upon tracks. When a few years ago the automobile enthusiast ventured to predict the approach of the horseless age, he was met on every side by the smile of incredulity, but to-day we accept the term as a probability if not a certainty when applied to the very near future.

About twelve years ago, as nearly as I can recollect, there appeared in one of our leading daily journals a long and exceptionally able editorial, in which the writer sought to prove the impossibility of self-propelling vehicles being made practicable for the general purposes for which horses have for generations been employed. The writer advanced a number of reasons for his conclusions. The futile attempts of the past were dwelt upon at some length. It was urged that in the nature of the case the employment of steam vehicles with gasoline or oil for fuel would be attended by such frightful accidents and casualties, through carelessness and ignorance, that the public would place the stamp of disapproval if not of prohibition on the innovation; while in the judgment of the writer electricity was impracticable, owing to reasons that he held were obvious to all thoughtful people. Moreover, such vehicles, he contended, would always be uncertain in action and apt to get out of order at the most inopportune moments, while their great weight would make them unwieldy and would serve to bar them from use on soft, yielding, or muddy ground. Thus their employment for horse power in agricultural labors was clearly out of the question; and finally, except in cities and their suburbs, and on the few pikes leading from places of importance, the roads for generations to come would not be good enough to admit of their general employment, and it was very doubtful whether they could ever be made practical for steep grades or for use in rainy or snowy weather. The editorial was plausible and convincing. Its weakness was not so much in its logic as in the assumption on which the reasoning was based and in underestimating the power and capacity of inventive genius when once centered upon a problem that offers even the possibility of solution. To-day in calling to mind that labored essay I am reminded of the great English savant who had just completed the delivery of a masterly and convincing argument before a body of British scholars, in which he had proved to the satisfaction of most of the assembly the impossibility of utilizing steam for trans-Atlantic

vessels, when the congregated sages learned to their amazement that the theoretically impossible feat had actually been accomplished.

II. EARLY VICTORIES OF THE AUTOMOBILE.

To-day the most casual survey of the field will conclusively show that even in the infancy of the new innovation the problems that were long regarded as beyond solution have been either successfully met or so largely solved that their complete mastery at an early date is clearly indicated. How surely the impossible of yesterday has melted as morning mist before the clear light of inventive genius and untiring industry is evident when we call to mind a few recent achievements as they relate to automobiles.

The practical value of self-propelling machines and their adaptability for personal conveyance or passenger traffic over good roads were proved in continental Europe some years ago; and the numerous improvements and alterations that have attended the manufacture of automobiles during recent years have led to the general introduction of self-propelling vehicles in many places. But their value for freight service, over rough roads and up-grades, and their practicability for passenger traffic over indifferent roads and in inclement weather have been strenuously denied, while the probability of their general introduction as motor power in agricultural labor has been scouted even by many who were inclined to believe that for general road service they might be made practicable. Yet in all these respects the triumph of the self-propelling machine has been so marked during the last two or three years that no one who has followed the evolution of the steamboat, the steam railway engine, or agricultural machinery can doubt that a few years will witness such improvements in the manufacture of various automobile machines that their general introduction for agricultural purposes, as well as for freight and passenger service, will be inevitable. A few illustrations bearing on this important fact will be interesting, while proving the reasonableness of this claim.

III. THE SUCCESS OF THE AUTOMOBILE IN PASSENGER AND FREIGHT TRAFFIC.

The question as to whether automobile machines could be made practicable for heavy teaming, *i. e.*, whether they could

be made to meet the severe requirements of freight or truck work, hitherto carried on by the strongest horses, was squarely met in the exacting tests carried on in Liverpool some time ago, when self-propelling trucks, heavily laden, passed swiftly over rough thoroughfares and up steep inclines with an ease that surprised champions and doubters alike. Since then numerous successful experiments and no small amount of practical work have further emphasized the value of these vehicles for heavy teaming, while the improvements constantly being made are rapidly overcoming the weak points exhibited by earlier machines.

It was long persistently claimed that the difficulties presented by bad roads, steep grades, rain, snow, and stormy weather would prove insurmountable obstacles to the general employment of steam or electric vehicles, especially for all-around service and long trips; yet these difficulties are being more and more overcome, and the increasing number of highly successful experiments seem to show that with a little more experience and some additional improvements the new carriages, vans, and wagons will satisfactorily fulfil the most severe demands of traffic.

Perhaps the most interesting and remarkable instance illustrating the potential success of the ordinary automobile for buggy service, under a combination of the most serious difficulties, is found in the notable trip made by H. W. Edgarton from John-o'-Groats to Land's End, a distance of 880 miles, over all kinds of roads, during the inclement month of December. The greater portion of the time Mr. Edgarton encountered heavy gales and storms; yet, although his vehicle was only a stock runabout, he successfully made the journey without any repairs to boiler or engine, and on reaching his destination the vehicle was found to be in excellent condition. The fact that the feat was achieved a year ago by an ordinary machine leaves little room for doubt that in the near future the automobile will easily meet every demand that buggy or carriage service calls for, especially when we remember that throughout America and Europe many of the brightest inventive geniuses, backed by unlimited capital, are busily at work on the various unsolved problems connected with the question.

A number of improved tourist vehicles are constantly appealing to the public. One of the latest and most attractive—an eight horse-power gasoline carriage described in a late issue

of the *Electrical World*—will maintain a speed of twenty-five miles an hour on level roads and is "good for any hill on the low gear." "Enough gasoline, lubricating oil, and cooling water are carried on board for a run of 150 miles under ordinary conditions." The vehicle carries four persons and weighs when the tank is full about 1,700 pounds.

Another improved vehicle for travel that will probably shortly become very popular for tourists is a new motor-cycle, manufactured in Springfield, Mass. This machine when equipped and ready for use does not weigh above 75 pounds. It carries a gasoline motor of one and three-fourths horse-power. It proved a remarkable hill climber on a recent trial at Springfield, where one of the steepest hills in the city was ascended at the rate of eight miles an hour, though the surface of the ground was loose, making it, of course, much more difficult to climb than it would have been had the ground been hard. This cycle recently carried a man weighing 235 pounds ninety miles over very rough roads in one day.

Self-propelling vehicles are as yet only in their infancy, and improvement is the word of the hour. In the manufacture of these machines, from the motor-cycle to the steam and electric automobile carriages and freight trucks, the greatest activity is everywhere displayed. Inventors and manufacturers are at work in every direction, and with the remarkable success and judging from the rapid introduction of these vehicles during the last ten years, there can be no doubt that so far as buggy, carriage, and truck vehicles are concerned the day of self-propelling vehicles has already dawned.

IV. AUTOMOBILES FOR AGRICULTURAL WORK.

The last field invaded by the horseless vehicle promises to be of great importance, especially to America. The new automobile mower manufactured by a leading American farm-implement house attracted general attention at the Paris Exposition; but the knowing ones shook their heads and intimated that many things that were very perfect in theory were worthless in practise. French agriculturists, however, were greatly impressed by the new mower, and soon a duplicate of the one exhibited was made and in due time tested in competition with various other machines. The results were more than satisfactory to the friends of the pioneer machine. It worked perfectly, attaining a higher speed than was practicable with

horses, while it turned corners more easily and quickly than was possible with the old-time mowers. The new machine is propelled by a gasoline motor. The invention bids fair to become very popular, as its use is by no means confined to mowing. By disconnecting the cutting apparatus it becomes a most useful agricultural engine for drawing loads over the farm or for pumping water, sawing wood, grinding grain, and other purposes for which engines are valuable. We believe this machine will prove a pioneer in a revolutionary movement in farm machinery almost as great and far-reaching in character as that which followed the triumph of Cyrus Hall McCormick.

V. THE PASSING OF THE HORSE.

A score of years ago few people entertained any expectation that a revolution in transportation along our common highways, or in the propelling of our agricultural implements, was at hand. The innovation is of course only in its infancy as yet, but its progress has been at once so steady and rapid, and is already assuming such commanding proportions, that we may safely predict that in the near future we shall be as familiar with self-propelling vehicles as we are with the telephone and typewriter; and let us hope that inventive genius may devise more graceful buggies and carriages than those now in vogue. Vehicles more boat-like in shape, with oval ends, would be incomparably more beautiful, while they would meet with less resistance from the air than the machine now in use. As soon as the price of self-propelling vehicles is such as to bring them within the reach of the multitude they will become extremely popular, owing to their economy, as they will do away with the great expense incident to horse-feed. The horse will by no means become extinct, but he will be less and less the beast of burden—the constant drudge—that he has been for centuries; and of course his numbers will decrease, making more room for cattle and sheep, which supply food and raiment for man.

* * *

IS THE BUILDING WORLD ENTERING A GLASS AGE?

Is the wooden house, so long the home of the millions, to disappear before buildings whose material will be at once inex-

pensive, durable, cleanly, and beautiful? It would seem so if those in a position to speak authoritatively in regard to the new candidates for popular favor in building material are to be relied upon.

We recently referred to Mr. Edison's new cement, which the discoverer confidently believes will ere long become one of the chief building materials of the twentieth century; and now comes the famous glass manufacturer and expert, M. Henrivaux, the builder of the Palace of Light at the Paris Exposition, with the confident claim that glass will soon be a most popular substance for the making of homes. In the composition known as stone glass, M. Henrivaux believes the world has a substance destined largely to supersede brick, granite, and other substances that form the chief material in the making of durable houses. Stone glass has stood the severest tests demanded by building material. It requires three times the power to crush it that is necessary to reduce granite. It is far less sensitive to heat and cold than is steel. It will withstand the shock of blows more than twenty times as great as those required to crush marble; and the wear due to friction is much less than that sustained by porphyry.

Stone glass is chiefly made from slag, which for generations has disfigured mining and iron manufacturing districts, while almost anything amenable to the influence of fire can be converted into this glass. The claim of M. Henrivaux, therefore, that the cost of this material will not be excessive appears reasonable. Already this substance is being used as paving in Paris, and it is said to be highly satisfactory, the only objection being the increase in the noise of traffic; but this could be easily overcome by the employment of rubber tires and the shoeing of horses with rubber, as is already being done to a limited degree. The glass-paved streets neither make nor retain dirt, and are thus easily kept clean.

As a building material the superior points of advantage possessed by glass are durability, cleanliness, beauty, the ease with which it can be accommodated to various shapes and forms, and its potential cheapness, due to the inexhaustible supply of waste material from which it is made.

According to M. Henrivaux the foundations, outer walls, stairs, and fireplaces of the glass houses will be composed of stone glass. The ceilings, balustrades, paneling, mantelpieces, and walls can also be made of glass, in which rich and highly ornamental effects can be obtained. These houses will surpass

other buildings in indestructibility, and they will be by far the most cleanly, and in this respect will of course offer special advantages from a sanitary point of view.

Such are some of the facts and claims advanced by the great French glass maker and other Old World authorities in regard to what they believe to be the building material of the future. All their expectations may not, and doubtless will not, be realized; yet it is highly probable that during the next fifty years glass will be an important factor in housebuilding throughout the most progressive nations of the world.

* * *

CZOLGOSZ THE PRODUCT OF A MATERIALISTIC, GREED-CRAZED WORLD.

J. Bruce Wallace, M. A., the well-known English writer and editor of *Brotherhood,* has contributed an editorial to a recent issue of his publication, suggested by the assassination of President McKinley, and entitled "Czolgosz and the Mad World," which is so pregnant with truths that are frequently overlooked or discreetly left unsaid by pulpit and press that it stands out in bold relief from the wild, feverish, and oftentimes insanely frantic cries of puppet voices which have recently rung throughout the New World and which have echoed and re-echoed sentiments against wholesome freedom and progress which monarchical and imperial powers cherished before the American Revolution. So sane are the utterances of Mr. Wallace and so fundamentally true are his conclusions that I give them below as a message that should be heeded by the heart and brain of all people who are strong-minded enough to be uninfluenced by the greed-inspired utterances of a sensational press and who are clear-visioned enough to see that human happiness and permanent progress are found only by following the glory-swathed form of Freedom over the highway of justice. Says Mr. Wallace:

Czolgosz, President McKinley's assassin, is no doubt a madman. Madmen are not accidents, any more than smallpox patients are. They are products of certain malign influences at work;—they are outward, visible, and active signs of some interior constitutional social disorder. 'It is a mad world.' Czolgosz is a member of human society in general, of American society in particular, and of the most despised and crushed section of American society, the poor exploited foreign immigrant, most specifically. He is a significant product and a revelation of an insane, unkind, spurious civilization.

"President McKinley—personally a very estimable and amiable specimen of humanity—stood on his continent, probably without realizing his position, as the head and most conspicuous representative of a world-order which, despite all its decencies and handshakings, does not recognize that all men are brethren—a world-order that is a struggle of men to live upon each other and make themselves rich out of each other. Though never a rich man himself, he was the nominee and elect of the unjust Mammon that, quite unconsciously for the most part, rides booted and spurred astride of unjust poverty;—the unjust Mammon that the hypnotized people believe themselves to be dependent upon for their 'full dinner-pail' and for all good gifts. It is an insanely-deluded world-order. The multi-millionaire that said, 'The people be damned'; even kind-hearted, regally-munificent Andrew Carnegie; and finally poor, ill-balanced, wretched Czolgosz;—these all and others, in their various ways, are children and members of this world-order. Its disease comes out in one man in the form of an insane accumulating of riches, beyond all possible utility—an insane gathering of tribute rights over his brethren; in another in an insane desire to kill somebody that happens to have his head high. The disease, the insanity, is lovelessness; it is the denying or ignoring of human brotherhood, of human unity.

"The cure is certainly not in murdering emperors, kings, presidents of republics, and prominent statesmen; that is one symptom of the disease. Quite as little is the cure to be found in executing or otherwise taking vengeance on anarchist homicidal lunatics—though of course these cannot be left at large. Such vengeance is another symptom of the disease. The cure is not in any forcible despoiling of millionaires and minor landlords and capitalists. It is in the recognizing, the realizing, of the truth of human brotherhood and unity by a sufficient and growing number of the people, in the practising and organizing of the truth, in the doing of the utmost possible good by all who love good, in the widest reaching positive coöperation and massing of forces for the building up of a new order in which there shall be no victims.

"Good-will is the only real sanity; good-will, without respect of persons, to emperors, kings, millionaires, sweaters, and paupers; good-will like sunshine upon the evil and the good. The dawn of sanity in any mind shows itself in love."

Measured by these last words, which we believe are as true as any that ever fell from inspired lips, how many of our clergymen, editors, statesmen, and teachers, and others who assume to mold the thought of the age, would not be found wanting? And yet the time will come when the good of all the world will say with this prophet of progress that "the dawn of sanity in any mind shows itself in love."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

REVIEWED BY B. O. FLOWER.*

TOWARD DEMOCRACY. By Edward Carpenter. Cloth, 367 pp. Price, $2.25. Chicago: Stockham Publishing Company.

The cause of freedom and brotherhood to-day has no more devoted apostle than Mr. Edward Carpenter, author of "Toward Democracy." Born of well-to-do parents, he enjoyed the advantages of a collegiate education, later becoming a fellow of Cambridge University and a curate under the eminent Christian reformer, the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice. He relinquished both positions, however, to devote himself to writing and lecturing.

Mr. Carpenter is generally associated in the public mind with Whitman—and justly so, as the work of the elder poet exerted a powerful influence upon the young Englishman, who, wearied and disgusted with the shams and injustices of conventional society, was reaching out for something nobler and higher. There is in Whitman and Carpenter the same breadth of spirit, the same love of freedom and impatience at all conventional restraint. But there is this difference: Whitman was the child of an age when individualism was paramount in society—before the ideal of brotherhood had come in a compelling way into the heart of the Western world; and he naturally reflected to a certain degree the thought and feeling of his time. Edward Carpenter, on the other hand, is essentially a child of the New Time, when men and women everywhere are more and more looking forward to the establishment of that ideal State—that true democracy—whose motto shall be "Each for all and all for each." He has voluntarily given up his place in polite society and lives among the workingmen in Sheffield, as one of them, making sandals when not engaged in writing or lecturing.

Of Mr. Carpenter's various works perhaps the most important is "Toward Democracy," a volume of chants written after the manner of Whitman, but possessing a beauty of diction only equaled at rare intervals by the American poet.

The crying evils of existing social and economic conditions have appealed to Mr. Carpenter with irresistible force, and he often speaks with no uncertain note of warning—as in the following lines addressed to England, but which are equally applicable to many other civilized countries to-day:

---

* Books intended for review in THE ARENA should be addressed to B. O. Flower, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

England! for good or evil it is useless to attempt to conceal yourself—I know you too well. . . .

I will tear your veils off; your false shows and pride I will trail in the dust;—you shall be utterly naked before me, in your beauty and in your shame.

For who better than I should know your rottenness, your self-deceit, your delusion, your hideous, grinning, corpse-chattering, death-in-life business on top? (And who better than I the wonderful hidden sources of your strength beneath?)

Deceive yourself no longer.

Do you think your smooth-faced Respectability will save you? or that Cowardice carries a master-key of the universe in its pocket—scrambling miserably out of the ditch on the heads of those beneath it?

Do you think it is a fine thing to grind cheap goods out of the hard labor of ill-paid boys? And do you imagine that all your Commerce Shows and Manufactures are anything at all compared with the bodies and souls of these?

Do you suppose that I have not heard your talk about Morality and Religion and set it face to face in my soul to the instinct of one clean, naked, unashamed Man? Or that I have not seen your coteries of elegant and learned people put to rout by the innocent speech of a child, and the apparition of a mother suckling her own babe?

Do you think that there ever was or could be Infidelity greater than this?

Do you grab interest on Money and lose all interest in Life? Do you found a huge system of national Credit on absolute personal Distrust? Do you batten like a ghoul on the corpses of animals, and then expect to be of a cheerful disposition? Do you put the loving beasts to torture as a means of promoting your own health and happiness? Do you, O foolishest one, fancy to bind men together by Laws (of all ideas the most laughable), and set whole tribes of unbelievers at work year after year patching the rotten net? Do you live continually farther and farther from Nature, till you actually doubt if there be any natural life, or any avenging instinct in the dumb elements? And then do you wonder that your own Life is slowly ebbing—that you have lost all gladness and faith?

And in the following extract from a poem, entitled "Except the Lord Build the House," we have an illustration of the striking manner in which our author can present a pathetic picture all too common to-day in every great city:

She lies, whom Money has killed, and the greed of Money,
The thrice-driven slave, whom a man has calmly tortured,
And cast away in the dust—and calls it not murder,
Because he only looked on; while his trusted lieutenants
Supply and Demand pinned the victim down—and her own mother Nature slew her!

The old story of the sewing-machine—the treadle-machine;

Ten hours a day and five shillings a week, a penny an hour or so—if numbers were of importance.

Of course, she fell ill. Indeed she had long been ailing, and the effort and the torture were slowly disorganizing her frame; and already the grim question had been asked: "Might she have rest?"—(the doctor said *must*—and for many a month, too).

And the answer came promptly as usual. "Have rest?—as much as she wanted! It was a pity, but of course if she could not work she could

go. They would make no difficulty, as Supply would fill up her place as soon as vacant."

One more struggle then. And now she *must* go, for work is impossible, and Supply *has* filled her place, and there is no difficulty—or difference—except to her.

For her only the hospital pallet, and the low moaning of the distant world.

For her only the fever and the wasting pain and the nightmare of the loud unceasing treadles;

And the strange contrast in quiet moments of the still chamber and the one kindly face of the house-surgeon, stethoscope in hand, at her bedside;

For her only, hour after hour, the dull throbbing recollection of the injustice of the world,

The bleak unlovely light of averted eyes thrown backward and forward over her whole life,

And the unstaunched wound of the soul which is their bitter denial.

And at last the lessening of the pain, and a sense of quietude and space, and through the murky tormented air of the great city a light, a ray of still hope on her eyes peacefully falling;

And then in a moment the passing of the light, and a silence in the long high-windowed ward;

And one with an aster or two and a few chrysanthemums, and one with a blown white rain-bewept rose half-timidly coming,

To lay on her couch, with tears.

And so a grave.

In the dank, smoke-blackened cemetery, in the dismal rain of the half-awakened winter day,

A grave, for her and her only.

And yet not for her only—but for thousands—

For hundreds of thousands—to lie undone, forsaken—

Tossed impatiently back from the whirling iron—

The broken wheels, or maybe merely defective—

Who cares?—

That as they spin roll off and are lost in the darkness,

Run swiftly away (as if they were alive!) into the darkness, and are hidden,

Who cares? who cares?

Since for each one that is gone Supply will provide a thousand.

Who cares? who cares?

O tear-laden heart!

O blown white rose heavy with rain!

O sacred heart of the people!

Rose of innumerable petals, through the long night ever blossoming!

Surely by the fragrance wafted through the night air,

Surely by the spirit exhaled over the sleeping world, I know,

Out of the bruised heart of thee exhaled, I know—

And the vision lifts itself before my eyes:—

Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it.

In vain millions of yards of calico and miles of lace-work turned out per annum;

In vain a people well clad in machine-made cloth and hosiery;

In vain a flourishing foreign trade and loose cash enough for a small war;

In vain universal congratulations and lectures on Political Economy; In vain the steady whirr of wheels all over the land, and men and women serving stunted and pale before them, as natural as possible;

Except Love build the house, they labor in vain who build it.

O rich and powerful of the earth!
Behold, your riches are all in vain—you are poorer than the poorest of these children!
Against one such whom you have wronged your armies, your police, and all the laws that you can frame shall not prevail.
Your palaces of splendor are reared from the beginning upon a foundation of lies, and the graves that you have dug for others shall be for your own burial.

The following beautiful lines give an idea of Mr. Carpenter's felicity in word-painting:

Oh, cry aloud over the Earth!
Great ragged clouds wild over the sky careering, pass changing shifting through my poems!
Blow, O breezes; mingle, O winds, with these words—whose purpose is the same as yours!
Ye dark ploughed fields and grassy hills, and gorses where the yoldring warbles—write ye your myriad parallel gossamers among my lines!
Lie out, O leaves, to the sun and moon, to bleach in their quiet gaze —whirl them, O winds—float them away, O sea, to drift in bays with the sea-smell and with odors of tar among the nets of fishermen!
Open, O pages in all lands! Let them be free to all to pass in and out; let them lie like the streets of a great city!
Let them listen and say what the feet of the passengers say, and what the soughings of the fir trees say. Let them be equal—no more, no less—writing the words which are written as long as the universe endures.

The above quotations will serve to give the reader a fair idea of the style and spirit of Mr. Carpenter's work. True, one does at times encounter bits of naturalism similar to many much-criticized passages in Whitman's work, but it is always the realism of a man who believes that all things are good, and not that of the sensualist or sensational writer.

This book is one that should be read by all earnest men and women who are looking hopefully forward to the dawning of a brighter day for earth's millions.

ELECTRICITY AND THE RESURRECTION; Or, THE SOUL AND SCIENCE. By William Hemstreet. Paper, 286 pp. Price, 25 cents. New York: The Alliance Publishing Company.

The problem with which Mr. Hemstreet deals is the old, old query that has come echoing down the ages from the gray dawn of civilization —"If a man die, shall he live again?" But our author's treatment is new, bold, and suggestive. Though a sincere believer in the reality of a future life, he is rationalistic rather than mystical in his thought, and depends on the law of analogy and the revelations of modern science far

more than on the ancient works upon whose teachings the world's great religions are based.

In a synopsis of the thought presented, which constitutes the opening chapter, the author gives the key-note of his conclusions in the following bold assumptions:

> We say soul is matter, a refined and ethereal matter that thinks, and by reason of that matter being homogeneous, simple and ultimate, exists onward when it escapes the body. The universal luminiferous ether is the conscious God. Our souls are detached bits of that essence, from and in the first protoplasm-in-embryo, up. As matter and cohesion are eternal, so too are ether and mind. . . .
>
> Ether is the body of our minds, as the cosmic universal ether is the body of God. If the ether is imperishable, then the soul is imperishable, and its continuity is an easy result of will power and moral fitness.

Such daring assumptions may tend to drive away many readers, who will not be pleased with a seeming arrogance of thought on the threshold of an investigation about which the greatest scientists, philosophers, and seers of all ages have entertained widely varying views. And yet a perusal of the subsequent pages will clearly prove that the author is by no means one of those shallow visionaries who, after beholding a few gleams of new light—a few rays of truth with which the conventional mind is unacquainted—straightway imagine that they have beheld the full orb of eternal light, and that to them has come the message of the ages—the key to the Scriptures of all time—the answer to the supreme riddle of the Sphinx.

Our day of materialistic arrogance and scientific cynicism, with its ever-increasing stress and strain, and marked as it is by the vanishing of old traditions, superstitions, and ancient conceptions of truth, and by the incoming of new and vital ideals, has unhappily affected a large number of minds to such a degree that some thought or a confused jumble of ideals has gained dominance in their minds, until they believe that to them has been given the saving truth of the ages. A veritable Babel of voices assails our ears from these eager ones, who believe most profoundly that what they have to say is in deed and fact the very truth, while the utterances of the ninety-and-nine who are affected in the same manner are rank error, pernicious in influence on the human mind. But Mr. Hemstreet does not belong to this class. He has a message to declare, of the truth of which he is as firmly convinced as was Charles Darwin confident of the truth of the evolutionary theory, and he presents it in a clear, coherent, and for the most part able manner. We may not at all times agree with his assumptions or conclusions, but the volume is pregnant with new thought worthy of consideration and presented in such a way as to challenge the interest of thoughtful men and women.

It is, of course, impossible to outline the arguments of our author or to indicate the evidence upon which he bases his conclusions, and it is sufficient to say that he discusses his subject at length and seeks to demonstrate the truth of every proposition by an appeal to the reason of his reader. His views are sufficiently new to attract the attention of men

and women who are weary of the husks of the old theology, and yet who recoil from the hollow materialism so prevalent at the present time, and which Mr. Hemstreet admirably depicts in these lines:

In the New York City of desert pavement, thundering, grinding, gritty, soulless, one tiny green oat-sprout in a curbstone joint showed that the living God was even there. Along those streets rushed a mass of humanity fighting hard for a livelihood, with as little concern for spiritual philosophy as brutes. What for honor care the thousands of those daughters of Eve, from basement and garret, hurrying along poorly clad, sandwich and dime novel in hand, to their sweat-shops and task-masters—or to worse, where they can find a warm heart, though in the guise of sin? What for honesty care those desperate men and boys? They tell us these moral sentiments will do to put into books, but they are not a part of practical life. A new garment, a square meal, a theater ticket, a horse race, a ball game, are to them the first blessings. Any stray word of inspiration coming to their ears is scoffed at, and society is to blame more than they. But might not some plain and secular reasoning as to the natural science of a future life, the science of a proud and immortal soul in each of them, and of a surrounding God demonstrated as near to them, be dropped like that oat seed into some crevice of their sterile hearts, to become a sprout of living hope, to show them that God is even there, and that Elysian fields are waiting for even them?

And in the more pretentious grades of society there is the same blank indifference and ignorance as to the essence of the soul. King, judge, scientist, broker, society man, mechanic, laborer, scholar, dilettante—all are Ptolemaic as to the beyond. Some, from early influences, vaguely believe that they have a soul, but they stop there and are content, like Cæsar and Cicero, that the earth is flat. We have as narrow a Mediterranean world spiritually as the ancients did geographically.

The following propositions, without the arguments and analogies with which the author fortifies his conclusions, will afford the reader some conception of Mr. Hemstreet's ideas:

The ether penetrates all physical matter between the atoms as water penetrates a sponge or flows through cracked ice, the water and the ice being one thing in different conditions of chemical stress, the same as ether and matter are one thing in different stress. Thus a steel rapier would penetrate a ghost only in appearance; the more solid ether of the ghost would really penetrate between the atoms of the steel rapier. So the soul, being invulnerable to all physical conditions and attacks, lives on by its own desire and the inherent inertia of the ego. It does not dissolve back into God's substance *because it has personal self-love* and His permission to live as one of His angels so long as it does not destroy itself from within by vice and sin. All that a soul needs for resurrection is a good moral constitution of hope, love, purity, integrity, justice—which qualities by their nature give the soul-body a *reflex propulsion* across the coma of death, the same as we, by predetermination, can awaken ourselves at any fixed time out of sleep. . . .

All mental action is the action of matter, but not necessarily of brain matter. It is of an ethereal matter that is within but separate and discrete from brain, flesh, and blood. There is within us, as we shall see, an electrical or ethereal body, independent of and controlling the animal body. Materialism is reversed; the body is the product and agent of the soul, and not its origin.

The volume will be read with deep interest by those concerned in the great subject discussed, and even if the reader is unprepared to accept

the author's views he will nevertheless find the book highly stimulating and suggestive.

J. M. PEEBLES, M.D., A.M. A Biography. By Edward Whipple. Cloth, 592 pp. Published by the author, Battle Creek, Mich.

The well told biography of a good man is one of the most helpful kinds of literature. It possesses the virtue of variety; it holds before the imagination in a tangible way the power of goodness—goodness which by passing through the fire of life's experiences proves a living, vitalizing inspiration to the reader. In Mr. Whipple's life of Dr. Peebles we have a volume of more than ordinary interest to progressive thinkers, and especially to spiritualists. For more than half a century this dauntless champion of advanced thought has labored unceasingly and unselfishly for the good of his fellow-men; and during his pilgrimage Dr. Peebles has thrice circled the globe, lecturing and teaching in America, Australia, Asia, Africa, and Europe, and wherever he has journeyed—in India or Egypt, in Palestine or Asia Minor, in the cities of the antipodes or in London, Rome, or Paris—he has ever been a student, associating with savants and drinking from the fountains of the ancient and modern wisdom of the world. Hence, his life holds a peculiar charm and interest quite apart from the helpfulness arising from the fact that he has ever placed conscience, duty, and conviction of right above all other considerations. Mr. Whipple deserves great credit for the interesting manner in which he has told the story of a truly noble life. It is a volume which spiritualists and advanced thinkers everywhere should possess.

COLLECTIVISM AND INDUSTRIAL EVOLUTION. By Emile Vandervelde. Cloth, 200 pp. Price, 50 cents. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company.

This little volume is one of the most valuable economic books that have appeared of late—a work that every person, whether or not he be in sympathy with the aims and ideals of socialism, should read, as it gives in a clear, concise, and lucid manner the socialistic philosophy and its program. The author is one of the ablest members of the Chamber of Deputies of Belgium. He is a sane, clear-visioned, philosophic socialist who is also a practical statesman. Modern literature has been deluged with socialistic visions and novels written after the manner of Sir Thomas More's "Utopia." These books have unquestionably had a value; they were needed in order to arouse the public mind from the inertia into which it had fallen. But at the present time the demand is not so much for social visions as for practical expositions of a working philosophy, and this is precisely what we have in M. Vandervelde's volume. It is brief though comprehensive, and with great vividness explains, defends, and illustrates modern practical socialism as expounded by the ablest and most advanced of its apostles.

GOVERNMENT: AN INQUIRY INTO THE NATURE AND FUNCTIONS OF THE STATE. By John Sherwin Crosby. Paper, 112 pp. Price, 25 cents. New York: Peter Eckler, 35 Fulton St.

This little work is one of the clearest and ablest discussions of a subject with which every American should be conversant that it has been my fortune to read. In the compass of a little over one hundred pages the author has presented his great subject in so clear and concise a manner that it is at once intelligible to the slowest thinking mind, while the vital and fundamental facts relating to free government are so boldly and effectively outlined that they will long live in the memory. If this little work could be used as a text-book in our schools, or could be effectively brought to the attention of the American youth, it would do very much toward rescuing our government from the low materialistic commercial ideals and the baleful imperialistic and monarchical tendencies rampant at the present time.

The author is a distinguished lawyer and one of the most brilliant lecturers of the day. He is an old-time democrat and also a strong adherent to the economic views of Henry George. We heartily commend this book to our readers. It is a little volume that all lovers of republican government should possess.

AMATA. From the German of Richard Voss. Translated by Roger S. G. Boytell. Cloth, 116 pp. Price, $1. Washington: The Neale Publishing Company.

This record of a strange experience is from the pen of the famous author of "Sigurd Eckdal's Bride." The scene of "Amata" is laid in Rome, and in this little volume the tragic, the supernatural, and the romantic are so blended as to make a story of rare interest and fascination. The work of translation has been pleasingly accomplished, and the book will make a most enjoyable half hour's reading.

POEMS BY EDWIN EMERSON. Cloth, 228 pp. Denver: The Carson-Harper Company.

This is a volume of simple poems which at no time rise above mediocrity. The thought expressed is sweet and pure, but marred by the limitations of the author's muse. Two little translations from the German are among the best things in the book, but even these have lost in English much of their original charm.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Science of Money and Exchange." By E. L. Rector. Cloth, 140 pp. Published by the author at San Saba, Texas.

"Lessons in Scientific Healing." By Elsie L. Robinson. Paper, 112 pp. Price, $1. The Daily Tribune, South Haven, Mich.

"Warwick of the Knobs." By John Uri Lloyd. Cloth, illustrated, 305 pp. Price, $1.50. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

"Etidorhpa." By John Uri Lloyd. Cloth, illustrated, 375 pp. Price, $1.50. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

"The Science of Sciences." By Hannah More Kohaus. Cloth, 362 pp. Price, $1.50. Chicago: Universal Truth Pub. Co.

"The Doom of Dogma and the Dawn of Truth." By Henry Frank. Cloth, gilt top, fully indexed, 399 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Tommy Foster's Adventures." By Fred. A. Ober. Cloth, illustrated, 248 pp. Price, $1. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.

"The Little Lady: Her Book." By Albert Bigelow Paine. Cloth, illustrated, 315 pp. Price, $1. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.

"Behold the Man: a Story of the Passion Play." By Channing Pollock. Cloth, 104 pp. Washington: The Neale Pub. Co.

"The Scribe of a Soul." By Clara Iza Price. Cloth, 201 pp. Price, $1.25. Seattle, Wash.: The Denny-Coryell Co.

"The Destiny of Doris." By Julius Chambers. Cloth, profusely illustrated, 336 pp. Price, $1.50. New York: The Continental Pub. Co.

"The World Beautiful in Books." By Lilian Whiting. Cloth, 415 pp. Price, $1 net. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

"What Are We Here For?" By F. Dundas Todd. Cloth, 142 pp. Price, $1. Chicago: The Photo-Beacon Co.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

NO part of President Roosevelt's first message to Congress aroused more interest among thoughtful minds everywhere than those passages that were devoted to the problem of anarchy, with which the American people have recently been confronted in so shocking a way. The recommendations of our new Executive concerning preventive legislation have already resulted in the drafting of several tentative measures—all of which have proved abortive owing to the difficulties involved in defining the word *anarchist*. The time consumed in surmounting this obstacle, it is hoped, will furnish an opportunity for the prevailing fanaticism to cool and give place to a rational and consistent handling of the question.

As a contribution to the discussion we present this month, as our leading article, a paper by the rector of All Souls' Church, New York, which will be supplemented in our February number by an essay from the same able pen on "The Economic and Religious Causes of Anarchism." Dr. Newton's remarks on the ethical, sociological, and political phases of the subject, in the current issue, should enlist the attention not alone of our national legislators but also that of enlightened statesmen throughout the world.

The article on "The English Friendly Societies," by Eltweed Pomeroy, A.M., in this month's ARENA, is one of the most interesting and suggestive papers that we have published for some time. The author is president of the National Direct Legislation League, and his fascinating description of a recent visit to the scene of the "Rochdale experiment" in coöperation will interest all progressive minds. It will be followed, in our next issue, by an article on the Mormon movement, entitled "A Coöperative Commonwealth," by Joel Shomaker, who has personal knowledge of the subject.

Two features of the current number that will lend encouragement to every lover of his race are "Spiritual Birth of the American Nation," by Theodore F. Seward, organizer of many Don't Worry Clubs throughout the country, and "The Development of Brotherhood," by Eugenia Parham, professor of Eng-

lish literature and metaphysics in West Kentucky College. The former contribution shows that the Golden Rule is no longer regarded as an emotional platitude but has become a living force in our national life, while the latter emphasizes the unitary nature of the human family and the inherent equality of its members. In further demonstration of the practical outworking of these democratic ideals in American affairs, we shall present an article in the February ARENA on "San Francisco's Union Labor Mayor," written by Leigh H. Irvine, whose remarkable new book, "An Affair in the South Seas," was reviewed in our November issue.

T. St. Pierre, in his discussion of "Responsibility in Municipal Government," in this number, makes some very practical suggestions looking not only to the extension but to the regulation of home rule. The political situation in our large cities reveals the very weakest feature of the American system of government. In our next issue this subject will be treated at some length from the standpoint of a Philadelphia lawyer—Mr. John Dolman, whose article will bear the title, "Municipal Reform."

Two other features of the February ARENA that may now be mentioned are: "A Couple of Capitalists," an excellent short story by Eleanor H. Porter, of Boston, and "Music and Crime," by Henry W. Stratton, of the same city, which will show the influence of music upon anarchy and the criminal classes.

The current number begins our Twenty-seventh Volume and our fourteenth year. THE ARENA shows no faltering in its efforts to keep abreast not only of the world's periodical literature but also of those movements and ideals that are based upon the law of progress. Its aim is to keep in touch with our advancing civilization throughout its varied avenues of expression and its every field of endeavor. That we are succeeding in this is attested by the very large percentage of the magazine's old friends who are renewing their subscriptions and by the daily increase of new names that are added to our list—facts that evince the growing popularity of the principles for which THE ARENA stands.

J. E. M.

THE ARENA.

VOL. XXVII. - - - NO. 2.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY REVIEW OF VITAL THOUGHT.

Editors: CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON. B. O. FLOWER. JOHN EMERY McLEAN.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PAGE

POLITICAL, ECONOMIC, AND RELIGIOUS CAUSES OF ANARCHISM *Rev. R. Heber Newton, D.D.* 113

FRENCH Vs. ENGLISH . . . . . *Elizweed Pomeroy, A.M.* 126

MUSIC AND CRIME . . . . . *Henry W. Stratton* 137

SAN FRANCISCO'S UNION LABOR MAYOR . . . *Leigh H. Irvine* 150

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE PUBLIC . . . . . *Austin Lewis* 157

CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH . . . . . *Joel Shomaker* 164

MUNICIPAL REFORM . . . . . *John Dolman* 174

CONVERSATION:

Governmental Ownership of the Telegraph and Telephone *Prof. Frank Parsons, B.C.E., Ph.D.* Of Boston University 179

A COUPLE OF CAPITALISTS: A Story . . . . . *Eleanor H. Porter* 188

TOPICS OF THE TIMES—(*Editorial*) . . . . . *B. O. Flower*

The Problem of Crime in the Twentieth Century—The Titanic Conflict of the Present—Fashions in Medicine: Some New Treatments in Vogue—President Diaz's Prompt and Efficient Remedy for Oppressive Trusts—President Roosevelt's Timely Words in Favor of Irrigation 199-212

BOOKS OF THE DAY . . . . . *Studies and Reviews*

Dominion and Power—The Science of Penology—Common People —Mata the Magician—Galopoff the Talking Pony—Derelicts of Destiny—From Sunshine to Shade.—Books Received 213-221

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS . . . . . *J. E. M.* 222-224

$2.50 a Year . . . . . 25 Cents a Copy

Foreign Subscriptions, 12 Shillings.

69 5TH AVE. THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY. NEW YORK

TWO NEW BOOKS BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

DOMINION AND POWER.

AN IMPORTANT VOLUME OF

STUDIES IN SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

This is a large work, probably the most comprehensive of this author's publications, embracing an epitome of the New Thought teaching on every subject of vital moment in human development. It is indispensable to all who desire accurate knowledge of the New Metaphysical Movement. Following is a list of the subjects discussed, an appropriate "Meditation" being appended to most of the chapters:

THE SECRET OF POWER.
THREE PLANES OF DEVELOPMENT.
THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.
THE PURPOSE OF LIFE.
THE MISTAKES OF LIFE.
FINDING ONE'S SELF.
HOW TO CONSERVE FORCE.
FAITH IN CHARACTER BUILDING.
HOPE IN CHARACTER BUILDING.
LOVE IN CHARACTER BUILDING.
PRAYER.
BREATH.
SUCCESS.
THE EQUALITY OF THE SEXES.
MARRIAGE.
THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.
IMMORTALITY.
DOMINION AND POWER.

PRICE, $1.00, POST-PAID.

THE WILL TO BE WELL.

This work relates chiefly to the *healing* aspect—philosophy and practise—of Spiritual Science. It throws much new light on the path through which alone Health, Happiness, and Success in all legitimate undertakings are to be secured, and discusses in addition a number of topics pertaining to the New Thought teaching in general. Some of the chapters bear the following titles:

WHAT THE NEW THOUGHT STANDS FOR.
THE LAWS OF HEALTH.
MENTAL INFLUENCES.
THE UNITY OF LIFE.
DEMAND AND SUPPLY.
FREEDOM—INDIVIDUAL AND UNIVERSAL.
HEARING AND DOING.
SPIRITUAL TREATMENT.
THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.
THE MISSION OF JESUS.
THE LAW OF ATTRACTION.
MAN: PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.
THE RELIGION OF CHRIST.
THE CRUSADE AGAINST CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.
THE DAWN OF A NEW AGE.

PRICE, $1.00, POST-PAID.

☞**Each of the above works comprises over 200 pages and is beautifully bound in cloth and gold.**

For sale by all booksellers, or mailed post-paid by the publishers:

THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

569 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK, N. Y.

"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."
—HEINE.

THE ARENA

VOL. XXVII. FEBRUARY, 1902. No. 2.

POLITICAL, ECONOMIC, AND RELIGIOUS CAUSES OF ANARCHISM.

PRESIDENT Roosevelt to the contrary notwithstanding, Anarchism is "a social product" of profound significance in a study of the pathology of modern civilization. A sore in the body politic displaying so much virulence betokens bad blood in the social organism. There is a case here not merely for the repressive measures of a symptomatic treatment but for the alteratives of a constitutional treatment.

In a previous paper a brief general study has been made of anarchism, distinguishing between anarchism and socialism, and then, again, between philosophic anarchism and revolutionary anarchism, its bastard child, and pointing out some of the more patent remedies for it. In the present paper it is proposed to study "the disease of anarchism," as one of our great dailies called it a number of years ago, as a constitutional disorder of society, and to indicate how it must be treated constitutionally—the causes engendering it removed, that its symptoms may disappear. Its virus is to be found in the blood of the modern State, of our economic system, and of the Church.

I.

Had the governments of the earth been just, there would have been none of the appalling outbursts of hatred for all

government at which we shudder in anarchism to-day. The violence of this fever is the measure of the virus in the blood of the State. The reason why men are found to-day calling frenziedly for the overthrow of all States is that scarce a State can escape severest condemnation before the bar of conscience.

Christian governments have proved most anarchistic, bolstering up unjust privileges of the titled and the wealthy, enslaving the poor and weak, ruling by force, wasting the resources of the people, sacrificing millions of lives every generation on the altar of war.

It is pathetic to observe that the dangerous anarchist of to-day is the heir of the political injustices and oppressions of the past. He is, for the most part, either a Russian, a Pole, or an Italian. Russia has been the supreme despotism of the modern world, allowing in the affairs of the empire no free speech, free writing, or free meeting, and denying all constitutional means of reform. Poland has been a victim sacrificed on the altar of the dynastic ambitions of Russia and Austria. Italy has been for centuries torn into petty States, tyrannously ruled, despotically governed. And our fair Republic pays the fearful penalty exacted by the vengeance of these heirs of the ages!

While we may unite with the ablest European governments to suppress revolutionary anarchism, we have now the right to demand of Europe the ending of all revolution-breeding despotisms. And as we do this, we may, in our own great cities, frankly face the fact that the sort of government we have ourselves made in them is as sure a breeder of anarchism as are the despotisms of the Old World. We must gird ourselves to the task of showing these children of the Old World, who come to us with their heritages of hatred, that here every political right is granted, and that the bullet and the bomb, as means of political reformation, become crimes against humanity, sure causes of political reaction, and fatal barriers to progress.

It is not often that I find myself agreeing with Mr. Bryan, but I heartily indorse a late utterance from him in *The Com-*

moner: "We can only bring about security to our public servants by making the government so just, so beneficent, that each citizen will be willing to give his life, if need be, to preserve it to posterity."

This aspect of the subject is so patent that it need not detain us.

II.

The most superficial student of anarchism should not miss the fact that it is a revolt against the social oppression and the economic injustice of our competitive civilization. It is men maddened by a burning sense of industrial wrongs who turn to the bullet and the bomb to right these wrongs. Below the political tyrannies of Russia, Poland, and Italy lie the economic tryannies of those lands.

Tolstoi and the wonderful group of modern Russian novelists must surely have opened the eyes of our blindest optimists to this fact. It is a starving peasantry that recruits the armies of anarchism. A high authority states that there are more paupers in St. Petersburg than in any other capital of Europe. In 1884, one-fourth of the population of St. Petersburg received public aid. Of the rural population, one-third are hopelessly poor, without land, or so burdened by the taxation of land as to be worse off with it than without it. The political terrorists are the offspring of the frightful terror of want and of hunger, of lack of work, and of the crushing forms of work that overshadow the land.

It is well known that in Italy the mass of the people are grievously poor—a poverty which through large sections engenders a disease due to the wretchedness of the food of the peasantry. The vast emigration constantly going on from fair Italy is the best witness to the misery of life there. A late official report on the condition of the peasants declares that they are "worse off than were the slaves in the Roman Empire."

It is with Poland as it is with Italy and Russia.

The condition of these countries differs only in degree from the condition of Germany, France, and England. The ablest statistician of England affirms that there are 8,000,000 people

in that wealthy country whose family income averages only a pound a week. Eight millions of people in Christian England, with all its wealth and luxury, living on an income of $5.00 a week per family!

Thank God, the conditions in our country are lighter than in the Old World! None the less, the shadows even here are dark enough. He who knows anything of the life of our New York "east side," of our sweat-shops, of our great stores with their multitudes of shop-girls earning on an average $4.00 per week, of our coal mines and other industrial fields where similar conditions reign, knows the hell out of which rise every now and then the sulphurous fumes at which we shudder.

These horrors are not due ultimately to the mere badness of individual men. There is enough of this, in all conscience. A certain Western Senator, whose income from mines is reputed to be at least one million dollars per month, is reported lately to have bitterly opposed the efforts of his miners to establish an eight-hours work-day.

Back of all such cold selfishness, however, the responsibility for the conditions of poverty in our world to-day lies at the door of our imperfectly evolved economic system, which binds us all together in the responsibility for economic wrongs to whose heinousness we are blinded by use. The natural sources of a true commonwealth for the common people have been allowed to become the monopolies of the few. God's provision for the common needs of all His children has become man's provision for the special luxuries of private owners. Land, with all its mineral resources below the agricultural wealth of the surface, the plants of production, the mechanism of exchange and transportation are used first for the profits of the few, and only incidentally for the needs of the many.

The burning wrongs entailed by this now outgrown system—unethical, immoral, irreligious—fire the revolt which we know as anarchism. Anarchism is one with socialism in the belief that our present competition is essentially and unescapably unjust and oppressive; that it imposes a new slavery on labor, politically freed; that it wrests to the luxury of the few the

provision of Nature for the support of the many; that it turns bread-winning into a strife more cruel than the struggle of existence among the lower lives around us; that it corrupts morality, makes a Christian business impossible, compels us all to try at once to worship God and Mammon, as we profess belief in the Golden Rule on Sunday while necessarily acting on the brazen rule through the rest of the week—"Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost;" that it debauches government and renders democracy a sham and a fraud; that it arrays class against class in chronic civil war and nation against nation in wars of trade, worse far than wars of dynasties; that it is the parent of the vilest offspring of our civilization—pauperism, prostitution, insanity, and crime; that it is a fatal foe to the family—crowding the poor into houses that parody the sacred name of home, left by the greed of builders and landlords and rulers alike to become the breeding-place of "the pestilence which walketh in darkness" and of "the sickness that destroyeth in the noonday," while tearing the wife from the home duties of mothering her children to the factory-task of eking out the insufficient support of the husband and father; that it impoverishes the education of the people; that it turns work from a natural joy into a thing hard and hated, overtasking the feeble, overspeeding the able, creating conditions of labor in many fields which take the mental zest out of toil; that, in its working, it precipitates to the lowermost strata of abject wretchedness the "submerged tenth" of our population which forms the despair of philanthropists; that, in short, most of the ills our life is heir to, against which we vainly struggle, are the results of a system which has had its day and should cease to be, and which, in lingering beyond its day, dooms reform to impotence, government to failure, and religion to hypocrisy.

Anarchism could not be, were society well organized and industry just and Christian. It is the cry of insane wrath against the horrors of our civilization—a civilization that dooms hosts of hard-working men to squalid poverty, joyless toil, hourly fear of the morrow, ghastly disease, and untimely death, and

that opens below hosts of hard-working, half-starved women the hell of harlotry.

Socialism believes that the time has now come when we should carefully, gradually, peaceably, legally transform our industrial system of private proprietorship of land and the means of production and exchange into a system in which there shall be, as far as practicable, collective ownership of all natural monopolies and all public utilities; a production of the people, by the people, and for the people. The truest conservatism recognizes the trend of social evolution and coöperates with it intelligently—thus disarming the revolutionary anarchism which would precipitate a violent crisis, a new French Revolution, to set back the wheels of progress for a generation or a century.

Does this seem a wild dream of mere theorizers? Read Mr. Edmond Kelly's new book, entitled "Government, or Human Evolution," in which a corporation lawyer, well known and honored in our city, setting out to argue the case for our competitive civilization, lands himself squarely in collectivism—giving the sanest and most philosophic argument for it of which I know. Mr. Kelly does but type the ever-increasing class of educated men, in the professions and in the various walks of the business world, who are moving in the same direction.

Socialism, if ever realized, will come about in many ways, even as it is now doing before our eyes. In truth, we are already in the rapids of a new social evolution, which is being forced forward by no class of men more powerfully than by the big-brained leaders of industry, who are organizing our mammoth corporations. History may write of them—"They builded wiser than they knew."

If socialism is not to be the conclusion forced upon society by our age, then we must seek earnestly such modifications of our present system as will do away with their worst abuses, and such inspirations of our great captains of industry as will realize, through them, the ethical ideals sought by socialism. For, whatever we may think of the economic impracticability

of socialism, all men who know what it means confess that, ethically, it is far in advance of our present competitive system; that it does seek to do what our system scarcely makes any pretense of doing, namely, embody the ethical teachings of Jesus. Herein lies the prophecy of its ultimate victory.

As the Civic Counselor of our own city writes: "The one permanent way out is to strike at the causes that produce these enemies of society—the bad home, the cramped opportunities, the false education. He who opens a school, who improves the tenements, who opens opportunities for labor—he most effectually drives anarchy from the land. We want no coddling of the poor, no sentimental dallying with perpetrators of dastardly deeds; but we do need to allay discontent by giving every man and every child an opportunity by honest labor to live an honest, hopeful, contented life. Opportunity for hopeful labor will take away the opportunity of perverted minds. He who makes government the friend of the common people, the servant of the masses, and who does away with the flaunting inequalities of wealth—he does more to dispel anarchism than he who merely cries, "Away with the wretch!"

Elise Reclus, the brilliant geographer, said: "We are all revolutionizers, because we desire justice." The only sure way to stop the manufacture of revolutionists is to turn out justice from our industrial plant.

To one or the other of these means for the prevention of anarchism we must be goaded. It may be that the martyrdom of our good President is to force open our blind eyes.

The supreme lesson of the crime of September is that even our Republic must put its house in order, must make its government a real commonwealth, must make its industry humane, just, and Christian. McKinley will not have died in vain if his death warns our nation of the rocks ahead from selfish commercialism, from our apostasy to the worship of Mammon. Perhaps by such horrors our people will be made ready to consider whether no other and higher industrial order is possible, no saner and more Christian civilization is attainable in the orderly way of evolution.

III.

Below the economic causes of anarchism lie the religious causes, or, more strictly speaking, the irreligious causes of anarchism.

It is more than a program of reform: it is a creed, passionately held and often heroically lived up to. Say what you will about Czolgosz, he took his life in his hand to assert his crazy creed. While men are willing so to do, we can only hope to prevent such crimes by dispossessing the false faith and inspiring the true one.

Here is a new religious "ism," over against the established religion of Christendom—the denial of every belief cherished by it. Does religion believe that man is a spirit? Anarchism believes that man is mere matter, made out of the dust of the earth, with no higher life breathed in him. Does religion believe that man is immortal? Anarchism believes that he dies in the grave into which the anarchist sends the Czar and the President, ready to be hurled himself into it cheerfully, and be no more. Does religion believe in morality, recognizing in human codes of conduct the shadows of a divine law, so that the believer feels himself, therefore, bound to reverence the majesty of the moral law even at a denial of his individual will? The anarchist holds that there is no moral law in the universe mirrored in man's codes, and that every individual, therefore, is entitled to be a law unto himself. He finds in the moral law only the utilitarian conventionalities created by the necessities of man, in the struggle of the ages, through which selfish instincts have trained themselves to regard other selfish instincts, so that man may continue to live on earth; an illusion answering to no heavenly vision; a gleam out of no light, but only out of darkness; the shadow of no spiritual and eternal reality, but a will-o'-the-wisp spun in man's brain. Does religion believe in a Divine Being over all, a Providence above our earth, a Supreme Ruler of man, a Father of his soul, loving, good, and just? Anarchism believes in no God whatever. It rejects any supernatural government of the world. It finds no Providence in life. It recognizes no Father of man's

spirit. It discovers no Power making for righteousness in the world. It is, in the persons of its best known leaders, pure atheism. It is the loss of all faith, and therefore the paralysis of all hope. Hence its wild despair, its mad revolt. This is the root of all its violent wrath, its revolt against law, its unbridled individualism, its resort to the bomb and the bullet. Alas, that in the midst of Christendom this antichrist should lift its horrific head!

The Congress of Anarchists held in Geneva in 1882 declared as follows: "Our enemy is every abstract authority, whether called devil or good God, in the name of which priests have so long governed good souls." The organizer of revolutionary anarchism, Bakunin, declared in one place: "The old world must be destroyed. . . The beginning of all these lies that have ground down this poor world in slavery is God." One of our own American exponents of anarchism, in an article on "Fruits of the Belief in God," exclaimed: "Religion, authority, and State are all carved out of the same piece of wood. To the devil with them all!"

Anarchism, therefore, calls us to the supreme task of all social reform: the task of reviving real religion; the reawakening of the faith that nerves to patient effort; the relighting in the soul of the trust in a Power back of evolution, which gives courage to toil slowly for human progress. The churches must cease their wretched squabblings over the petty matters of ecclesiasticism and dogmatism, turn from the folly which condemns alike all branches of the universal Church, and gird themselves to the task of a real religious revival. After a generation, the great word of Frederick Robertson still holds true: "The Church is wrangling over the question of baptismal regeneration, while the masses of men are asking if there is a God."

We must find a way to breathe the spirit of religion into our common-school education. That can only be done by seriously facing the reality of spiritual and ethical unity underlying the different sects, and reaching to "our common Christianity," in Stanley's noble phrase, even to "our common humanity," the

religion common to all noble souls. There is a religion common to all branches of Christianity and to Judaism. That we must find, for our social salvation, and teach it in our common schools. It holds the root of all faith, and can grow into all beautiful forms of hope and love.

There could not have come to pass this sad and shameful loss of faith, had "the faith" been taught to men wisely. The revolt against faith found in anarchism is due largely to the loss of faith on the part of the Church, to the travesty of faith often taught by the Church.

The Church has been afraid of the unprecedented intellectual revolution wrought by physical science. Instead of interpreting it wisely and religiously, it has denied it, and thus left ignorance to accept its conceded irreligiousness. The atheism of anarchy is largely due to the material interpretation of evolution claimed by foolish scientists and confessed by frightened theologians.

One who knows aught of the thought of the working classes knows that in the literature familiar to them there is scarcely a trace of the philosophic and spiritual interpretation of the universe in which cultivated folk are beginning to rejoice. Science means to them the overthrow of historic Christianity, its institutions and beliefs. They are strangers to any reconciliation of science and religion. They believe, as one distinguished anarchist puts it: "There is no more room for doubting that religions are going. The nineteenth century has given them their death-blow." They know of Ingersoll, and at second hand of Buchner and Haeckel—they do not know of Martineau, Le Conte, Fiske, and hosts of men who are showing us that there is no real warfare between science and religion.

This shameful state of things is the Church's condemnation. She must leave her sons absolutely free to interpret science spiritually, and must encourage them in so doing, no matter at what cost to her dogmas, if she would save herself alive and save society from destruction. She must gird herself to the task of popularizing for the many the light in which the few rejoice.

The atheism of anarchy is due directly to the atheism of religion. The Church has throned above the universe a divine devil; a being so monstrously unjust and cruel, so diabolically inhuman, that it were better far to have no God at all.

Anarchism has accepted the Church's picture of God, and then frankly and flatly turned this God out of the universe. One of the leading anarchists speaks of God as "the universal tyrant." It is the Church which taught him thus to see throned upon the universe a more despotic Czar.

The Church can best end this atheism by once more causing man to see the loving God, the God of infinite goodness, the Father of Jesus Christ. It ought to be evident now to the blindest that the old theology is the mother of the new atheism, and that the hope of social salvation lies in the spread of the New Thought, called by some "heresy."

The deepest cause of the atheism of anarchy is found in the godless look of the world. Gladstone once characterized the government of the Bourbon Bomba, in Naples—that weltering chaos of tyranny and cruelty and greed—as "the negation of God." The present economic order may justly be called the "negation of God." To one atheist made by the lies of traditional theology, a dozen atheists have been made by the crimes of our industrial system. Its riot of selfishness, its carnival of greed, its license of so-called law, its brutal tyranny of power, its despotic cruelties and selfishnesses—all warranted by political economy as the best conceivable order, all sanctioned by the Church as the divine order on earth—these are the things that have spread atheism among our wage-workers. The victims of our system have cried aloud in their bitterness—"How can there be any God over such a world? How can there be a God, when man, the so-called child of God, is thus inhuman?" As said one of the leading anarchists: "We are not atheists; we have simply done with God."

The best way to cure the disease af anarchistic atheism is so to make over our world of industry and trade, so to pattern it after the laws of justice, so to breathe in it the spirit of humanity, so to inspire men in it to "bear one another's bur-

dens and thus fulfil the law of Christ," as that all shall gladly confess it to be the divine order of a good God. The best work on the Evidences of Religion that can be written for our modern world is the creation of a humane, just, and Christian world of business. When men see that the evils of earth to-day are not the necessary results of Nature's cruel laws, but only the necessary results of man's selfish wresting of those laws to the interests of the cunning and the powerful—then men can once more believe that the Power back of Nature is a good God. When man can see that the reason why the many starve at the table of Nature is not because that table is inadequately spread, but because the strong have selfishly elbowed their way to the best seats and gobbled up the bounties of the board; when, then, the plain people shall see their big brothers experiencing the one real conversion, and, instead of gorging themselves, turning to help their weaker brethren to the provisions of the common table, in the name of the common Father who has spread it for all His children—then, once more, they may say with glad faith, "Our Father which art in heaven."

So we can see how true is the language of our own Dr. Draper, writing some years ago upon "The Political Effect of the Decline of Faith": "What is it that has given birth to the Nihilist, the Communist? . . It is the total extinction of religious belief. With no spiritual prop to support them, no expectation of a hereafter in which the inequality of this life may be adjusted, angry at the cunningly devised net from which they have escaped, they have abandoned all hope of spiritual intervention in their behalf and have undertaken to right their wrongs themselves."

Revolutionary anarchism will disappear from society when conservative civilization breathes the noble prayer of the father of philosophic anarchism—the Frenchman, Proudhon: "O God of liberty! God of equality! Thou God, who hast placed in my heart the sentiment of justice before my reason comprehended it, hear my ardent prayer! Thou hast formed my thought, hast directed my studies, thou hast separated my spirit

from curiosity and my heart from attachment, in order that I should publish the truth before the master and the slave. I have spoken as thou hast given me the power and the talent; it remains for thee to complete thy work. Thou knowest whether I may have sought my interest or glory. O God of liberty! may my memory perish, if humanity may be but free; if I may but see in my obscurity the people finally instructed; if noble instructors but enlighten, if disinterested hearts but guide it! Then the great and the small, the rich and the poor, will unite in one ineffable fraternity; and all together, chanting a new hymn, will re-erect thy altar, O God of liberty and equality!"

R. HEBER NEWTON.

New York.

FRENCH *VS.* ENGLISH.

THE English House of Commons is the product of ages of evolution. It is distinctively Anglo-Saxon in its housing, methods, tone, and general character. The French Chamber of Deputies only dates back a quarter of a century—to the founding of the present "Republique Francais;" but in its genius it is as distinctively French and Gallic as the House of Commons is English and Anglo-Saxon. A contrast is interesting.

In both countries, the upper houses, the House of Lords and the French Senate, are entirely secondary in popular interest and in decisiveness for legislation. The upper houses may influence legislation, but they do not decide it. They are very proper, a trifle somnolent and slow, and either lack the strong characters and firm convictions so plentiful in both lower houses or else they soothe these characters and convictions into so somnolent a state that their activity does not attract public attention. In this respect both these legislatures are radically different from the United States Congress, where the Senate attracts rather more attention than the House and is at least as powerful in deciding legislation.

The French House of Deputies meets in the stately palace built by the Princess of Bourbon, a century or more ago, on the left bank of the Seine, in the heart of Paris, which is the heart of the nation. It has been remodeled and greatly enlarged for governmental purposes and is an immense building. Neither visitors nor Deputies seem to ascend the dignified flight of steps and enter under the stately classic portico at the main entrance, but by an unimpressive side door. Admission is only by ticket, which must be obtained some days if not weeks in advance. There is a great demand for the tickets. The visitor ascends by commodious stairways. At the top a polite attendant takes your hat and wraps, and he refuses a fee. He then

unlocks a door in what corresponds to the foyer of a theater and you enter a box identical with those at the Grand Opera. Each box will seat twenty persons, and only ladies are allowed in the front row, so that their attractive toilettes may beautify the house; and until the performance begins at 2 P. M. the second row is also reserved for ladies. We were advised to get there at 1.30 P. M., so as to secure good seats. As we settle in our seats and glance around the house, we notice as many elegant toilettes in the boxes as at a performance at the Theater Francais or at the Grand Opera, and a number of opera-glasses in use.

The Chamber is a fine semi-circular room with a row of magnificent white marble columns encircling the round end, and between these are two tiers of boxes furnished in dark red velvet with flowing draperies. It is lighted from above, and the decorations are dark, rich, harmonious, and effective. Below the boxes, in what corresponds to the pit or main body of the theater, are the semi-circular rows of mahogany seats and narrow desks of the Deputies. These rise from the center like an amphitheater. In the center facing the Deputies and the audience is the tribune—I had almost written the performing stand. It is a three-story affair, is very elegant, and made of mahogany with gilt trimmings and white marble bas-reliefs. Back of it are the walls, covered with fine, dark green tapestry. It is not overloaded with decoration but has enough to typify the French taste, elegance, and love of effectiveness. On the first story are the tables of the secretaries, who take note of the proceedings. Above this, reached by a narrow stairway on each side, is the tribune proper, or speaking-stand. This is a narrow, green-covered table about ten feet long, with a platform behind it on which the orators stand to address the house and audience. Questions are asked from the floor and interruptions made, but a speech is always delivered from the tribune. Above the head of the speaker and a little back sits the President of the Chamber, behind an elegant mahogany table with a big silver bell on it; he is on the third story of the tribune, and has two or three secretaries sitting behind him.

The hands of the two big clocks—there must be one on each side to balance—approach two. A minute later the ushers, in full dress, each with a metal chain around his neck, arrange themselves in a row; the head usher announces in a loud voice to the few Deputies already there: "Monsieur le President!" and the elegant Paul Duchanel enters and ascends to his seat on the third platform. The hall fills with Deputies. The audience quiets down. Without any roll-call, reading of minutes, or other preliminary, the President announces that Deputy Berry will speak.

A stocky, businesslike Frenchman ascends the tribune. At first he speaks calmly, but, soon warming up, he expostulates, implores, entreats, commands, exhorts. Gestures are frequent and emphatic. It is an oration. A sharp remark starts a question from one side. M. Berry answers it. Another and another follow in rapid succession. A member stops walking in front and begins an excited explanation. Twelve or fifteen Deputies are talking at once. M. Berry shrugs his shoulders with an eloquent gesture of despair—as only a Frenchman *can* shrug. The President raps hard on the table; he rings his bell again and again, rises, and calls out: "Attention, gentlemen!" The hubbub subsides and then renews. The President pleads with them: "It is Monsieur Berry who speaks, gentlemen! Hear him!" His hands are extended in entreaty. His voice has tears in it. He assumes the most graceful, nonchalant, and pleading attitude. The speaker below him has stopped with a most patient and resigned air. A stalwart usher comes to the front and shouts "Silence!" In the lull that follows, M. Berry makes the mistake of saying he could sing something that would convince them. At once the shout, "Chantant! Chantant!" ("Sing! Sing!") goes up all over the house. Nothing can be heard in the din till M. Berry begins to talk in stentorian tones and gesticulates wildly and ends in an eloquent climax, which brings silence out of mere curiosity to hear him. A vote is taken and his motion is carried. Despite the noise, oratory, and hubbub, the body moves and action is taken. An Englishman is bewildered and scandalized

by the tumult. He does not understand the French love of a sensational effect and of display.

President Duchanel has just been married. A little later, a witty Deputy in the course of his speech said, "I am a benedick," with a significant wave of his hand backward. At once a fusillade of questions were fired at him—why was he a benedick? how long would he stay a benedick? was it good to be a benedick? The President arose, explained, pleaded, expostulated in a most pathetic and heart-rending manner. The orator talked below. The witty questions, *bon-mots,* and laughter scintillated across the floor. The audience in the boxes applauded and watched the actors through their opera-glasses. Ushers came out and shouted, "Silence! Silence!" but no one paid any attention to them. It was as good as a circus. They were all actors, and acting with a verve, grace, and effectiveness utterly alien to the Anglo-Saxon. They enjoyed it. I was fascinated by the facile, quivering motions of the hand of a Deputy who sat below me.

Later on an Abbe spoke against the new church bill. He was a dogged person, a bore, and read his address for nearly two hours. Part of it was a long list of church benefactions. The Socialist Left expostulated with him for taking so much time. The President rang his bell for order, entreated them to be still, and then sat down with his head in his hands in an attitude of despair—while his shoulders shook with laughter. The priest would have been considered a fair speaker in this country or in England, but, compared with the others, he was only interesting when the questions aroused his anger and when he flung back their jeers against his beloved Mother Church with flashing eyes and indignant voice. He ended by saying that politics and religion were one, and that they would never be settled right until the politics of France were managed by the Mother Church. This brought out cheers from the Right, where sat the churchmen, and jeers from the Left, occupied by the Socialists.

Then one of the Left, Camille Pelletan, a great orator, ascended the tribune and spoke for nearly an hour. He is a

man of power and conviction. Not a question was asked, not an interruption made save a hurried round of applause at some particularly good point. We were glad to know that this effervescent, bubbling audience could listen when a man of power spoke. Of course, we could not grasp the rapid, elided French, but the tones of his voice, the flashing of his eye, the eloquent waving of his arms, and the facile fingers all spoke louder than words.

A few nights before we had attended the Theater Francais, but the performance in the Chamber of Deputies surpassed the theater in entertainment and theatrical qualities. We left the theater at the end of the third act; we stayed in the Chamber of Deputies for over four hours. The Deputies, who were both actors and audience, and the occupants of the boxes thoroughly enjoyed it. It was a comedy of manners admirably acted; an intellectual treat; a dramatic spectacle; a performance of wit and elegance. When is the people's work done?

One of the striking differences between French and English methods is in the treatment of visitors. In both tickets of admission are required, but in France it is because they want their visitors to be comfortable and not overcrowded. In England it is because they are grudgingly admitted as an almost necessary nuisance. The House of Commons galleries extend all around its rectangular hall, but only one end is allowed to male visitors. The sides are vacant save for some useless ushers. There is no coat-room, and the stairway to the gallery is narrow, steep, and dark. In France women are admitted with the men and given the best seats. In England they are sent into a gallery above the Speaker's head, which has a grating across it with peep-holes about an inch in diameter. I am told there are only twelve good seats in this gallery, and tickets of admission are balloted for by the members two weeks in advance.

In France, if you call to see a Deputy, you wait in a comfortable, warmed salon, with plenty of seats in it, while your card is taken in. When the Deputy sends word he will receive you, you are ushered into an inner and more elegant salon with sofas

and chairs, and when the Deputy comes an usher takes the party into a small, well-lighted room, with table and chairs, where you can talk in complete privacy. No fees are expected, and they were refused when offered.

In England, a policeman points the way through a magnificent hall into an equally magnificent octagonal lobby without any seats in it. Halls leading out of it have seats, but a policeman tells you visitors are not allowed to sit on them. Policemen are everywhere, and they act as if they were the chief ornaments of the building. The head policeman finally consents to take your card to the member you wish to see. You wait standing. Your friend comes and he takes you into a side hall where you may sit down, but you are watched enviously by those outside who are standing. The member takes us into the inner lobby, but is stopped on the threshold and told he must get a permit for the lady. He leaves my wife outside and goes for a permit. This lobby has no seats. I stroll across it as I see others doing. One of the multitudinous policemen taps me on the shoulder and points to a quarter of the tessellated pavement—"Will you please stand on that quarter; it is reserved for visitors." I stand there. Another policeman edges near and asks if I would like an order of the day. I do, and he quietly pockets a sixpence. The next day he remembers this, and the exchange is repeated. Meanwhile the member has come back with my wife, and after some talk, all standing, he proposes that we go to the restaurant. We start down an empty stairway and a policeman springs forward with alarm in his voice and says, "No ladies are permitted here!" So we meekly proceed down a back and roundabout way. While we are discussing the Parliament-toasted buns and tea, we notice a sentry pacing up and down on the outside terrace. On inquiry we find he was put there years ago, when the dynamite outrages stirred parliamentary sloth. The idea was that dynamite might be thrown from a boat on the river and destroy the buildings. He still paces.

The prevailing note in the French Chamber of Deputies is quiet, comfortable elegance and appropriateness, with enough

courteous attendants to be of service. The Houses of Parliament have great architectural beauty, glorious statuary, paintings, and stained glass. Their prevailing note is uncomfortable magnificence, with a multitude of nearly useless, fee-expecting attendants and a lot of antiquated, annoying rules. Routine and red tape are snarled all around them.

Parliament meets in what is nominally a palace of the King. When His Majesty attends, Parliament cannot control its own regulations. Thus when Edward VII. opened Parliament in full state, the hereditary Earl Marshal, a royal officer, made all the arrangements. When the King commanded his faithful Commons to attend him in the House of Lords, the Speaker gathered his dignified robes of office up around his undignified legs and scuttled hastily at the head of a well-dressed mob of over six hundred gentlemen, along a narrow passage to a place capable of holding less than a hundred. Toes were trod on, heads jammed, and bodies bruised in this mad scramble, and five-sixths of the faithful Commons were unable to enter the presence of the King. The Labor members did not even try to get in. It was ludicrous, undignified, scandalous. But it always had been, and that fact seemed to prevent any one from thinking that the body that makes laws for a mighty Empire, on which "the sun never sets," ought to be able to control the hall it meets in. Such a contretemps would never happen to the French; they are too logical, and would not be bound to a foolish course by precedent.

My friend, the Hon. Corrie Grant, member from Leicester, illustrated this by two of the rules of the House of Commons. On entering the chamber, every member bows three times. At first Mr. Grant thought they were bowing to the Speaker, as representing the dignity of the House. But one day he noticed the Speaker himself bowed three times on entering. He inquired, but no one seemed to know the reason for this rule. The English in him became aroused and he went digging to find out. After a good deal of antiquarian research, he found that centuries ago, in the time of Henry VIII., the House of Commons met in St. Stephen's chapel, which of course was

Roman Catholic, as that was then the State and all-prevailing religion. At the upper end was an altar, and every one coming in bowed three times to the Holy Trinity—to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. They no longer meet in St. Stephen's chapel; the religion is gone; the altar is gone; the real reason for the rule is gone—but they still bow three times on entering. This is typically English. It could not happen in France, where the great revolution painted over every church door and on every public building the triune motto—"Libertie, Egalitie, Fraternitie," or "Liberty, Equality, and Brotherhood."

In the House of Commons the members sit on benches without any desks. These benches run up and down the hall, and an aisle runs up the center. The government members sit on one side and the opposition on the other. They thus face each other. There are only enough seats for about a third of the members. That also is English. The arrangement of seats is awkward for speaking, but it is "old." Down each side of the aisle runs a narrow strip of red carpet. Should a member in talking overstep this red carpet, he is called to order and moves back. The two strips of red carpet are just a little farther apart than the length of a sword and the sword arm. They are a relic of the time when the armed knights sat on either side of the house and a member was forbidden to overstep this red carpet lest in the heat of debate he should draw his sword and injure or be injured. The swords have gone ages ago, and the violence of that medieval debate, but the red carpet and the rule without reason remains.

Here is a condensed extract from the London *Outlook*, which illustrates another absurdity of Parliament: "When the making of church laws was intrusted to Parliament, that body was composed solely of English churchmen and had an abundance of time for that work. Nowadays the Peers and the Commons are drawn from all religious denominations. They have no fitness for legislating on purely ecclesiastical matters, and the many imperial and domestic questions more than occupy each session. Yet, as matters now stand, if all the

Bishops and both Houses of Convocation unanimously desire the wording of a rubric slightly modified, they are powerless without an act of Parliament."

Parliament has to attend to so great a variety of little things that it has small time and energy to tackle the really vital questions. Any member may ask questions of the government. Here are a few illustrating the absurdly small affairs that waste the time of the old and revered English Parliament. There were one hundred and fifteen questions asked on one day I was there, and sixty-nine on the next day. They are printed in the order of the day. I quote a few:

"Mr. P. J. O'Farrell—To ask the Secretary of the Treasury whether he is aware that his predecessor in office instructed the Board of Works to send Sir Thomas Drane to make an inspection of and report on the ruins of St. Mel's Cathedral, at Ardagh, Ireland; whether the Church representative body refused to agree to vest those works as required before repairs could be undertaken; and will he now give a return of the correspondence on the subject?

"Mr. Norman—To ask the Secretary to the Admiralty whether naval cadets, whether on duty or on leave, in inclement weather, are debarred by official regulations from wearing great-coats; and whether, as a consequence of recent exposure without great-coats, several cadets are now suffering from pulmonary disease, and one cadet has already succumbed to it?

"Mr. John Campbell—To ask the Secretary of State for War if he can tell the House what are the rates of pay and expenses of living for officers in the various regiments of His Majesty's forces?"

As might be expected, the replies to these questions are most wonderful examples of verbal dodging. They answer, but say nothing. Is it any wonder that Lord Salisbury makes an answer to a temperance deputation like the following?—"In any case, the remedy is obvious. Legislation is not the monopoly of the government; and if the noble earl will propose bills, we will consider them with sympathetic interest and be glad to

find a way out of the labyrinth of our troubles." On this, the Westminster *Gazette* makes the following pertinent comment: "This is most pitiable—that the Prime Minister should whine about the 'labyrinth of his troubles' and suggest that the opposition ought to show him a way out. If it is only meant for chaff, Lord Salisbury does himself an injustice by giving us such poor stuff."

Tied up in a tangle of red tape and precedent, with men high in office who have been put there because they were the sons of their fathers, with a moribund upper house, composed entirely of landlords who of course will block any real land laws, and a lower house composed mainly of corporation lawyers, directors, and rich men, and occupied with a mass of frivolous details beyond its power to decide, is it any wonder that Parliament has become impotent and weak?

The speaking in the House was with little attempt at oratory, terse and common sense. But it was mainly on trivialities and about small rules on which men of ability did not feel like speaking. With all its theatrical display and oratory, the French Chamber of Deputies seemed to be doing more business. But both of them justified the following words from the *Review of the Week,* an English society and conservative weekly, which is one of the last places one would look for such sentiments. On "The Passing of Parliament," it said in part:

"The essentials of representation of the people have vanished. Parliament is destroying its soul, the soul of the nation, though without interfering during the present stage of its existence with its apparent wellbeing. The vital functions of constructive criticism, of financial control, of statesmanlike foresight have disappeared from Parliament. Look where we will, parliamentary government is not only decadent but dead. The best men of all nations refuse to have anything to do with it; and, in England no less than elsewhere, rhetoricians, talkers, boodlers, fine gentlemen, pococurante philosophers, and Circe's rout of led-captains agape for honors or personal ends, are the people who man the legislature. The main function of Parliament is no longer to control finance, to check administration, or to govern. The insolence of Ministers is reflected

by their demeanor on the Treasury bench. They publicly exhibit their contempt for the few earnest men who still hold their positions in Parliament as a trust from the people. They are on the watch for the mood of feverish democracy; to soothe it with new experiments; to realize incongruous advantages; to protect the personal interests that override the public welfare."

ELTWEED POMEROY.

East Orange, N. J.

MUSIC AND CRIME.

THOSE who advocate the use of music as a means to promote moral improvement among the lawless elements of society are met at the outset by the fact that many criminals are fine musicians. This in itself would seem to form an argument against the doctrine of Prof. Goldwin Smith and other thinkers who so earnestly sanction the suppression of anarchy by means of music. In a recent interview, Warden Bridges, of the Massachusetts State Prison at Charlestown, reluctantly expressed his views on this subject as follows:

"Our men hear good music every Sunday and appear to enjoy it. They sing heartily and take evident pleasure in listening to the band, which is composed of the best musicians selected from eight hundred and fifty prisoners. Occasionally we have entertainments with outside talent, and these are always appreciated by the men."

To the query as to whether the prisoners perform any duty involving rhythmic movements, such as marching or calisthenics, the answer was in the negative. Interrogated as to the general effect of music upon the prisoners, the warden replied:

"I couldn't say whether it made them behave any better or not, because some would behave anyway without music in order to obtain the quickest possible release. I think music helps; that is, I consider it beneficial, but cannot recall any instances of men being morally improved by it. I have noticed, however, that a good singer often produces a better effect upon our audiences than a sermon. The men appear much brighter after hearing a song than after a discourse, however earnestly delivered. As far as behavior is concerned, the music hasn't much to do with that, because the men know they have *got* to behave; if they don't they'll be punished. This prison is a place of punishment, and nothing but fear of punishment will make the hoodlum element, at least, behave."

In reply to a question as to the efficacy of softer measures,

the warden, gradually warming up as he talked and becoming more emphatic, said:

"Softer measures? Oh, no; they can never reach a hardened criminal, because he is dyed deep in pure cussedness. Why, sir, this prison was founded in 1804, and from that time till 1893 the prisoners have kept up yelling. When I came here I stopped it. They found out that I wouldn't have it and now I can go all through the prison and not a man will dare to yell. I have made them respect me through *fear.*"

The writer suggested mildly that the *tendency* of the men to burst forth into spontaneous yelling and discord might be taken advantage of by making the production of *musical tones* compulsory; that is, by compelling each yeller to *sing* instead of *yell*—thus forcing, as it were, the *habit* of producing *harmony* upon the criminal's mind.

"What! Make them sing? Oh, that wouldn't do at all; while some would be singing others would hiss. The men are not allowed to hum or sing while at work, for the reason that they would be cutting their hands off at the machines if their attention were diverted."

The question was asked: "Do you not think, Warden, that better work could be done by the prisoners under the influence of music? Soldiers march better when inspired by the band; the children in Japan sing as they weave, and the pattern is woven in time to the song; then there is the——"

"Oh, that may be; but *here* it wouldn't do at all. Men don't come here to sing; they come to work out their sentence."

"But, Warden, could not the prisoners' very band be utilized to promote harmony among the men and make them work more cheerfully?"

"The band? Oh, no; that wouldn't be practicable, because we couldn't place it where all the men could hear it to advantage, owing to the fact that the men are located in different shops. If the men were taken from their work to study music or to sing, the Commonwealth would not be getting the required proceeds from their labor. Men who have had the advantages of social life and have become criminals cannot in

my opinion be improved by music or by any other form of education, because they are fully responsible. They are hardened sinners, and nothing but fear of punishment will make them behave; besides, some of our *worst criminals* are *fine musicians.*"

"Warden, what do you think of suppressing anarchy by means of music?"

A dry laugh was the first response; then—

"Give the anarchist the end of a rope and I will help do it. If you musical people want to prevent anarchy, better begin with the children, not with adults."

Evidently some prison officials are not educated to the idea that the restoration of the criminal to his lost sense of manhood can be naturally accomplished by gentle rather than by harsh measures.

A different view was expressed by the Rev. S. Stanley Searing, chaplain of the House of Correction at South Boston, Mass. He is of the opinion that "music can and should be applied more practically to develop the moral sense," and he would advocate individual singing as a means to this end. The question was asked: "How can individual singing train the moral faculty?"

"I think that knowledge of correct musical intervals and the intoning of these intervals assist the mind to regain its lost sense of harmony. I believe that all our thoughts are intervaled, so to speak, according to the laws of music; but when the mind is abused by wrong thinking, our thought-intervals become distorted; that is, they become sharped or flatted, so that the idea of perfect harmony is temporarily suspended. The singing of *correct* musical intervals sets the mind into the right moral grooves and restores its equilibrium."

"Do you think, Mr. Searing, that anarchy can be suppressed by musical means?"

"You may quote me as saying that I most certainly *do;* but I believe that the germs of lawless thinking should be eliminated first from the minds of the young. Music should be applied more systematically to vicious children and should be

taught more extensively in our public schools. We have singing in the chapel every Sunday, and the prisoners sing heartily; I have known many instances in which certain hymns have touched them, particularly those hymns sung by them in happier days. They frequently send in requests to sing favorite tunes, and after the service four of the men will get together and try to form a quartet to reproduce what has been sung by the choir."

The opinions of officials in the other institutions visited do not differ materially from those here presented. Presumably the views expressed are typical examples of the ideas entertained in the various penal institutions of the country respecting the use of music. While it is doubtless true that adult criminals are less susceptible to the refining influence of music than those younger in crime, there is nevertheless much room for improvement in the musical methods employed in their behalf. If the idea that a prison is a place of punishment could be eradicated and the conception that a prison is a school for training the moral nature be substituted, we should then be in the right position to administer musical treatment.

Returning to our opening statement, admitting the fact that many criminals are exceptionally good musicians, let us consider the matter under two heads: First, that class of criminals whose knowledge of music extends no further than the popular songs of the day and whose associations with such songs have always been of a questionable character. The musical influence in their case simply swings them along in their chosen groove. They absorb only the sensuous quality of the music and cannot really be morally improved by it, because the quality does not contain the necessary musical ingredients to lift them to a higher plane of emotion. In cases where the melody is good and would of itself awaken refining impulses, it frequently happens that the words with which it is connected produce precisely opposite effects; indeed, the words of a song are much to blame for the demoralizing influence of it. Again, popular song rhythms are calculated to spur only the lower emotions. Is a tune catchy? Its charm lies largely in its

rhythm. Take the songs composed in rag time; the syncopations that form their principal feature give rise to jerky rhythms, and these act upon the nervous system of the listener at unexpected and unnatural parts of the measure. The result is that the entire being is thrown into a succession of jumps or musical contortions whose irregular character excites unhealthy immoral tendencies. To the injudicious uses of rhythm may be attributed those sudden impulses which lead to crime.

The second class, who do not appear to have been influenced for good by their musical proclivities, are often the world's most skilful musicians, singers, and performers of classical music. Why has their art done so little to build up their moral fiber and make them true men and women? Broadly speaking, the same causes operate here as in the first class considered. Quality and rhythm still play an important part, but their influence is more subtle. The darlings of society have learned to be musically voluptuous. Acquainted with all the luxuries of sound, susceptible to every gradation of tone, every modulation from key to key, and every possible rhythmic effect, they yield without question to the sway of all kinds of music and are consequently unable to resist the enervating tendencies of their art: they are simply mastered by musical sensation.

But what *are* the enervating tendencies of music? One that may be mentioned as producing a deleterious effect upon the moral nature is that voluptuous slide from one tone to another called portamento—a slide to which singers and violinists are much addicted. It is the acme of sonorous luxury, induces languor, and suggests to the mind a relapse from moral discipline. Another source of enervation is the inordinate desire for *effect* sometimes occasioned by raising the pitch for the sake of brilliancy, as was done in Paris in 1848, when the pitch of A was raised to 448 vibrations; and sometimes by unwarranted modulations from one key to another. In this way music has been strained out of its natural channels and made to stimulate the nerves of both listener and performer beyond their normal tension.

Still another source of weakness that menaces our art and tends to promote immorality among musicians is the excessive use in instrumental works of *chromatic* passages, both melodic and harmonic. Nothing so effectively destroys the musical consciousness of *key* as a series of chromatic tones or chords introduced for oddity or for weird, uncanny effects. True, many compositions are beautified by those means, and it is not the semi-tones themselves that are here called in question, but more particularly the composer's motive in using them. The history of chromatics shows, however, that when first employed among the Egyptians, during the twenty-first and twenty-second dynasties, their influence was decidedly detrimental to the morals of the people. At that time the treble flute was invented, and because of its chromatic capabilities it superseded the harp and lyre in popular favor. The effeminacy and licentiousness of the age were reflected in its music, and the orgies conducted at the then capital of Egypt, Bubastis, were celebrated by hundreds of thousands to the accompaniment of myriads of these flutes. After the twenty-sixth dynasty, under the Ptolemies, the music of Egypt reached its lowest ebb. Every man in Alexandria was a skilled flute player, and even the kings were very proficient upon this amorous instrument. It is a singular coincidence that, with the change from the diatonic harp to the chromatic flute, the dissolute days of Egypt began. Certain it is that music relaxes its strict and rigid character when chromatically treated, and this laxity when carried to excess tends to weaken moral sinew. The musical historian Rowbotham remarks:

"For we have always found that in early times of a people's history, when there is a broad simplicity of thought among men, the diatonic scale, with its free open intervals, prevails, to the exclusion of all other; and also in healthy and heroic epochs, when such breadth and simplicity but repeat themselves, it is the same. The character shines out in the music, which is but one of the many mirrors of the mind. But when ages of restlessness and feverishness supervene, or ages of weakness and pettiness, like the present, the craving for novelty produces rarities, and the art reflects the age down to details.

. . And the chromatic had been in existence indeed before Agatho's time, but not much used, and never at all in the higher walks of art. For as certainly, as we have said, it was not used in tragedy, so it was not used in the choral odes of Epinician, Gymnopædic, etc., styles, and only for the lower and particularly the amorous style of music."

Many orchestral composers of to-day, in striving after musical novelties, depart from the simple nature of music and render it unintelligible by virtue or rather by vice of luxurious intricacy. The musician literally becomes the music he produces and grows fastidiously lavish in his tastes and habits. Under these circumstances, which are made compulsory by the demands of his profession, he loses his moral poise and sinks into the musical vortex where Crime waits to suck him down and complete his moral disintegration. An interview on this subject with Prof. A. E. Dolbear, of Tufts College, brought forth the following views:

"The mainsprings of conduct and associated thoughts do not lie in maxims or rules of any sort, but are impulses which have an ancestry in the experiences of the race. Song and dance give expression to healthy racial habits, and there can be no doubt that they have contributed greatly to the uplifting of mankind. The kind of music that has done this has been of a very different sort from that found on musical programs of to-day. The latter represent the possibility of sound—the former the achievements of life. Folk-songs can do more to make life worth the living than oratorio or symphony. They must be sung, not simply listened to; skill counts only for the abnormal nervous system. Does anarchy ever sing? Its ancient but ignoble blood has crept through scoundrels since the flood. Music of a kind that is founded in concrete experience will be powerfully resonating in the ancestral chambers of the mind. It must be of a kind that sings itself, and modern composers have little respect for that kind. Whoever reaches for character will take the old road, make his music to fit the people, and not expect to make the people fit his music. Proper music is as definitely related to character as is action to thought. The teacher who will forget his art and allow the pupil to sing as

he *feels* will be doing what I have in mind. The performance may not be artistic, but psychologically it will be *music.*"

With regard to the practical use of folk-songs, the opinion of Dr. H. B. Frissell, principal of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, Hampton, Va., is of great interest. Under date of Nov. 20, 1901, he writes:

"I would say that the music used at Hampton comprises a great deal of sacred music as well as secular, together with the folk-songs of the negro race. We believe sincerely in the value of music as a help in the moral uplift of our students, both Indian and negro."

That the anarchist is out of tune with Divine harmony none will question. How can the mere hearing of music or the singing of it set him in tune? To accomplish this there must be indeed a moral rectitude in the relations of musical tones. From the quotations cited it is evident that such moral rectitude exists in folk-songs, and in all simply-constructed melodies whose tone-intervals are chiefly diatonic. The "ancestral chambers" in the mind of the anarchist, made resonant by such music, would tend to produce thought-vibrations corresponding to those heard by him through the outward ear; and thus the morality of the music would be sympathetically transferred from the physiological to the psychical plane of his being. Such transference was understood by the ancient Greeks, for, according to Rowbotham's account, "Pythagoras employed musical specifics of his own composition to dislodge wrong thinking and low desires from the minds of his pupils." He made his music fit each individual case. The musical brotherhood which he established in the south of Italy was the realization of his doctrine that "music is the great means of education in life and the guide to all moral virtue."

Dr. F. Ziegfeld, president of the Chicago Musical College, writes under date of Nov. 7, 1901:

"In answer to your request for my views regarding the influence of music upon the moral faculties, I may say that there is no doubt in my mind that music can be made a valuable ally in ethical training. The views of the ancient Greek philoso-

phers in regard to the influence of music upon the moral condition of the State is worth considering, although the matter was pushed to an extreme that would seem to us to be somewhat far-fetched.

"Putting it broadly, I have rarely failed to notice the beneficial result of musical training upon the mind. Anything that tends to uplift the moral faculty can hardly fail to produce such results; and just as demoralizing art or literature may and does lower the moral condition of those coming in contact with it, so can a certain class of music produce like results, although perhaps by reason of insufficient observation such moral deterioration is less evident. Much uplifting of the public taste could be accomplished through the presentation of the best music, more especially orchestral music. He who would give the people this boon, and at prices which would be possible to the poorest of them, would be a true philanthropist as well as a good business man.

"As to the influence for good of music upon anarchy, I must confess to hesitation in expressing an opinion beyond that already put forth as a generality. If the anarchist is, as we are often told, psychologically abnormal, music, or even association with the refining influence of art generally, might tend toward a more kindly appreciation of humanity. The violent phases of anarchy are undoubtedly suggestive of the borderline which separates sanity from insanity. The beneficial influence of music upon mental disease is not only one well recognized by modern alienists, but one which has been well known even to the ancients and of which several cases are recorded in Holy Writ. The whole matter is one for more extended investigation."

With regard to philanthropic work for the cause of good music, reference may here be made to the municipal concerts of Boston instituted by ex-Mayor Josiah Quincy. It is noteworthy that these concerts have grown in popularity, and, notwithstanding their classical features, command a large attendance. The steps taken by the Music Commission of this city to insure the tuning of all hand-organs and hurdy-gurdies used

in its streets may be rightly interpreted as a measure for the moral adjustment of anarchistic thinking in this community. Concordant sound acts as a balm upon discordant thought, and in time listening Anarchy will be charmed out of its clashing, "beating" inharmonies into properly-tuned, smooth-flowing thought.

Mr. Carl Armbruster, musical adviser of the London County Council and Inspector of the Council's Bands, at present lecturing in this country, when interrogated as to his opinion respecting the moral influence of music upon the poorer classes of London, said:

"I have had, repeatedly, occasion to observe the truth of the proverb that 'music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.' The Council provides bands, which perform in some forty parks and open spaces of London, during the summer months. The performances are, of course, free to the public and take place twice a week, or even more frequently, generally late in the afternoon. They last about three hours and end about sunset. These bands have been playing now for nine summers, in all parts of London, in the fashionable West End as well as in the East End, where there are whole square miles of streets filled with the most squalid description of humanity. In these latter districts the audiences were so ill behaved, when the bands were first sent there to play, that stones were positively thrown at the bandsmen and the yelling of the children (and even of adults) scarcely allowed the bands to be heard. Within a few years all this has changed; the audiences are now orderly and, as a rule, silent and attentive, breaking into applause when a piece is over. Quite a remarkable improvement has also taken place in their attire; formerly the whole audience was in rags, which reeked with dirt. Now the women, though belonging to the poorest class, try to dress as decently as possible, while the men, who are workmen, factory hands, and dock-laborers only, stand or sit around in their working clothes —but not in rags, as before."

The writer has long been under the impression that definite chemical effects are produced in the brain by the sound of mu-

sic, and, with the object of ascertaining some facts bearing upon the matter, communication was held with Prof. Elmer Gates, of Washington, D. C. His reply, under date of Oct. 7, 1901, though intensely interesting, is too technical to admit of publication here. While his opinion from a chemical viewpoint is to be respected, there is nothing in the present knowledge of chemists, by his own admission, to discountenance the idea that a correspondence exists between musical ratios and chemical formulæ. He writes in part:

"I wish you could read the article on acoustics and music in the MS. of my forthcoming book. I agree with you that music is an efficient means of moral training, especially in the development of the normal emotions."

While anarchists as a class and criminals of all grades, and indeed society in general, can be morally uplifted by musical means, the practicability of using music for this purpose lies in its application to the need of the individual. If we assume that Divine harmony exists, that musical principles pervade and form the foundation of the cosmos, and that each human being presents a part of this Divine harmony, we are in a position to see that the harmony of the individual is peculiar to himself and that it is capable of musical analysis. Space does not permit the proper defense of this assumption, but with this conception of man's material and psychical composition it is a natural step to the following proposition, *viz.*, the harmony of the individual considered from a musical standpoint is based upon a governing tone, or key-note. This subject was fully treated in a previous article. Once the key-note of any person is determined the specific application of music becomes possible. A specified *key* united with music of peculiarly appropriate rhythms forms the real essence of musical treatment for anarchy and for immorality throughout the entire scale of humanity. Referring to this vital question, Prof. C. Staniland Wake, of Field's Museum, Chicago, says in a letter to the writer:

"Musical tone (interpreted by us as sound) and color are fundamental in Nature—representing what Herbert Spencer

calls the Unknown Power behind all phenomena, as furnishing the ratios for its activities. They are therefore manifestations of power, which, as 'modes of motion,' we are sensible of under seven (6+1) phases or aspects, giving the octaves of color and tone, each of which has its associated mode of motion, that is, physical representative.

"Each individual, as a living machine, is responsive to all the vibrations of Power within certain limits,—that is, sensible to us,—and therefore must be regarded as a kind of phonographic instrument put into activity by the action of the environment, which environment includes everything external to the individual and in a sense even his own physical organism. Each individual may thus be said to have his key-note and color, but the fundamental key is that of the *race* rather than of the individual, whose organism as structure and function, when perfect (if ever really so), must be regarded as a most complex embodiment of the musical and color harmonies that have been interwoven by the instrumentality of the action and reaction of environment and organism throughout the racial existence.

"While the organism *is* imperfect, it is 'out of tune,' and, not being able to respond properly, gives out inharmonic tones in thought and action. Moreover, the organism is set to either the major or minor key—in which sharps or flats predominate —the major key being especially that of the male organism and the minor that of the female. But as a musical instrument may be tuned, so may a human organism be attuned by proper means; and I do not see any reason why both music and color should not be employed for the purpose of 'educating' the organism and thus of harmonizing the tone memories impressed upon it—reaction being always equal to action. Undoubtedly both musical tone and color—particularly the former —have great influence over 'sensitive' minds; and although I have never considered the matter in a curative relation I do not see why much might not be done in that way—especially if crime may be treated as a disease, that is, as due to an abnormal condition of the organism, seeing that both have been

used in the cure of disease—apart from actual physical malformation."

From the foregoing it is clear that the nature of music—that is, the simple essence of it—tends to promote moral improvement of the race. Just what music can do for criminals in general and for anarchists in particular depends upon its quality and the method of using it. Cabanis observes:

"There are peculiar combinations of sounds, and even of single tones, that affect all the faculties of sense; these, by their immediate action upon the soul, arouse certain sentiments over which they seem to have special power, in accordance with the primitive laws of organization."

Music of necessity teaches obedience to the laws of right living. Its very nature is harmony, and its effect upon mankind has been of a refining, uplifting character. Individual exceptions by no means affect the validity of these statements; the great musical current is not to be polluted by isolated instances of tributary evil. The perception of moral truth can come through no broader channel than that of music; for, as Browning says, "there's no truer truth obtainable by man than comes of music." It is the soul's armor; it is mail of sound, and tones are the links. He who is wrapt in this flexible but impenetrable envelope of sound may defy all the pressures of being. I say "wrapt," because, in order to be proof against those immoral tendencies which assail us on every side, one must wear music next to the very vitals—must put it on like a garment, and let the tones sink around and clasp the life-centers in a soul-tight embrace.

HENRY W. STRATTON.

Boston, Mass.

SAN FRANCISCO'S UNION LABOR MAYOR.

FOR the first time in the history of any of the great cities of the United States, labor unions have elected one of their active members to the office of mayor. With the beginning of the year 1902, Eugene E. Schmitz, the young leader of the Union Labor party, began the task of directing the new administration of municipal affairs in San Francisco. He starts without experience in any political office, but he is not without education and business training. His policy will be studied with interest far beyond the bounds of California; and, as the civic and economic problems inherent in the situation are of a general character, a survey of the campaign is timely.

It should be explained that the November election resulted in the emphatic victory of Mr. Schmitz for mayor, though until his hasty nomination he had been known chiefly as an enthusiastic member of the musicians' union. This election is the more remarkable when it is considered that, under the new charter, the office of mayor is one of great power, and that many vital problems confront San Francisco at this time. For these and other reasons to be presently stated opposition to the labor union candidate was directed with much energy, and even bitterness. Notwithstanding the appeals of business men and the press for a tried and conservative executive, the vote stood:

Schmitz, Union Labor	21,776
Wells, Republican	17,717
Tobin, Democrat	12,647

Much significance attaches to the returns because the labor party sprang into life at a bound, the creature of a strike grievance, and elected its candidate before its opponents suspected that the party was anything but a joke. We read of a similar victory by organized labor unions at Cumæ, Rome, 104 B. C., but American politics has no like example for comparison.

When it is considered that San Francisco is not conspicuously democratic in its composition; that it has a large number of millionaires, monopolies and their friends, and that the ancient stigma of toil of which Homer sang has ever been as much of a curse among the lowly here as in great cities elsewhere, it will be seen that the lessons of the election are worth analyzing.

The patrician doctrine that rank (wealth) imposes obligation was especially popular among the captains of industry during the grave labor troubles just preceding the election. A brief survey of these disturbances will shed light on the result:

After a desperate and prolonged fight involving their existence itself, the 104 labor unions of the city made an honorable settlement with the Employers' Association a few weeks prior to the election. Before the termination of the many complicated strikes and lockouts of the summer, however, labor had been so incensed and weakened in its struggle because the merchants had had the services of eighty per cent. of the police force (as guides for non-union country drivers) that it had already begun to organize to take part in the election. The momentum of this movement for political organization had become so great by the time the strikes were settled that the most adroit politicians could not divert the masses from their purpose, and the Union Labor ticket was nominated. In entering politics the workers but followed the advice given by their opponents in previous years. "Don't strike, but vote!" had long been the cry of politicians.

The strikes of last summer were the most serious ever known in San Francisco. They were for the most part sympathetic, involving teamsters only at the outset, but spreading, finally, until from 25,000 to 30,000 men were out of work, and the city presented the appearance of a populous district under martial law. Mounted policemen and scores of armed "specials" accompanied non-union workmen everywhere, and the piers along the wharves were turned into arsenals.

In all these troubles there was never a question of wages or hours; it was a fight for the life of unionism, for the right to

organize and enforce rules, and for the privilege of dealing collectively with employers. The Employers' Association, controlling nearly every business house in the city, premeditatedly forced the fight, and the emasculation of the unions was carefully planned long before the breaking out of hostilities.

"We will deal with our men individually," said capital, "but we will not treat with the unions."

Before the end of the labor war millions of dollars were lost, wheat and fruit lay rotting in fields and orchards, feeling was bitter on both sides, and city and State were threatened with financial disaster. At the beginning of the strikes the police commissioners, under the influence of, and partly composed of, the merchant class, began a course that contributed largely to the victory of labor at the polls. At the request of merchants and dray-owners the commissioners detailed almost the entire police force to escort non-union drivers and others during working hours. As there had been no violence it was charged that the police were used to intimidate union men, and the duty of the police department in times of peaceful strikes thus became a vital issue of the contest, as it was, later, the overshadowing question of the election. During these labor troubles newspapers and ministers of the gospel took an active part in public discussions; "scabs," union men, and specials were shot down in the streets, and the employers and commercial associations of the city and State petitioned the Governor to have militia patrol the city. After personal investigation Governor Gage decided that the rioting was sporadic, order being the rule; so he refused to interfere. Then capital charged that the Governor, desiring to run for office again, had been frightened from duty by the labor vote.

In due time the combatants grew weary. The strikes were settled, most of the men returning to work "on terms honorable to both sides," as announced by Governor Gage, the mediator; but the exact conditions are a secret unto this day. Not long after the settlement the campaign was well under way, and the mayoralty contest was, of course, the crucial contact between the partizans of labor on the one side and those of

capital on the other. The one concrete thing that labor wanted was an executive whose police commissioners would, in the event of future troubles, oppose the methods that had prevailed during the summer. But back of this special demand lay the whole cause of unionism—the abstract rights of man, as understood by the masses. Labor wanted the moral support of votes—the encouragement of victory. Failure would have put the brand of anarchy on the unions; success meant abundant life, possibly industrial peace for a series of years.

Finally Eugene E. Schmitz, leader of the orchestra of a popular theater, was nominated by the unions, then elected over Supervisor Tobin, the lawyer-banker candidate of the Democracy, and over City Auditor Wells, the regular Republican nominee. When the returns were counted, teamsters and scavengers whistled and sang, walking delegates shouted, and for once the ranks of toil were buoyant with hope. In this fight the building trades' council, a body of union men, opposed the labor ticket on the ground that it would kill unionism to enter politics; but their fight was led largely by one of their number who held an office under the Democratic administration, and the men refused to bolt the regular labor ticket.

But the election of Musician Schmitz would not have been possible if either one of the old political parties had nominated a satisfactory candidate. The Republicans were fighting among themselves, and the Democrats had to carry the burden of the administration's many faults—an unsatisfactory mayor, an expensive board of public works, failure to build streets and schoolhouses, and unpopularity for its conduct during the bubonic plague scare. Another fact that helped the labor party was the negative record of its candidate, a man little known in politics, and not known at all in a public way except as the leader of an orchestra. His private life bore scrutiny, and his personal friends were numerous. As the owner of a small foundry he had consistently refused to sell out to the Employers' Association; he had never disgraced himself in the eyes of business men by making "reform" speeches, and he had always voted the Republican ticket—a patriotic act that

endeared him to certain politicians who looked upon his labor candidacy simply as good politics.

Mr. Schmitz belies the foreign spelling of his name, which suggests the prefix "Herr." He is of German-Irish genealogy, a native Californian, and a man of conservative views and industrious habits. Though loyal to his friends and to the principles of labor unions, it is exceedingly doubtful whether his career will not disappoint many of his ardent admirers, especially those who expect him to develop into a strong and aggressive executive along the lines of modern civic reform. His immediate friends and advisers are certainly stanch Republicans, entirely in sympathy with nearly everything that modern reformers oppose. It is hardly probable that Mayor Schmitz will ever actively oppose the reasonable demands of union labor, but he will be a conservative and somewhat passive advocate of the claims of modern progressive policies. This estimate is based largely on his recent declaration that "when conditions become normal again I hope to return to the Republican party."

The remark seems to indicate his lack of grasp, and that he does not yet realize the deeper meaning of the movement that made him mayor, if his election really is anything more than an accident. Therefore, there is grave doubt whether a man who considers his election merely an episode will see and utilize the opportunities within his reach. The fact that he is honest, intelligent, and industrious may enable him to master the problem and rise to the expectation of his well-wishers. Those who know him well say he will develop very fast "in harness," but there are others who say that the ambition for office will make him a cunning politician. The most discouraging phase of the case is that some of his closest friends say that he will, should his administration prove popular, seek the Republican nomination for mayor in 1903. Surely, there is little comfort for the opponents of reactionary and autocratic political movements in a man whose ideals are satisfied within the limits of the plutocratic Republican party of to-day. It certainly requires not only a brainy man of wide experience, but

a student familiar with the lessons of history and the tenets of liberalism, to seize the reins of power with the grip of a Johnson, of Cleveland, or of a Jones, of Toledo.

Mr. Schmitz's friends know he is honest, but none can yet say whether he has sufficient character to lead a movement no less sacred than the rights of man. The chief hope of thoughtful and progressive citizens is that he will develop capacity as a ruler—the genius of statesmanship that will enable him to become, in a manner, the architect of a city for the people. There are those who charge that he is vacillating, easily flattered, spoiled, and led, and that, with the best of intentions, he will be directed in the beaten paths by those already blasé in the highways of politics; but there is something in the man's history and countenance that seems to contradict this pessimistic forecast. He is a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, standing several inches above six feet, a man of open countenance and generous laughter. He may yet fall under the influence of such clear-headed thinkers as ex-Congressman Maguire, the noted Single Tax orator, whose knowledge of municipal needs is definite and whose ideas are progressive. He may listen to such men, even if he is in close contact with well-known machine Republicans to whom, very largely, he owes his nomination, and with labor leaders ambitious to carry petty measures to victory.

One of the great points of the contest has already been settled by the death of Chief of Police Sullivan, who was the especial target of the unions. Captain George Wittmann, the dashing and brainy "rough rider" of the police force, who was charged with aggressively fighting union strikers, was recently appointed chief by the present commissioners, and there is little question that it is beyond the power of the new mayor to have him removed.

In summing up this review it is but just to say that all classes are ready to give the new mayor a thorough trial before condemning him. He has been suddenly called from the ranks of the unions to govern the most important city west of Chicago. It is a tremendous task, even for one with great ability and

steadfastness of purpose. A fair trial, with all the aids of able and friendly counsel, is the only test that will determine whether organized labor has helped or marred the cause of the masses by electing one of its own people to the most important position, in name and in fact, under the organic law of San Francisco. One thing, however, has been decided: Labor has the power to combine and win a victory at the polls if there is only the *esprit de corps* to knit it closely and drive it to the ballot-box as a collective factor in a municipal contest in San Francisco.

LEIGH H. IRVINE.

San Francisco, Cal.

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE PUBLIC.

THE popular outcry with reference to certain cases of expulsion or enforced resignation of university professors appears to imply that the fate of the professors is a matter of interest to the non-university-going public. This interest is a growth of recent years. Formerly universities were regarded as places of retirement—"cloistered retreats" was the term generally applied; and the dons were considered as somewhat unpractical persons with a fondness for the minor pleasures of life, in their restricted circle. The student was regarded as a young man who spent four necessary years in becoming better acquainted with the classics, and in preparing with no particular excess of labor for a professional career. Now all this is changed; the privacy of the college is invaded; the professor is supposed to have public duties; the student has become a public character, to be alternately petted and reviled by the public and the press.

It is to be presumed that all this change is for the better, and that the conversion of the university from a place of learning into a missionary of general culture is a step in advance. It seems somehow, however, to upset our calculations, and to disturb our ideas as to what constitutes a university.

The English university had, and still retains, a certain social quality peculiar to itself, and which cannot be imitated. It arose from peculiar conditions—from the practical identity of the social standing of all the students. The university constitutes in England a certain social caste, which preserves its power by reason of its social strength, and not because of its learning. Refinement, not knowledge, is its distinguishing mark—the teaching of social duties more its purpose than the teaching of books. That the English universities have furnished a continuity of distinguished scholars is due rather to the men than to the universities, for security of livelihood and

an untrammeled opportunity to follow the individual bent have been the chief factors in securing this result. The English universities have by no means the claim upon English scholarship that German and American universities have upon the scholarship of their respective countries. This view is largely conceded, and indeed defended, by the upholders of the English system, who regard the making of good citizens as of more importance than the making of scholars. The English university is reckoned as a factor in the preservation of order and of good government. At the English university the English gentleman is taught his duties to his class, and to look forward to a life of public duty rather than of scholarly retirement.

This kind of education is not without its political effects; it provides the class in power with a force of men who by training are of immense service to the State, whose independent incomes give them unlimited opportunities to follow legitimate ambitions, and whose moral stability lends to their personal influence the greatest possible weight. But with all this, the university is by no means a public institution; it is still the cloister as far as the outside world is concerned. The mass of the people have no interest in its doings; no appeal is made to them; nothing is sought from them. The athletic contests of rival teams are the only objects of public attention. The university is still a machine for the creation of parsons and barristers.

In Germany the university holds the same attitude of aloofness with reference to the people in general. It exists primarily for the making of students. Books are the reason of its being and the end of its labors. German university education has become a synonym for scholarship and deep research. The German university has become influential in learned circles but a cipher in the conduct of public affairs. It makes scholars, not statesmen; eminent discoverers and commentators, not propagandists.

In the United States conditions are different from those in either of the foregoing countries. In a democracy all must bow before the dictates of the people. Nothing is sealed;

nothing is sacred; cloistered life becomes an impossibility. The least suggestion of retirement is sufficient to start a herd of reporters eager to tear the covering away—to convert secrets into paragraphs. This statement applies with peculiar force to the new colleges of the West. The older foundations have their established position and have settled down into a groove from which it is all but impossible to dislodge them. Conservative by instinct, they do not yield to the popular clamor, and, like Oxford and Cambridge, their athletics are their only advertisement. Hence, professors of these institutions never shock the sensibilities of the well-to-do with the proclamation of heterodox doctrines. They are of the dominant guild, and their attitude and teachings are suited to those in authority.

But in the West the conditions are different. Here the university is almost the sole expression of an intellectual and learned life in the midst of newness and confusion. It brings with it that air of leisure and refinement which has in the public mind always been associated with the college. A professor here becomes an object of public interest. He is content with a relatively small salary; he enjoys long holidays, and goes to Europe at occasional intervals. He becomes a sort of ideal in certain sets. He occupies a position in the public eye altogether different from the professor in Europe or the Eastern States, and is the representative, the high priest, of the mysteries of scholarship. The sparseness of population also gives him a very conspicuous position. He is an asset in all social affairs, and to the distinction of his scholarship adds that of an unquestioned social standing; hence, the professor becomes, in the eyes of the ordinary person in the West, an exceedingly superior creature. The community is more than willing, nay even anxious, to be blessed with some of that culture of which he is the daily ministrant.

It may be questioned whether this attitude on the part of the people tends altogether to the edification of the professor. It appears to lead to a kind of posing, and to an itch for publicity and popularity from which the denizens of universities

are supposedly free. This evident and natural desire for advertisement occasionally produces strange and somewhat laughable results.

Dr. Jordan, of Stanford University, has always recognized the fact that a university president in the West must be a public character to a very great degree. Accordingly, he has lectured and spoken all over the West on all sorts of subjects. He has talked on Omar Khayyam, Kipling's "Recessional," and other subjects of immediate and popular interest. He has been just as catholic with regard to his audiences as he has been eclectic in the matter of his lectures. The most conservative as well as the most radical of local societies have been equally welcome to what he has had to offer. Everywhere he goes he is received with enthusiasm, and large audiences are glad to have an opportunity of listening to and applauding him. That the public activity of Dr. Jordan has been of great benefit to the university and has contributed largely to its success cannot fairly be doubted. It has also been of much advantage to the people of California. Dr. Jordan has become well known personally, and his authority as an educator has been supplemented by his popularity as a speaker.

Other professors have followed the example of their chief, and Stanford has always had teachers who have been able to command large audiences and to hold the ear of the people. One by one, however, these have disappeared. Those who have spoken on debatable questions in public have one by one left for Europe or the East. With the exception of a professor of English who speaks almost exclusively upon his own special subject, they have "said their say" and have gone their way, either by accident or design; and Professor Ross, the last of the talking professors, has been guillotined with an almost startling suddenness.

The Ross incident, like the Dreyfus and other incidents, must stand on its own merits; and with an investigation of these we are not at present engaged. This case and others like it are chiefly useful as showing the results of the working of the new idea respecting the office of a university. In this

instance, and in all others resembling it, the professor has gone out into the great world with certain ideas. These ideas, or his ways of putting them, have been distasteful to the university authorities—and the professor has disappeared.

It will be seen that all the ideas for the dissemination of which the professor has paid the penalty are of one class: they are economic and political. In the war of interests the professor has taken one side and the authorities the other, with the result that the former has come to grief. This is to be expected. It can hardly be conceived that the university authorities will permit a professor to remain in their employment and at the same time to give public utterance to ideas antagonistic to their interests, merely upon the ground that the employee considers his position to be correct. On the other hand, when a professor is discharged under such circumstances there arises something very like a scandal, particularly in districts where the university has been accorded such unreasonable deference as has been described. The authorities are in a dilemma with regard to the talking professor; they must either allow him to continue the advocacy of opinions which they regard as contrary to their interests, or they must discharge him and thus bring discredit upon the university. It is easy to say that the professor need not be a propagandist—that he must occupy the position of instructor simply, and state rather than advocate theories. This may be the ideal course for the talking professor, but it is hardly a possible one. The fact that an audience hangs eagerly upon one's words, that one is regarded as a leader and *ex officio* an instructor, is far from conducive to scholarly discretion and self-restraint. Such conditions have turned the heads of old and practised men before now, and the young professor cannot be expected to avoid the pitfalls of popularity.

It appears as if the practise of public speaking on the part of professors were not altogether suited to their position. Professor Ross is the victim of the false system pursued at Stanford University—of the impossible idea that university professors should at the same time be popular speakers. This

notion, so far from adding to the dignity of the professor, is a very effective means of lowering it. The newspapers make a sensationalist out of him willy-nilly. His speeches become valued, not for their intrinsic worth, but for their "popular" or startling character. It is, moreover, a question whether such public utterances do not tend to diminish the influence of the professor in his own circle—among the students for whom he primarily exists. Public utterances lead naturally to criticism and comments, which in the present condition of the press are neither dignified nor scientific. It is manifest also that speaking to general audiences tends to advertise and exalt certain departments at the expense of others, and those, perhaps, most essential in university life. Clearly, the classical and scientific departments can have but little opportunity of advertising themselves to general audiences. Public interest is centered on debatable propositions of common discussion. Stanford University, in the course of its experiments with talking professors, has given proof of this.

Occasions may easily arise to compel one to take the field for certain opinions, but a careful man will hesitate before dragging the university along with him as a protection and an advertisement. It is evident that the above remarks do not apply to lectures in connection with the university extension movement. Here the professor faces an audience of students, or would-be students, and his course is very clear. His professional instinct will prevent him from making any partizan use of his position. He is not making a speech, and is under no obligation to please or startle his audience.

The rôle of propagandist does not appear to be compatible with that of professor, nor does even that of public lecturer, at least upon those subjects with regard to which there are radical differences of opinion affecting material interests.

The public has acquired the habit of expecting too much of the university, and the university is apt to flatter itself that it can exert a direct influence upon the public. This idea will benefit neither the university nor the public. The whole notion of bringing the university "down" to the masses is un-

satisfactory in its working, and is not productive of good results.

Large numbers of people are occasionally desirous of obtaining instruction in certain subjects, and are willing to occupy the position of students. Under such circumstances the professor can have no hesitation in announcing the results of his special reading and of his individual research.

Public speaking must be a very unsatisfactory method of communication to the university specialist. It is rough-and-tumble work at the very best, and the professor can easily afford to do without it—just as easily as the public.

AUSTIN LEWIS.

San Francisco, Cal.

A CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH.

FIFTY years ago a band of two thousand ragged, half-starved Mormon exiles, under the command of a supposed inspired leader, Brigham Young, pitched tents upon the parched sands of the Great American Desert and began the formation of the forty-fifth State, or first coöperative commonwealth. Those overzealous pioneers of Western colonization were laboring under the hypnotic delusion of founding a modern land of Zion, and did not anticipate the political problems their privations and sufferings would eventually solve for the benefit of humanity. They willingly followed a man whom their creed designated a prophet, seer, and revelator, and located in the valley of the Dead Sea—one thousand miles from civilization, where poisonous reptiles, ferocious beasts, and savage Indians held undisputed possession.

On July 24, 1847, the travel-worn sentries of the advance-guard of one hundred and forty-seven souls espied the Salt Lake Valley, and announced the fact by placing the American flag on Ensign Peak, a noted eminence where the Latter Day Saints believe the Angel Gabriel will sound his warning trumpet and declare that "time shall be no more." The native Indians gazed in wonderment at the strange caravan, wending its way through Emigration Cañon, of the Wasatch Mountains, and held a council of all the big chiefs and warriors to decide what should be done with the pale-face intruders upon their hitherto unmolested happy hunting-grounds. A glance at the equipments of these religionists soon convinced the Utes, or dwellers of the mountains, that they were not dangerous foes; hence, a treaty was quickly consummated.

The pipe of brotherly love, kindled by the coals of friendship, soon sent the smoke of peace to the nostrils of the Great Spirit and won his smile of approbation. An aged chieftain, whose features indicated that almost a hundred snows had

come and gone since his boyhood days, as an earnest of his sincerity unfolded to the white men a priceless secret of his forefathers. With a crooked stick he demonstrated by marks in the sand the laws of gravitation and the principles of ancient canal building, by which the barren desert might be made to blossom as the rose of Sharon, in the midst of pebbles of desolation. The Mormon leader understood the strange characters made by this illiterate chief, and ordered the immediate construction of an irrigation canal to carry water from a mountain stream upon the site since made famous by becoming the Mecca of Mormonism.

When the life-giving waters, laden with fertilizing silt from the ancient mountains, was turned upon this sandy plain, the seed-germs of vegetation burst forth and transformed the camp-ground into a veritable oasis, producing grass for the animals and plants for the people. The wanderers had reached their imaginary land of promise in a state of destitution, almost without food or clothing, with no means of communication with civilization except by a three-months drive with oxen and broken hand-carts. The white alkali desert furnished nothing but cacti, and the mountain cañons contained only a few wild berrries and nuts for food for starving mothers and dying children. Here the first lessons of practical coöperation were learned, and the dependence of man upon his fellow-beings was most forcibly illustrated.

Individual exertions were of no avail in constructing irrigation canals, erecting dwelling houses, guarding the homes from invasions of savage foes and prowling beasts, or caring for the crying babes, who in their innocence were famishing from hunger and shivering with cold because of no food to sustain life or raiment to warm their quaking forms. All the "saints" were placed on an equal plane and instructed in a plan of coöperative government by which the church should hold undisputed dominion over temporal bodies and spiritual life. No man could construct a ditch to his land to convey the waters of irrigation except he passed the boundary-lines of another; hence, one canal was made to carry sufficient for a

score or even a hundred claimants. The theory of coöperation thus became an indispensable practise, and the good of one was recognized as a benefit to others.

The land was apportioned in tracts of ten or twenty acres, according to the occupation of the man getting a farm, and the most binding obligations were entered into as sacred covenants to prevent any transfers of title. "He that selleth his land selleth his inheritance in Zion, saith the Lord," was a very familiar text for religious exhorters in the early days of Utah colonization. The late president of the Mormon church, Wilford Woodruff, who was almost a centenarian at his death, received a twenty-acre tract in the coöperative allotment, and resided upon it for over half a century, growing miscellaneous products for the support of a large family of numerous wives. Until in recent years the man who sold any of his possessions to the Gentiles was liable to excommunication from the church, which meant complete social ostracism.

The timber for building houses grew upon the mountain slopes, where the wily beasts of prey lay in wait for a tempting morsel of human food or the treacherous red man hid behind the boulders watching an opportunity to add a scalp to his belt of trophies; hence, men were compelled to unite their forces and go in crowds of a score or more when chopping logs for constructing their houses and churches. Some would use the firearms in slaughtering game or defending their friends, while others felled the trees and whip-sawed them into lumber. No better school was necessary to teach those veterans of the plains the lessons of actual coöperation or reciprocal assistance, when they realized that over one thousand miles of barren, desolate land lay between them and all humanity except the few families encamped by the mysterious inland sea. Every man constituted both employer and employee, as he asked no questions about the paymaster but expected to reap his reward in beautifying the colony of which he formed a part.

In the group of pioneers, representing "every kindred, tongue, and people," were men and women trained in the

various arts of mechanism, and their services were necessary in manufacturing clothing, farming implements, and machinery. The skins of beasts were made into articles of clothing and bedding or used for harness for work-animals. The native forests supplied timber for making furniture and woodenware for the homes, schools, and churches, and tools used on the farm. While those artisans were constructing useful and ornamental articles from the native raw materials, the farmers and herders were engaged in producing the foods needed for human sustenance—thus equalizing the burdens and giving congenial employment to all. Money possessed no value, as there was no demand for its purchasing power where nothing could be purchased.

The vast area of mountain and deserts that could not be cultivated was utilized as a public herding-ground for the flocks and herds of the colonists, and the separate holdings were cared for by coöperative methods. One man could look after the herds of fourscore of his brethren more easily than he could control his own, so that the principle of coöperation enabled all to reap the benefits afforded by the eminent domain of the general government. A few sheep supplied wool for home manufacture and kept the wolf of hunger from the doors of the farmer and carpenter alike, while the horses and cattle feeding on the mountains in summer and in the valleys during the winter added wealth to the "saints" and increased their desire to extend coöperation to its utmost beneficial limits. In this manner every member of a family became the owner of stock ranging on a thousand hills, undisturbed except by nomadic Indians or roving wild animals.

As the church was uppermost in all transactions and men were but subservient subjects, the doctrine of temporal coöperation was applied to religious observances—in consecrating one-tenth of all each member possessed or annually accumulated to the church fund. In this way the ecclesiastical authorities became wealthy men, and the church as a corporation collected lands, houses, and personal property to the value of many millions of dollars. Men were employed in construct-

ing factories and church buildings and willingly permitted the retaining of tithes from their daily labors. The great tithing offices, or "storehouses of the Lord," became veritable banking institutions and storage warerooms for the food and raiment of the entire official directory, consisting of one president, bishop, or other officer for every five lay members.

Another form of coöperation organized by the "saints" immediately after taking possession of the territory, which they called "Deseret," was the plan of what was afterward incorporated as the Perpetual Emigration Fund, by which missionaries were sent abroad for recruits and the new converts were assisted in "journeying to Zion" to build up the promised land. By this method the poor converts would be under double obligations to the church in repaying the money advanced for transportation, with good annual interest, and contributing one-tenth of all their earnings as tithing, which perceptibly increased the church treasury. But few of the members thus obtained ever apostatized from the doctrines, and have therefore remained obedient servants of the priesthood. Under such conditions the State of Utah was organized by act of Congress and admitted into the Union January 4, 1896.

After fifty years of coöperation the new State, comprising an area of 82,190 square miles, has a population of two hundred and fifty thousand, of whom at least four-fifths are Mormons. The capital and intermountain metropolis—Salt Lake City—contains one-fifth of the people, the remainder being distributed throughout twenty-seven counties, where there are three hundred coöperative cities, towns, and villages. The church has erected four magnificent granite temples, costing over ten million dollars, and has immense holdings of tabernacles, tithing offices, real estate, and personal property in every ward throughout the State, as the results of practical coöperation. Every town, with the exception of a few mining camps, has been built up through the same colonial plan adopted by the pioneers in subduing the desert of the Salt Lake basin, where the city of national renown is located.

The church historian has prepared a statement designed to

show the actual results from fifty years of practical coöperation. By this array of figures it is demonstrated that the original colonists, with no capital other than colonial labor, have accumulated the vast sum of $562,900,000. This amount came directly or indirectly from the ten thousand farms brought under cultivation through scientific irrigation. The estimated sum expended in establishing the farms, constructing irrigation canals, feeding and clothing farmers and their families, and improving the homes reaches $137,000,000. The cost of building temples, churches, and schools, and proselyting the world for converts is placed at $30,000,000. The amount expended in building and equipping factories and experimenting in making nails, sugar, leather, paper, cotton, and silk goods reaches $11,000,000.

As much of the original cost of building up the country was expended before the present magnificent railway facilities, constituting fourteen hundred miles of standard roads, were available, the estimated expense of overland freighting, establishing mail routes, building telegraph lines, and ineffectual attempts at colonization is given at $20,000,000. The Indians had to be conquered and made peaceable at a cost of $15,000,000, much of which was expended in establishing missions, furnishing supplies, and fitting up farms and schools. The cost of defending polygamy in the courts and resisting troops sent (as they supposed) to exterminate the Mormons is placed at $10,000,000. Added to the expenditures above enumerated are the items of loss by fire, crickets, locusts, and many other incidentals making the grand total—the entire sum having come from individual efforts through the practical application of colonial coöperation.

One of the most important commercial organizations representing the successful results of coöperation is the great Zion's Coöperative Mercantile Institution, founded and operated by Mormons. The main buildings of this mammoth concern occupy a large portion of a Salt Lake City business block of ten acres, and branches are located at every principal shipping point in the State. The stockholders are numbered among the

rich and poor, high and low, in every hamlet; hence, all are directly interested in trading with their home institutions, because by so doing they assist in building up home industries and accumulating sufficient to pay handsome semi-annual dividends. The average annual sales of this institution go above $3,000,000, and the dividends range about ten per cent. every year.

The chief secret of success in all coöperative efforts is in the continuous patronage of the people, and, to encourage this aside from the mere dividend-paying inducements, the financiers of this coöperative commonwealth create wage-earning institutions. A sugar company supplies ten million pounds of home sugar to the consumers. This factory demands the labor of probably three thousand men, women, and children in growing beets, making bags for sugar, and running the machinery. Many of those employed are stockholders in the coöperative industry and receive regular dividends from their investments. While those institutions are incorporated under the State laws and are essentially corporations, the original plan, which set the entire industrial machinery in motion and brought wealth and independence from the deserts of aridity, was that outlined by Brigham Young and perpetuated by his successors, in what may be called ecclesiastical coöperation.

Mormons are great dancers, and many of them are fond of the wine that looketh red in the cup. To cater to the natural inclinations of both saints and sinners and keep all the money in the hands of the Mormon people, the prominent church officials enlisted the coöperation of men with money and constructed one of the grandest bathing resorts in the world on the billows of the great Salt Lake. This wonderful Moorish structure, known as Saltair Beach, was erected in 1893, at a cost of $250,000. It is situated sixteen miles from the city and one mile in the lake, standing upon fifteen hundred native pine piles, and includes one thousand well-equipped bath-houses. The dancing pavilion occupies a space two hundred and fifty feet in length and one hundred and forty feet in

width, the entire building being lighted by 1,250 incandescent and arc lights.

During the summer the Saltair Beach is visited by thousands of tourists and "saints" of every class and description, who delight in bathing in the buoyant waters of the wonderful saline sea, where a body cannot sink. The "saints" mingle with the Gentiles in the hazy dance of death and seem to enjoy the social coöperation afforded by this great tabernacle of sinful pleasure. A crowd of fifteen thousand is no unusual thing on any day when the Mormon associations run special or coöperative excursions to this popular resort. From this center of congregation may be seen many islands, where herds of coöperative stock once fed, and the broad, fertile valley dotted with villages made possible only through practical coöperation. In like manner the small towns are supplied with amusement halls, without the necessity of voting bonds, forming syndicates, or borrowing from usurers.

The mountains of Utah are treasure-vaults of every valuable and precious mineral known to the scientific world, and over five hundred coöperative associations have located leads and lodes during the last quarter of a century. This hidden wealth was kept from view for twenty-five years after the Mormons colonized the land—to prevent an influx of Gentiles and to force the "saints" to irrigate and cultivate the soil. If the followers of Brigham Young had become excited over rich deposits of mineral treasures, they would have shaken off the shackles of priestly power, deserted their homes and families, and starved in the desolate caverns of glittering sand—one thousand miles from the supply depots of the necessities and comforts of life. The Mormon leader well knew the results of opening the gold fields and realized that his plans for industrial coöperation would fail, and the desert become a hospital of starving women and children, while being nursed into eternity by the hungry coyotes and bloodthirsty savages of mountain and plain.

Since the year 1870, the Mormons by their coöperative efforts, and the Gentiles through the medium of private cor-

porations, have opened and operated many rich mines, ten of which have added to the wealth of their owners, afforded employment for hundreds of people, and returned dividends amounting to more than fifty millions of dollars. Cities and towns have been erected in almost impenetrable mountain cañons, and the wheels of commerce are in perpetual motion as a result of the earth's yield of ore, producing the equivalent of commercial currency. Those vast mineral deposits have attracted energetic men possessing all the elements of wealth, and through their efforts the State is ramified by fourteen hundred miles of railroad, carrying the immense tonnage of raw material and factory products from and to the centers of mercantile investments.

In almost every instance, whether in field or factory, where the true principles of coöperation have been honestly tested and the business affairs judiciously managed, the enterprise has proved highly successful and beneficial to every one connected with it. But some men will be dishonest in every position of trust where there is an opportunity for self-aggrandizement or a chance to loot the treasury, and Mormons are no exceptions to the rule governing other classes of religious humanity. Many original coöperative associations have been merged into private corporations, thereby relieving stockholders from personal or direct responsibility and giving the reins of government into the hands of selfish and grasping directors, with the inevitable results of failure, lack of general interest, and loss of investments for the small stockholders. Such actions have materially lessened the number of coöperative institutions, but many monuments remain, illustrating the manifold benefits to the people, individually and collectively—therefore to the commonwealth.

The social and educational advantages of united colonial life are inestimable privileges that insure the highest types of manhood and the most perfect growth of feminine loveliness, thus perpetuating the human tabernacles of loyalty and patriotism to home and country. Under proper conditions and with correct teachings the social world may be completely revolu-

tionized and old theories of prudery obliterated from the annals of modern history. In the model coöperative community there could not be poverty, as the laborers of every nature would always have suitable and remunerative employment. The Utah colonies, which on account of semi-religious training and other disadvantages, have never reached any great degree of perfection, had no pauper farms or itinerant beggars until in recent years, when the clamor for individual wealth robbed many of the promoters of the finer feelings of humanity and made of them mere flesh-and-blood machines for grinding the bone and sinew of their fellow-men into the equivalent of silver dollars.

JOEL SHOMAKER.

North Yakima, Wash.

MUNICIPAL REFORM.

THE improvement of our municipal governments is a problem that has, with abundant reason, occupied the attention of economists and reformers for a number of years, and will evidently demand increasing consideration in the future. City administrations have notoriously gone from bad to worse in this country, until it is something more than a figure of speech to say that they threaten the foundations of our government.

Among the many palliatives and remedies suggested, there is one that I have never seen explained in print, which, while by no means a cure-all, seems to promise practical improvement, and is therefore worth careful consideration.

In an election for any office under the present system, as each voter has but one vote, some concerted action among the voters is necessary in order to secure practical results and avoid scattering and wasting votes. That is, a division or party must make a nomination with an understood agreement among the voters of that party that they will subordinate their personal preferences and vote for the party candidate.

In effecting the nomination substantially the same conditions are met with. Each voter again having but one vote, some concerted action among large bodies of the voters is needed to secure practical results; and this is true whether the object be the nomination of a candidate or the election of delegates. Again, there must be, for similar reasons, concerted action among smaller groups of the party, and so on until the final result is that some two or three party leaders, or some one man (commonly known as the "boss"), must take the initiative in suggesting or naming the party candidate, the certainty of whose selection depends upon the completeness of the party organization.

Now, it must be remembered that this "boss" is not an abnormal growth upon our system, but is the natural and logical

result of the conditions. His sway may not be always undisputed, and he may sometimes be overthrown and succeeded by a new "boss;" but the important point is that nominations and practically elections are in the hands of professional politicians, *and that this is the natural and constant tendency of the present method of conducting elections.*

This fact appears nowhere more clearly than in the attempts that have been made by the citizens to elect independent and unpledged officials. To inaugurate and carry to a successful conclusion a so-called citizens' movement requires that a large number of business men shall suspend their regular business and go from house to house personally to solicit those likely to be interested, hold public meetings, organize, appoint committees and sub-committees, print tickets, and see that the tickets get into the hands of voters and that the voters get to the polls. In short, the organization must be as complete as that of the professional politicians in order to afford even a reasonable hope of success.

After the desired result is accomplished, and the two flagrant politicians are turned out and an honest man seated, but two courses are open to the reformers. One is to disband and leave the field clear to the professional politicians at the next election; the other is to make their organization permanent, go into the political business professionally on their own account, and degenerate into "bosses" themselves, under the inevitable working of the law above referred to. These facts are too obvious to dwell upon; the question is, How can they be remedied?

The remedy oftenest advocated is the somewhat indefinite one of banishing national politics from municipal elections and choosing our city officials solely from business considerations. So long, however, as the national parties can see any advantage in the control of city governments, they will probably seek to control them; and voters in general will vote for candidates of their own political faith rather than risk putting a weapon in the hands of the enemy. These are axioms.

Perhaps what is really needed is not so much that voters

shall ignore politics in voting as that city officials, when elected, shall ignore politics in the faithful administration of municipal affairs. In short, is it not a business *administration* rather than a business *election* that is needed? It may be true that a business administration can be secured only by the election of able and honest men, but it will hardly be disputed that the large majority of voters of all political faiths desire such men elected, although doubtless each believes that honest men can be found in his own party as well as in any other. The national parties are facts that must be met and reckoned with, not theories to be reasoned away.

If some system could be devised by which the real desire of every voter could be ascertained, without reference to any nomination, so that *the initiative function of the "boss"* could be eliminated—a system that would get at the free choice of the citizens and at the same time not interfere with their partizanship—perhaps an improvement might be looked for. The system of multiple nominations and preferential voting appears to present a strong claim to accomplish in some practical degree these objects. It may be briefly described as follows:

Suppose it were provided by law, for illustration, that at any party convention, one-tenth, say, of the delegates should have the right to make a party nomination, it thus being possible for a convention to nominate ten different candidates for one office. It is not at all likely that so many would be nominated, but that number would be possible under the supposition. Suppose, further, that any one thousand citizens could make an independent nomination.

After these multiple nominations, the names of all candidates are printed in succession on one ticket. The voter, when voting, marks a "1" opposite his first choice, a "2" opposite his second choice, or the name of the candidate he would rather have elected supposing his first choice cannot succeed; then a "3" opposite his third choice, and so on—voting for as many candidates in succession as he pleases.

In counting the votes the ballots shall first be arranged in accordance with the first choice marked on them; then the

ballots of the candidate having the smallest number shall be redistributed among the other candidates in accordance with the second choice marked on them; then again the ballots of the candidate having now the smallest number shall be redistributed among the others according to the highest unused choice marked on them, and so on, dropping always the candidate having the fewest votes, until but two candidates remain, when the one of these having the greater number of votes shall be declared elected.

On examining this system, perhaps the first thing that strikes one is that no votes are wasted, but every one counts in the final division; consequently, no matter how many candidates any party may have, the party vote is in no danger of being scattered and weakened but must all be finally concentrated upon one candidate—and that one, it may be presumed upon the average, will be the one most acceptable to the majority of the voters of the party. This practically merges the nomination and election in one; and, to a large degree at least, removes the function of the "boss," or renders it unimportant.

It next appears that the energy of any reform movement need be wasted in practical politics only far enough to control one-tenth of the convention or secure the support of one thousand citizens. This is of immense importance; for the greatest hindrance to reform is the perfectly justifiable disinclination of business men to neglect their business and enter politics for the good of their fellow-citizens.

No valid reasons appear why such independent nominations, if the candidate is of recognized party fealty, should not appeal to the individual voter as strongly as the most regular of nominations. Each voter may, therefore, exercise his individual preference without fear of weakening his party's strength or laying himself open to the charge of disloyalty. If the party voters are dissatisfied with the work of their convention, they may repudiate it at the polls without danger of playing into the hands of the enemy.

This is but an outline of a system that would require careful elaboration in detail. There may be some practical difficulties

in the way, especially in the matter of the counting of the votes; but I shall not attempt to discuss them now, leaving the subject with the suggestion that perhaps the advantages are great enough to make it worth while attempting to surmount the difficulties.

JOHN DOLMAN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A CONVERSATION

WITH

PROFESSOR FRANK PARSONS, B.C.E., PH.D.

ON

THE CONSTITUTIONAL, ETHICAL, AND ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF GOVERNMENTAL OWNERSHIP OF THE TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE.

Q. Do you believe that the telegraph and telephone properly belong to the post-office system?

A. Yes. From the standpoint of economic adaptation and the general fitness of things, the telegraph, and the telephone trunks in coördination with the local exchanges (which may well be left to coöperative enterprise or municipal ownership under general provisions securing reasonable uniformity of equipment and harmony of management), belong to the post-office system as essential parts of the national machinery for carrying intelligence. And from a legal standpoint the answer must be to the same effect with still greater emphasis, for by the law of the land it is the duty of the government to use the best known methods in performing the business of transmitting intelligence intrusted to it by the Federal Constitution.

Q. You believe, then, that the incorporation of the telegraph and telephone into the post-office system would be constitutional?

A. Yes. It is not only constitutional: *it is required by* the Constitution. It is not the incorporation of the telegraph and telephone in the postal system, but the failure so to incorporate them, that is unconstitutional. It is the positive duty of the government to use the telegraph as a factor in the postal service. This duty is imposed by the Constitution. The Constitution makes the Federal Government the agent of the people

for the transmission of intelligence. It is a well-settled principle of law and justice that the agent is bound to execute his trust in as enlightened and energetic a manner as he does his own business of a similar nature, bound to use the best modern methods and improvements of established value in the transaction of the sort of business that has been intrusted to him. When steam transportation succeeded the stage-coach, the government was bound to utilize the new power in the postal service; and the same principles require it now to utilize the telegraph and telephone in aid of the people's correspondence. To hold the contrary, to say that Congress is not bound to adopt new methods as they are discovered and proved to be superior, is to say that it would have done its duty by continuing to carry all the mails by foot and horse, refusing the aid of steam. Any rule that would relieve Congress of the duty of using electricity in the service of the nation would equally relieve it of the duty of using steam or even horse-power in its service; and any principle that establishes the duty of the government to use the power of steam in the people's business establishes with still greater emphasis its duty to use the telegraph and telephone.

Postmaster-General John Wanamaker adopts this view—that it is the duty of Congress to establish a postal telegraph.*

The Senate Committee on post-offices and post-roads of 1874, which numbered among its members such men as Hannibal Hamlin and Alexander Ramsey, said in its report on the telegraph: "The Constitution devolved upon Congress the duty of transmitting all correspondence, including that by telegraph as well as that by mail."†

The House Committee of Ways and Means in 1845 stated the duty of the government in this matter at full length and with vigorous emphasis. Here is a part of its noble report:‡

"The government is authorized and required by the Constitution to carry intelligence. The functions thus devolved on

* Wanamaker's pamphlet on Postal Telegraph, 1890, pages 148-9.
† Senate Report 242. 43d Cong. 1st session, page 6.
‡ House Rep. 187. 28th Cong. 2d session, pp. 1-3.

the government of performing for the people the office of universal letter-carrier and news-carrier is a matter of the very highest consequence in every light in which it can be viewed. . . It is not without full reflection that the committee insist on the principle that it was the duty as well as the right of the government thus to avail itself, even at heavy additional expense, of the powerful agency of steam for the purpose of accelerating the mails. It would have been a gross and manifest dereliction to have permitted that vitally important concern, the transportation of the mail—a concern so anxiously intrusted by the Constitution to federal authority—to lag behind the improvements of the age, and to be outstripped by the pace of ordinary travel and commercial communication. . . This great and fundamental principle upon which the department acts (of not being outstripped in the transmission of correspondence and intelligence) led necessarily to using the steam engine in the service of the post-office, and it must and will lead with equal certainty to the adoption of any other newly discovered agency or contrivance possessing decided advantages of celerity over previously used methods. The same principle which justified and demanded the transference of the mail on many chief routes, from the horse-drawn coach on common highways to steam-impelled vehicles on land and water, is equally potent to warrant the calling of the electro-magnetic telegraph—that last and most wondrous birth of this wonder-teeming age—in aid of the post-office in discharge of its great function of rapidly transmitting correspondence and intelligence."

Q. What advantages would the public derive from the incorporation of the telegraph and telephone into the post-office department?

A. Lower rates, economy of operation through coördination with the postal system, increased facilities, extension of the lines, development of communication, better service, improved condition of employees, emancipation of the press from a potential tyranny apt at any time to become actual, security against discrimination, lessening of the materials for stock gambling, diminution of the monopolistic pressure that corrupts our governments, better diffusion of wealth through the abolishment of two of the great private monopolies that are among the leading instruments of wealth congestion, etc., etc.

Q. Will you dwell a little on the question of rates, extension of lines, and development of business?

A. Yes, but let me first remark that, although these material matters are very important and furnish strong reasons for a postal telegraph and telephone system, they do not constitute by any means the principal reasons for public ownership. The philosophy of public ownership and coöperative industry rests primarily on considerations entirely above the material plane, and wholly out of range of statistics of dollars and wires and offices and telephones—as far out of range as sympathy, justice, patriotism, partnership, and brother-love are out of range of the stock exchange.

In January of last year I was called before the United States Industrial Commission to testify on "railroads, telegraphs, telephones, municipal monopolies, and public ownership." While giving much space to the subject of rates and other material factors, I based the case for public ownership primarily and emphatically on ethical considerations and broad principles of statesmanship and public policy. Some months later the vice-president of the Western Union, Mr. Clark, and the general manager of the New York Telephone Company, Mr. Bethell, testified in reply, and it is very significant that they confined themselves to some of the minor points and did not even attempt an argument upon the fundamentals. Mr. Clark began with a definite effort to switch the discussion by saying, in reference to my testimony, that the evidence given the Commission in favor of public ownership of the telegraph was chiefly based on the conditions of the telegraph in Great Britain, Switzerland, and Belgium, after which he proceeded to point out the disparity of conditions as to population, wires, wages, distances, etc. In fact, however, the said evidence, with all possible emphasis from the very start, was based chiefly on the broad principle that the fundamental test of any system is its effect on character, justice, government, civilization—the human effects being far more important than any material considerations—and upon the broad facts: (1) that a normal public plant aims at service and benefit for all, while a private

monopoly aims at dividends, or profit for a few; (2) that public ownership tends to superior harmony of interest and fuller coöperation, removing the vital antagonism of interest that private monopoly creates between the owners and the public, and transferring the interest of wealthy and influential men to the side of good government and honest administration; (3) that private monopoly means congestion of power and benefit, while public ownership favors diffusion of power and wealth and service; (4) that private monopoly means taxation without representation, with power to make and unmake the fortunes of individuals, cities, States, and nations—sovereign power in private hands; (5) that *in the same country and under similar conditions,* otherwise than as to ownership, the change from private to public ownership has resulted in superior service, lower rates, better treatment of employees, less corruption of government, improved citizenship, nobler manhood, and higher civilization; (6) that the movement of civilization is toward the public ownership of monopolies, etc. —facts entirely independent of the "disparity of conditions" in wages, wires, offices, distances, etc., to which Mr. Clark directed attention. The vice-president did not touch fundamentals except when he answered "no" to the question whether or not he approved of the principle (adopted in Europe, Australia, and New Zealand) of administering the telegraph to secure the greatest public service rather than for profit, expressing personal dissent from a principle which, if admitted, establishes the case for public ownership and coöperation, since philanthropy is not practicable as a general business foundation, and public ownership or coöperation is the only other thing that can make it an aim to forego profit and so extend the service to its widest limits. Private monopoly *must* say "no" to the greatest service principle, for profit is an essential condition of its continued existence; and profit is inconsistent with greatest service, for without the profit rates could be lower and service greater.

Q. You were going to speak of the lower rates under public ownership?

A. Yes; I will do it now. When England took over the telegraph the government reduced the rates at once from thirty to fifty per cent., and afterward the postal telegraph made a further reduction of nearly one-half in the average charge per message. The eighteen million messages of 1873 cost the public just what nine million messages would have cost under the private system of three years before; and to-day about thirty-six million messages can be sent for the amount that eighteen millions cost in 1873, so that one dollar will buy about four times the telegraph service in England now that it would in 1869 under the private system, though telegraph labor is far better paid now than it was then. In this country one dollar will buy a little more than twice as much telegraphy as in 1869, and telegraph labor gets less than it did, instead of more, as in England.

When the French government took the telephone system in 1889 it reduced the charges in round numbers from $120 to $80 in Paris, and from $80 to $40 elsewhere except in Lyons ($60). The Paris rate has recently been further reduced to $60 for either residence or business, while London is still paying $100 for a business telephone.

In Berlin the public telephone rates have been put at $16 to $45. Amsterdam changed from private to public telephones in 1896, and lowered the rate from $47.20 to $36, except for hotels, restaurants, and places where the general public uses the telephone. When the government started an exchange in Stockholm it put the rates at $16.50 and $22 for a service vastly better than that for which the private exchange was receiving $22 and $28. Municipal exchanges are soon to be started in Glasgow and London, with rates about half those of the National Telephone Company.

Q. How do the telegraph charges here compare with those in foreign countries?

A. Our rates are more than double. The ordinary minimum is twenty-five cents against twelve cents in Great Britain, Germany, Norway, and Sweden, and ten cents in France, Belgium, and Austria. You can send a message anywhere in

Germany for twelve cents, and anywhere in France for ten cents; while here it costs twenty-five cents to send a telegram from one point in Massachusetts to another point in Massachusetts, and the same thing is true in New York, Pennsylvania, and each of the other States.

The average receipt per message runs from eight cents to fifteen cents in European countries, while it is thirty-one cents here. The Western Union says it is distance—the average distance per message is twice as great here. Well, that does not explain the difference between fifteen and thirty-one, for, according to Western Union statements of the cost of maintenance, the whole cost due to distance is under three cents a message, so that one and one-half cents would cover the cost due to excess of distance here. Then the Western Union says it is wages—the high wages paid by the Western Union; but it is in evidence that telegraph wages are lower here than in Europe,* so that will not do. Moreover, the efficiency of labor in the Western Union is slightly greater than in Great Britain or on the Continent—more messages per employee here.† The explanation of the charges in America is private monopoly profit, part of which goes into big salaries, not reported, and into new construction, sometimes reported and sometimes put down to operating expenses.

---

* According to the Tenth Census, volume 4, the average telegraph salary in the United States for 1872 was $360, against $288 in Europe, and in 1880 the average telegraph salary was $327 in the United States and $320 in Europe, showing a large increase in Europe and a fall in the United States. In view of the facts that further reductions were made in the United States, causing the great telegraph strike of 1883, that the company won the strike and have continued their policy of wage reduction (Senate Doc. 65, Fifty-sixth Congress, first session, pp. 38, 39, and authorities there cited), that English wages are above the general European level, and that the British reports show a rise of telegraph wages from 55 per cent. of the total expenditures in 1881 to 65 per cent. in 1895 (the last report I have in which I find this item dealt with), and from 44 per cent. of telegraph receipts in 1880 to 67 per cent. in 1899, while since 1881 the hours have been reduced in England from 56 per week to 48 day and 42 night. In view of all these facts it seems clear that the average telegraph wage is higher now in Great Britain than in the United States, this roundabout method being the only one available since the average telegraph wage in this country is not attainable.

† Sen. Doc. 65, 56th Cong., 1st session, pp. 18 and 19, note 3, giving facts from the Tenth Census, volume 4.

Vice-president Clark recently compared the charges from London to various points on the Continent with the rates from New York to other places in the United States, and contrasted the cost of 21 words here with the cost of sending 21 words in Europe, claiming that the cost was not so much greater here. I suggest, however, that the vice-president's comparison of American rates from New York with European rates from London are invalid: (1) Because the American rates are internal, while the European are international, the messages passing through two, three, and four countries, each of which adds its tariff; (2) because the American rates are land rates, while each of the European routes include the cable from England to the Continent, and, as Mr. Clark admits, in answer to a question later in his testimony, the cable service is "infinitely" more costly than the land service.

I suggest further that all his rate comparisons are vitiated by his assumption of 11 words as the average of address and signature, making 21 words to the ordinary message as a basis of comparison. In the first place, the addition of 11 words as the average for address and signature is not justified by experience, or by Western Union testimony in the past. President Green, of the Western Union, some years ago placed the average number of words in address and signature at 7 per message.* In the second place, even if the average ordinary message here were 21 words the comparison would not fairly present the situation, for, whatever may be the case here, it is perfectly certain that the average message in England is not 21 words, but about 15 words.

The *vital* matters are the *minimum* rates at which messages can be sent, and the actual average charge; for these are the things that in connection with the extension of facilities really govern the use of the telegraph, and give the English people about double the per capita use of the wires that we attain. A few words more or less to the message is of comparatively little consequence, but the ordinary minimum rate at which any message may be sent determines the strata of the population

* See Senate Doc. 65, Fifty-sixth Congress, first session, p. 14.

that can afford to use the telegraph and the frequency of its use by the whole middle class.

The vice-president says that the Baltimore and Ohio telegraph (which maintained a 10-cent rate on 19 long routes and other low rates averaging 16½ cents a message on the whole system) became bankrupt in consequence of its low tariff. But Mr. D. H. Bates, who was manager of the Baltimore and Ohio telegraph system, testified at the Bingham hearings* that the Baltimore and Ohio made a profit in spite of its low rates, and that the Western Union succeeded in buying up the Baltimore and Ohio lines, not because they proved unprofitable, but because disaster overtook the road in other departments, and it sold its telegraph business as the most available source of realizing the funds necessary to right itself.

At the annual meeting of the National Board of Trade, in January, 1888, R. W. Dunham of Chicago described the operations of a telegraph company doing business between Milwaukee and Chicago, and of which Mr. Dunham was a stockholder. The company began with a charge of one cent a word, and within two years paid back to the stockholders ninety per cent. of the money they had paid in. Then they reduced the rate to one-half a cent a word, or five cents a message, and, after deducting expenses and seven per cent. on the capital, paid back to the patrons of the line a surplus of over forty per cent. on the entire business. This went on for two years, and then we "doubled our stock from $14,000 to $28,000, making it one-half water, and still the result is about the same, and from twenty-five to forty per cent. is still paid back on the five cents a message paid by patrons."†

---

* House Committee on Post Office, hearings in reference to the Wanamaker bill, 1890. The following are examples of the Baltimore and Ohio tariff: New York to Portland, Me., and intermediate points, 10 cents; New York to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, 10 cents; New York to Chicago, 15 cents; New York to St. Louis, 20 cents; to New Orleans, 50 cents; to Galveston, Tex., 75 cents. The average charge on all messages was 16½ cents (Bingham Hearings, pp. 21, 62, 76, and Senate Doc. 65, Fifty-sixth Congress, first session, p. 21).

† Wanamaker's Argument on the Postal Telegraph, 1890, pp. 69 and 70, and Bingham Hearings, House Com. on Post-Office, 1890, page 25.

A COUPLE OF CAPITALISTS.

A Story.

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER.

On the top of the hill stood the big brick house—a mansion, compared to the other houses of the little New England village. At the foot of the hill nestled the tiny brown farmhouse, half buried in lilacs, climbing roses, and hollyhocks.

Years ago, when Reuben had first brought Emily to that little brown cottage, he had said to her, ruefully: "Sweetheart, 'tain't much of a place, I know, but we'll save and save, every cent we can get, and by and by we'll go up to live in the big house on the hill!" And he kissed so tenderly the pretty little woman he had married only that morning that she smiled brightly and declared that the small brown house was the very nicest place in the world.

But, as time passed, the "big house" came to be the Mecca of all their hopes, and penny by penny the savings grew. It was slow work, though, and to hearts less courageous the thing would have seemed an impossibility. No luxuries—and scarcely the bare necessities of life—came to the little house under the hill, but every month a tiny sum found its way into the savings bank. Fortunately, air and sunshine were cheap, and, if inside the house there was lack of beauty and cheer, outside there was a riotous wealth of color and bloom—the flowers under Emily's loving care flourished and multiplied.

The few gowns in the modest trousseau had been turned inside out and upside down, only to be dyed and turned and twisted all over again. But what was a dyed gown, when one had all that money in the bank and the big house on the hill in prospect! Reuben's best suit grew rusty and seedy, but the man patiently, even gleefully, wore it as long as it would hang

together; and when the time came that new garments must be bought for both husband and wife, only the cheapest and flimsiest of material was purchased—but the money in the bank grew.

Reuben never smoked. While other men used the fragrant weed to calm their weary brains and bodies, Reuben—ate peanuts. It had been a curious passion of his, from the time when as a boy he was first presented with a penny for his very own, to spend all his spare cash on this peculiar luxury; and the slow munching of the somewhat plebeian delicacy had the same soothing effect on him that a good cigar or an old clay pipe had upon his brother-man. But from the day of his marriage all this was changed; the dimes and the nickels bought no more peanuts, but went to swell the common fund.

It is doubtful if even this heroic economy would have accomplished the desired end had not a certain railroad company cast envious eyes upon the level valley and forthwith sent long arms of steel bearing a puffing engine up through the quiet village. A large tract of waste land belonging to Reuben Gray suddenly became surprisingly valuable, and a sum that trebled twice over the scanty savings of years grew all in a night.

One crisp October day, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Gray awoke to the fact that they were a little under sixty years of age, and in possession of more than the big sum of money necessary to enable them to carry out the dreams of their youth. They began joyous preparations at once.

The big brick house at the top of the hill had changed hands twice during the last forty years, and the present owner expressed himself as nothing loth to part, not only with the house itself, but with many of its furnishings; and before the winter snow fell the little brown cottage was sold to a thrifty young couple from the neighboring village, and the Grays took up their abode in their new home.

"Well, Em'ly, this is livin', now, ain't it?" said Reuben, as he carefully let himself down into the depths of a velvet-covered chair in the great parlor. "My! ain't this nice!"

"Just perfectly lovely," quavered the thin little voice of his wife, as she threw a surreptitious glance at Reuben's shoes to see if they were quite clean enough for such sacred precincts.

It was their first evening in their new abode, and they were a little weary, for they had spent the entire day in exploring every room, peering into every closet, and trying every chair that the establishment contained. It was still quite early when they trudged anxiously about the house, intent on fastening the numerous doors and windows.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the little woman, nervously, "I'm 'most afraid to go to bed, Reuben, for fear some one will break in and steal all these nice things."

"Well, you can sit up if you want to," replied her husband, dryly, "but I shall go to bed. Most of these things have been here nigh onto twenty years, and I guess they'll last the night through." And he marched solemnly upstairs to the big east chamber, meekly followed by his wife.

It was the next morning when Mrs. Gray was washing the breakfast dishes that her husband came in at the kitchen door and stood looking thoughtfully at her.

"Say, Em'ly," said he, "you'd oughter have a hired girl. 'Tain't your place to be doin' work like this now."

Mrs. Gray gasped—half terrified, half pleased—and shook her head; but her husband was not to be silenced.

"Well, you had—and you've got to, too. And you must buy some new clothes—lots of 'em! Why, Em'ly, we've got heaps of money now, and we hadn't oughter wear such lookin' things."

Emily nodded; she had thought of this before. And the hired-girl hint must have found a warm spot in her heart in which to grow, for that very afternoon she sallied forth, intent on a visit to her counselor on all occasions—the doctor's wife.

"Well, Mis' Steele, I don't know what to do. Reuben says I ought to have a hired girl; but I hain't no more idea where to get one than anything, and I don't know's I want one, if I did."

And Mrs. Gray sat back in her chair and rocked violently

to and fro, eyeing her hostess with the evident consciousness of having presented a poser. That resourceful woman, however, was far from being nonplussed; she beamed upon her visitor with a joyful smile.

"Just the thing, my dear Mrs. Gray! You know I am to go south with May for the winter. The house will be closed and the doctor at the hotel. I had just been wondering what to do with Nancy, for I want her again in the spring. Now, you can have her until then, and by that time you will know how you like the idea of keeping a girl. She is a perfect treasure, capable of carrying along the entire work of the household, only—" and Mrs. Steele paused long enough to look doubtfully at her friend, "she is a little independent, and won't stand much interference."

Fifteen minutes later Mrs. Gray departed, well pleased though withal a little frightened. She spent the rest of the afternoon in trying to decide between a black alpaca and a green cashmere dress.

That night Reuben brought home a large bag of peanuts and put them down in triumph on the kitchen table.

"There!" he announced in high glee, "I'm goin' to have a bang-up good time!"

"Why, Reuben," remonstrated his wife, gently, "you can't eat them things—you hain't got no teeth to chew 'em with!"

The man's lower jaw dropped.

"Well, I'm agoin' to try it, anyhow," he insisted. And try it he did; but the way his poor old stomach rebelled against the half-masticated things effectually prevented a repetition of the feast.

Early on Monday morning Nancy appeared. Mrs. Gray assumed a brave aspect, but she quaked in her shoes as she showed the big strapping girl to her room. Five minutes later Nancy came into the kitchen to find Mrs. Gray bending over an obstinate coal fire in the range—with neither coal nor range was the little woman in the least familiar.

"There, now," said Nancy, briskly, "I'll fix that. You just tell me what you want for dinner, and I can find the things

myself;" and she attacked the stove with such a clatter and din that Mrs. Gray retreated in terror, murmuring "ham and eggs, if you please" as she fled through the door. Once in the parlor, she seated herself in the middle of the room and thought how nice it was not to get dinner; but she jumped nervously at every sound from the kitchen.

On Tuesday she had mastered her fear sufficiently to go into the kitchen and make a cottage cheese. She did not notice the unfavorable glances of her maid-of-all-work. Wednesday morning she spent happily puttering over "doing up" some handkerchiefs, and she wondered why Nancy kept banging the oven door so often. Thursday she made a special kind of pie that Reuben liked, and remarked pointedly to Nancy that she herself never washed dishes without wearing an extra apron; furthermore, she always placed the pans the other way in the sink. Friday she rearranged the tins on the pantry shelves, which Nancy had so unaccountably mussed up. On Saturday the inevitable explosion came:

"If you please, mum, I'm willin' to do your work, but seems to me it don't make no difference to you whether I wear one apron or six, or whether I hang my dish-towels on a string or on the bars, or whether I wash goblets or kittles first; and I ain't in the habit of havin' folks spyin' round on me. If you want me to go, I'll go; but if I stay, I want to be let alone!"

Poor little Mrs. Gray fled to her seat in the parlor, and for the rest of that winter she did not dare to call her soul her own; but her table was beautifully set and served, and her house was as neat as wax.

The weeks passed and Reuben began to be restless. One day he came in from the post-office fairly bubbling over with excitement.

"Say, Em'ly, when folks have money they travel. Let's go somewhere!"

"Why, Reuben—where?" quavered his wife, dropping into the nearest chair.

"Oh, I dunno," with cheerful vagueness; then, suddenly animated, "let's go to Boston and see the sights!"

"But, Reuben, we don't know no one there," ventured his wife, doubtfully.

"Pooh! what if we don't? Hain't we got money? Can't we stay at a hotel? Well, I guess we can!" And his overwhelming courage put some semblance of confidence into the more timid heart of his wife, until by the end of the week she was as eager as he.

Nancy was tremblingly requested to take a two-weeks vacation, and great was the rejoicing when she graciously acquiesced.

On a bright February morning the journey began. It was not a long one—four hours only—and the time flew by as on wings of the wind. Reuben assumed an air of worldly wisdom, quite awe-inspiring to his wife. He had visited Boston as a boy, and so had a dim idea of what to expect; moreover, he had sold stock and produce in the large towns near his home, and on the whole felt quite self-sufficient.

As the long train drew into the station, and they alighted and followed the crowd, Mrs. Gray looked with round eyes of wonder at the people—she had not realized there were so many in the world. The frantic shouts of the hackmen struck cold terror to her heart, and she clung closer to Reuben, who was marching along with a fine show of indifference.

"There," said he, as he deposited his wife and his bags in a seat in the huge waiting-room; "now you stay right here, and don't you move. I'm goin' to find out about hotels and things."

He was gone so long that she was nearly fainting from fright before she spied his dear form coming toward her. His thin, plain face looked wonderfully beautiful to her, and she almost hugged him right before all those people.

"Well, I've got a hotel all right; but I hain't been here for so long I've kinder forgot about the streets, so the man said we'd better have a team take us there." And he picked up the bags and trudged off in the direction of the bawling hackmen, closely followed by Emily.

His shrewd Yankee wit carried him safely through a bargain with the driver, and they were soon jolting and rumbling along

to their destination. He had asked the man behind the newsstand about a hotel, casually mentioning that he had money—plenty of it—and wanted a "bang-up good place." The spirit of mischief had entered the heart of the newsman, and he had given Reuben the name of the very highest-priced, most luxurious hotel in the city.

As the carriage stopped, Reuben, disdaining the more quiet "ladies' entrance," marched boldly up the broader steps and entered the palatial office, with Emily close at his heels. Two bell-boys sprang forward—the one to take the bags, the other to offer to show Mrs. Gray to the reception-room.

"No, thank you, I ain't particular," said she, sweetly; "I'll wait for Reuben here." And she dropped into the nearest chair, while her husband advanced toward the desk. Not until she noticed that men were looking curiously at her did she discover that she was the only woman present; and she felt relieved when Reuben and the pretty boy came back and said they would go up to their room.

She stood the elevator pretty well, though she gave a little gasp (which she tried to choke into a cough) as it started. Reuben turned to the boy.

"Where can I get somethin' to eat?"

"Luncheon is being served in the main dining-room on the first floor, sir."

Visions of a lunch as he knew it in Emily's pantry came to him, and he looked a little dubious.

"Well, I'm pretty hungry; but if that's all I can get I suppose it will have to do."

Ten minutes later an officious head waiter, whom Emily looked upon with timid awe, was seating them in the superbly appointed dining-room. Reuben looked at the *menu* doubtfully, while an attentive, soft-voiced man at his elbow bent low to catch his order. Few of the strange-looking words conveyed any sort of meaning to the poor hungry man. At length spying "chicken" half way down the card, he pointed to it in relief.

"I guess I'll take some of that," said he, briefly; then he

added, "I don't know how much it costs—you hain't got no price after it."

The waiter comprehended at once.

"The luncheon is served in courses, sir; you pay for the whole—whether you eat it or not," he added, shrewdly. "If you will let me serve you according to my judgment, sir, I think I can please you."

And there the forlorn little couple sat, amazed and hungry, through six courses, each one of which seemed to their uneducated palate one degree worse than the last.

Two hours later they started for a long walk down the wonderful, fascinating street. Each marvelous window display came in for its full share of attention, but they stood longest before bakeries and restaurants. Finally, upon coming to one of the latter, where an enticing sign announced: *"Boiled Dinner To-day, Served Hot at All Hours,"* Reuben could endure it no longer.

"By Jinks, Em'ly, I've just got to have some of that. That stodged-up mess I ate at the hotel didn't go to the spot at all. Come on; let's have a good square meal."

The hotel knew them just one night. The next morning before breakfast Reuben manfully paid his—to him astounding—bill and departed for more congenial quarters, which they soon found on a neighboring street.

The rest of the visit was, of course, delightful, only the streets were pretty crowded and noisy and they couldn't sleep very well at night; moreover, Reuben lost his pocketbook with a small sum of money in it; so, on the whole, they concluded to go home a little before the two weeks ended.

When spring came Nancy returned to her former mistress, and her vacant throne remained unoccupied. Little by little the dust gathered on the big velvet chairs in the parlor, and the room was opened less and less. When the first green things commenced to send tender shoots up through the wet, brown earth, Reuben's restlessness was very noticeable. By and by he began to go off early every morning, returning at noon for a hasty dinner, then away again till night. To his wife's re-

peated questioning, he would reply, sheepishly, "Oh, just loafin', that's all."

And Emily was nervous, too. Of late she had taken a great fancy to a daily walk, and it always led in one direction—down past the little brown house. Of course, she had glanced over the fence at the roses and lilacs, and she couldn't help seeing that they all looked sadly neglected. By and by the weeds came, grew, and multiplied; and every time she passed the gate her throat fairly choked in sympathy with her old pets.

Evenings, she and Reuben spent very happily on the back stoop, talking of their great good fortune in being able to live in such a fine large house. Somehow they said more than usual about it this spring, and Reuben often mentioned how glad he was that his wife didn't have to dig in the garden any more; and Emily would reply that she, too, was glad that he was having so easy a time. Then they would look down at the little brown farmhouse and wonder how they ever managed to get along in so tiny a place.

One day, in passing this same little house, Emily stopped a moment and leaned over the gate, that she might gain a better view of her favorite rosebush. She evinced the same interest the next two mornings, and on the third she timidly opened the gate and walked up the old path to the door. A buxom woman with a big baby in her arms, and a bigger one hanging to her skirts, answered her knock.

"How do you do, Mis' Gray? Won't you come in?" said she, civilly, looking mildly surprised.

"No, thank you—yes—I mean—I came to see you," stammered Emily, confusedly.

"You're very good," murmured the woman, still standing in the doorway.

"Your flowers are so pretty," ventured Mrs. Gray, unable to keep the wistfulness out of her voice.

"Do you think so?" carelessly, "I s'pose they need weedin'. What with my babies an' all, I don't get much time for posies."

"Oh, please—would it be too much trouble to let me come

and putter round in the beds?" queried the little woman, eagerly. "Oh, I would like to so much!"

The other laughed heartily.

"Well, I really don't see how it's goin' to trouble me to have you weedin' my flowers; in fact, I should think the shoe would be on the other foot;" then the red showed in her face a little. "You're welcome to do whatever you want, Mis' Gray."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Emily, as she quickly pulled up an enormous weed almost at her feet.

It took but a few mornings' work to bring about a wonderfully happy change in that forlorn garden, and then Mrs. Gray found that she had a big pile of weeds to dispose of. Filling her apron with a portion of them, she started to go behind the house in search of a garbage heap. Around the corner she came face to face with her husband, hoe in hand.

"Why, Reuben Gray! Whatever in the world are *you* doing?"

For a moment the man was crushed with the enormity of his crime; then he caught sight of his wife's dirt-stained fingers.

"Well, I guess I ain't doin' no worse than you be!" and he turned his back and begun to hoe vigorously.

Emily dropped the weeds where she stood, turned about, walked through the garden and up the hill, pondering many things.

Supper was quiet that night. Mrs. Gray had asked a single question: "Reuben, do you want the little house back?"

A glad light leaped into the old man's eyes.

"Em'ly—would you be willin' to?"

After the supper dishes were put away, Mrs. Gray with a light shawl over her head came to her husband on the back stoop.

"Come, dear; I think we'd better go down to-night."

A few minutes later they sat stiffly in the best room of the farmhouse, while the buxom woman and her husband looked wonderingly at them.

"You wa'n't thinkin' of sellin', was ye?" began Reuben, insinuatingly.

The younger man's eyelid quivered a little.

"Well, no—I can't hardly say that I was. I hain't but just bought."

Reuben hitched his chair a bit and glanced at Emily.

"Well, me and my wife have concluded that we're too old to transplant—we don't seem to take root very easy—and we've been thinkin'—would you swap even, now?"

* * *

It must have been a month later that Reuben Gray and his wife were contentedly sitting in the old familiar kitchen of the little brown house.

"I've been wondering, Reuben," said Mrs. Gray, musingly, "I've been wondering if 'twouldn't have been just as well if we'd taken *some* of the good things while they was goin'—before we got too old to enjoy 'em."

"Peanuts, for instance," acquiesced her husband, ruefully.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

By B. O. Flower.

THE PROBLEM OF CRIME IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

I. MISSISSIPPI'S SUCCESSFUL CONVICT FARMS.

The experiment recently undertaken by the State of Mississippi in convict farming is not only a great improvement upon the old system of leasing out the State prisoners, so long in vogue throughout the South, but it embodies one phase of the treatment of criminals that we believe will govern the action of twentieth-century civilization after the underlying demands of enlightened penology have been accepted.

In Mississippi, as in many of our great commonwealths, there is much land either idle or so poorly cultivated that it is comparatively worthless so far as productive yield or return is concerned, and consequently it may be purchased for a trifling amount per acre. When the State government decided upon employment of its prisoners in open-air labor, it secured large tracts of land in the Yazoo Delta, which were divided into twelve convict farms, and here the prisoners were employed cultivating the soil, the chief crop being cotton, from which last year the State received an income of over $125,000. So satisfactory have been the results that the State has recently bought 12,000 additional acres for similar purposes, and the authorities confidently expect the yield from this land to swell the State's income by at least $100,000, making $225,000 in all as a return for labor that has too often been condemned to idleness or leased out under essentially brutalizing conditions.

Alabama and Louisiana have followed the example of Mississippi. It is right and proper that the State should be reimbursed by the labor of those who have proved a burden, an expense, and a menace to society; and when this labor is performed in the fresh air and sunshine it is healthful and

helpful to the convicts, provided, of course, that a spirit of humanity and love for the unfortunates permeates the prison management.

II. PENOLOGY'S MESSAGE TO PRESENT-DAY CIVILIZATION.

In the past convicts have too frequently been condemned to idleness or have been permitted to pass their days with no well-considered discipline in regard to bodily exercise and mental activity. This essentially inhuman treatment has resulted in a great increase in insanity among the inmates of penitentiaries, while those who have gone forth from the prisons at the expiration of their terms of sentence have too often left their confinement far more degraded and hopeless than when they entered the prison walls.

According to enlightened penologists all crime is the result of moral disease, and being such demands intelligent, humane, and conscientious treatment. They would grade criminals and seek by every wise and worthy means to stimulate the divine in their natures. They insist upon the State's keeping in mind its duty to society at large in protecting it from criminals, its duty to the people in their organic capacity in insisting upon productive employment through which the prisoner reimburses the government for the cost he has entailed, and last, but by no means least, its obligation to the individual, who, as has been amply proved, is very largely the product of bad heredity and unfortunate early environment.

III. HOW THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MAY REDUCE CRIME AND REDEEM CRIMINALS.

We believe that one of the greatest victories of the incoming century will be found in the treatment of criminals along these lines—a victory that will be fundamental in character and beneficent in its results upon society and the criminal class. Under a wise, enlightened, and truly statesmanlike system the State would proceed with mature deliberation, ever keeping in view (1) the reduction of the volume of crime; (2) the protection of society; (3) the reimbursing of the State by criminals, or the lifting of the burden imposed through crime, at least in part, from the non-criminal class by compelling prisoners to carry forward productive labor; (4) the restoration of the morally diseased ones; and (5) the equipping of the criminal with a knowledge of some

craft or useful trade by which he may earn an honest livelihood when again he enters the great work-a-day world.

Even the most optimistic students of criminology admit that the results of our prison system in the past have been far from what could be wished and, indeed, reasonably expected from a civilization supposed to be governed by the gospel of the great Nazarene, and whose progress in other directions has been most gratifying. The stream of criminality still flows onward, measurably unchecked, while the influence exerted on the individual by our prison systems has been for the most part a dismal failure. If with the result of the present system in mind we now turn to the enlightened program that many twentieth-century penologists are seeking to inaugurate, we will see at a glance how fundamentally just, wise, and essentially practical is the proposed forward movement.

Starting with the proposition that all crime is due to moral disease, the humane penologist demands that the criminal be treated with a view to awakening the conscience and developing the weakened moral nature. He would carefully grade the criminals and have them under the supervision of the wisest alienists. He insists that single offenders and those young in crime should under no circumstances be thrown with incorrigibles, nor should the term of confinement be dependent on an arbitrary period, without reference to whether or not the distemper had been corrected. To turn the uncured criminal loose again to prey upon society and beget a brood of young criminals, cursed before they see the light of heaven, is a crime against the State and against posterity; while simply to confine a person, or to confine him and keep him at incessant toil, displays a lack of wisdom and foresight as well as of humanity on the part of government. Especially is this the case when we keep in mind a well-established fact of penology—that more than half the criminals are the victims of heredity and evil early environment over which they had no control.

IV. HOW THE CRIMINAL SHOULD BE SAVED AND THE STATE STRENGTHENED.

The progressive penologist would never lose sight of the great demands that devolve upon the enlightened State in the treatment of the unfortunate criminal:

(1) The redemption if possible of the offender.

(2) The protection of society from his baleful influence so long as his condition renders him a menace to the public.

(3) The reimbursement of the State through systematic and productive labor by the criminal.

In regard to the individual offender, he should have hours for schooling, at which the first consideration should be the calling out of all that is finest, noblest, and truest in his nature—the awakening of the divine in his soul. This schooling would of course develop the mental faculties, but its first object would be the awakening of the moral nature—something that could best be achieved by continually holding before the prisoner some high, true ideal of life and familiarizing him with the stories of the truly great—the real moral heroes of the ages; and their great virtues should be emphasized, not in a didactic or theological way, but incidentally, while dwelling upon the interesting stories of their lives. Illustrated lectures should be given in which, accompanied by glimpses of the great world, such incidents from history should be related as show how from time to time man has risen to sublime heights, often from humble positions and in places from which we would least expect greatness. The prisoners should, so far as possible, be brought in contact with good literature. Those inclined to learn typesetting or proof-reading, or to write essays, should be encouraged, and the matter with which they deal should at all times be of such a character as to hold up high, pure, and noble ideals before the mental retina. In a word, every effort should be made to overcome evil with good, to drive out the darkness with the light; for a man is sooner or later like that he dwells upon. He rises or falls according as his ideals are noble or ignoble.

It is not enough to develop the moral nature, broaden the intellectual vision, and enrich the imagination by flooding it with new, fair, and pleasing prospects. The criminal should be made the master of some trade, craft, or special kind of useful and necessary work. With this end in view each prisoner should be given the choice of several useful trades, crafts, or occupations. It matters not in what important and useful employment he becomes expert, provided of course it is a necessary labor and one that is constantly calling for able and expert operators. Some might choose book-printing, some engraving, some book-binding, some the management of great modern printing-presses, some weaving, others truck-gardening, or any one of a number of other useful occupations. When once the convict has made his choice

he should be compelled to serve a thorough apprenticeship, under pleasant conditions, but where strict discipline and regular hours should prevail, the aim being to make him a master in some special calling for skilled labor, as there are always openings for the most skilled workmen, and a mastery of a special trade or occupation would greatly increase his opportunity to gain an honest livelihood on his release from prison.

So much is demanded by the higher law for the individual, and here, as everywhere, that which is just and humane is in the long run wise and expedient. The result following such treatment could not fail greatly to diminish the volume of crime, with its incident misery and waste of life and wealth.

V. PRODUCTIVE LABOR FOR THE STATE.

In addition to this there should be a carefully worked out program by which a portion of every day, or alternate weeks, should be given to productive work. When this labor can be performed in the open air it is of course better for the prisoner, who in the nature of the case is too much confined. But when necessary for work to be carried on indoors conditions should be pleasant and such as would promote health. Under a wise and broad-visioned system convicts could easily be made to build great stone or macadam highways throughout the length and breadth of the different commonwealths—highways that would be of incalculable value to the people. This work could be easily arranged by having the stones reduced to the different grades of fineness by machinery operated by convicts in the prison grounds; and while this work was being performed temporary iron buildings and stockades could be erected at different points along the line of the proposed State highway. Then relays of convicts could be taken for one week at a time for labor on the road. At the end of the week these workers could be relieved to make place for other relays, while the first contingent would be allowed to devote the entire subsequent week to study and work on their chosen craft or trade, which had necessarily been neglected during their labors on the highway. In this manner great permanent roadways, rivaling those of the ancient Romans, could be builded in every State by laborers who for years in many commonwealths have been condemned to idleness or to practically non-productive work. In this manner also levees could be builded and waste lands reclaimed, while the labor,

if carried on in a humane and just manner, would prove a positive benefit to the criminals as well as to the State.

These thoughts are necessarily merely suggestive—hints of what may be done by the adoption of a wise, statesmanlike, and beneficent though revolutionary program, based on the demonstrations of science and on considerations of justice and humanity. This is a work that concerns every citizen, for each exercises a certain influence that should be actively employed on the side of human progress.

* * *

THE TITANIC CONFLICT OF THE PRESENT.

The Republic has reached a critical point in its history. Around the ideal of free government, erected by the great apostles of liberty, a stubborn conflict is being waged between the genius of despotism and the spirit of freedom; and the most alarming aspect of the battle is found in the indifference of the masses in the presence of a supreme peril. The reactionaries, who are at present so aggressive in State, in Church, and in the market-place, embody the spirit of a selfish, egoistic materialism which scorns the ideal, and though frequently affecting a lofty morality in speech and action they exemplify the same brutal indifference to the welfare of others, the same cynicism touching the principles of justice and brotherhood upon which Christianity rests and which are the key-note of progress and enlightenment, that have been the most marked characteristics of every great nation when, with death chilling its heart, it has blossomed in the glory of a frost-touched maple whose peculiar splendor is the certain and inevitable herald of barren, leafless, winter-locked limbs.

History teaches no more solemn lesson than that whenever conscience ceases to govern and guide a people, whenever justice is thrust aside by greed or ambition, whenever the ideal of duty is supplanted by expediency, and whenever the fundamental demands of the law of solidarity are disregarded in the interests of the few, a nation, by so far as she is thus recreant to her high and holy trust, passes into eclipse, though for a time her robings of material splendor and the hectic flush upon her cheek may seem to belie the impending doom.

The world's truest prophets during the last fifty years, beholding the supreme danger that menaced Western civiliza-

tion through "excessive devotion to the material" and through the supremacy of egoism and the reactionary spirit of despotism, have raised their voices in solemn warning. Victor Hugo, the exile for freedom's sake, from his ocean-girt island home gave this message to the friends of progress:

"Excessive devotion to the material is the evil of our epoch. . . The great problem is to restore to the human mind something of the ideal. . . A moral lift is necessary. The life of nations, like the life of individuals, has its moments of depression; these moments pass, certainly, but no trace of them ought to remain. Man, at this day, tends to fall into the stomach. Man must be replaced in the heart; man must be replaced in the brain. . . The social question requires to-day, more than ever, to be examined on the side of human dignity."

And Giuseppe Mazzini, perhaps the clearest-visioned and most deeply spiritual of the great moral heroes and prophets of progress whose lives and thoughts have made the nineteenth century forever glorious in the annals of civilization, has given a graphic picture of present-day civilization and of the pitfalls that confront the cause of liberty and enlightenment in his last great published utterance, written in 1872, when the shadow of death was mantling his noble and selfless brow. In this last solemn warning the apostle of altruism thus characterizes with startling accuracy the cause of the failure of freedom's splendid promises and the deadly danger that faces republics to-day:

"Success is gradually taken for the sign and symbol of legitimacy, and men learn to substitute the worship of the actual for the worship of the true; a disposition which is shortly after transformed into the adoration of Force. Force is by degrees accepted and sought after, even by those who invoke the holy names of justice and truth as the principal means of their achievement and application. The guidance of liberty is intrusted to the weapons of tyranny. . .

"Those who have succeeded, by means of a temporary fraternization with the people, in obtaining what they require, unmindful of their promises and of the pact of solidarity to which they had sworn, content themselves with the quiet enjoyment of their own rights, and leave the people to acquire theirs in their turn, if they can, and how they can. Material interests become the arbitrators of all things; riches and power are held synonymous with greatness in the mind of the nation. National policy is converted into a mere policy of distrust, jealousy, and division between those who suffer and those who enjoy; those who are able to turn their liberty to profit, and those who have naught of liberty but the empty name.

"International policy loses sight of all rule of justice, all love of righteousness, and becomes a policy of mere egotism and aggrandize-

ment; at times of degradation, and at times of glory, bartered for at others' expense. Intelligence embellishes both crimes and errors by sophism and system; teaches indifference or mute contemplation in philosophy; lust and the worship of the external in art; stupid submission or savage rebellion in politics."

The great Italian has not overdrawn the picture, and in the presence of such a peril a supreme duty devolves upon every man and woman who believes in the ideal of justice, freedom, brotherhood, and duty that was the pillar of fire which guided the fathers of our Republic through a night-time otherwise impenetrable in its gloom, and over an unblazed but glorious pathway. Less than ever can the true patriot or the believer in human progress become a laggard now. Up and at work as never before! Catch something of the old spirit of Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln; of Hugo, Carlisle, and Mazzini! Know that God and all the forces that endure are leagued with freedom, justice, and brotherhood!

While fully recognizing the seriousness of the outlook, we are not of those who believe that the golden bauble of material wealth has so far hypnotized our millions that a reaction is not probable in which the ideal of duty shall overmaster the soul-destroying influences now at work. We still believe that the seeds of democracy have taken too deep root to be choked out by the rank weeds of selfish materialism. And again, with Mazzini, we believe that—

"The ascending movement of democracy is as evident to those who dread it as to those who hail it with applause; . . it rules and moves, not one, but all the manifestations of human life; repression is of no avail, for if repulsed on one point it rises up more powerfully upon another. A hundred years of regularly increasing agitation prove a vitality which cannot die. . . Let us remain republicans and apostles of our faith, for the people and with the people; reverencing genius, but on condition that, like the sun, it diffuse its light, warmth, and life upon the multitudes. Truth is the shadow of God on earth, and he who seeks to monopolize it to himself is an assassin of the soul; even as he who hears the cry of an agony he might relieve, yet passes on, is an assassin of the body. Intellect, like every other faculty given by God, is given for the benefit of all; a double duty toward his brothermen devolves upon him who has more than the rest."

The one great fact for us to remember is that we cannot escape the solemn obligations that devolve upon us; and as surely as there is another life there will be no escape from the result of our action in the presence of this responsibility. I know there are many who seem to be fainting by the wayside

at the present time. They tell us that the disease in the body politic is too far gone; that effort in behalf of liberty and progress must fall before the onward march of arrogant commercialism and egoistic greed. But we do not believe such to be the case. We believe that the future of our land is leagued with the light of freedom and justice, though the signs of the dawn be still faint in the east. But even if it were not so, yet know that our duty would be the same. Know that even though the great Republic had turned from the Lord of life and truth to the dice of the gambler, the cup of the reveler, and the bauble bought with gold; know that even though the Republic that was once the hope of the world's oppressed and the leader of liberty's vanguard should prove recreant to the highest truths ever vouchsafed to a people and through apathy fall back into the night—yet you who have refused to bow the knee to the Baal of materialistic egoism, you who have kept faith in freedom and progress, you who have refused to lay aside the armor of duty or to turn from the divine glory of the ideal, will be battling for eternal progress, leagued with light and love in the noblest warfare known to the aspiring soul. And long after prince, potentate, millionaire, or the haughtiest son of egoism shall be forgotten, your lives, your deeds, and your words will live in the hearts of the good, an unfailing inspiration to those who after us shall buckle on the armor of God and carry forward to victory the gospel of the Golden Rule—the ideal of brotherhood builded on the granite of justice and cemented by love.

* * *

FASHIONS IN MEDICINE: SOME NEW TREATMENTS IN VOGUE.

I. MEDICAL PROGRESS.

Though fashions in medicine among orthodox physicians change less frequently than do the fashions in woman's dress, yet the changes are quite as certain, radical, and at times quixotic as those in the feminine world which from time to time call forth the derision of critics. In one respect, however, the medical profession is in advance of the Parisian arbiters of woman's apparel. Their changes for the most part are in the

right direction. The days of wholesale mineral medication, of universal bleeding, and of blistering have given place to more sane and effective treatment; but these changes have been largely due to the pressure brought to bear by outside influences. Thus homeopathy has operated in such a manner as greatly to lessen the size of the doses. Eclecticism compelled physicians to take note of the superior medicinal virtues of many common herbs and plants, and thus vegetable remedies have been very largely introduced, with excellent results. Water cure, electricity, massage, and recently suggestion—each after running the gantlet of savage opposition from the regular profession—have materially modified the general practise. Hence, I am convinced that the progress of the orthodox profession has been furthered as much, if not more, through outside influences and new schools of practise which the regular physicians have strenuously sought to outlaw and strangle, as from increased intelligence within the regular profession.

Every year witnesses new and revolutionary theories advanced concerning the nature or treatment of disease. The spread of yellow fever by the mosquito is perhaps the most striking of the recent revolutionary discoveries that have received general acceptance; yet that discovery is merely typical, as will be seen from the following interesting new treatments that are published in a recent issue of that able and authoritative representative journal, the New York *Medical Times:*

II. A NEW CURE FOR TUBERCULOSIS.

French physicians of high standing now advance the claim that raw meat is a specific in the cure of that universally dreaded and hitherto supposedly incurable disease, tuberculosis, or consumption of the lungs.

In June, 1901, Dr. Hericourt, whose standing is said to be of the first rank among French physicians, presented a paper of great interest and moment before the Academy of Medicine, in which he gave a detailed account of thirty-five cases of well-defined consumption treated by zomol, or raw beef. Every one of these cases, he asserts, was completely cured by the new food remedy. This treatment had been previously described by MM. Richet and Hericourt in the *Académie des Sciences,* in which they insisted that cooked meat did not possess the desired specific properties that were exhibited by the raw meat. They further advanced the somewhat sweeping claim that "the therapeutic activity of raw meat is solely con-

centrated in the portion soluble in water, which part is contained in the muscular plasma, and that raw meat does not act as a super-alimentary agent, but somewhat as a lymph vaccine, having a distinct and specific action against tuberculosis." These authorities declare that it is difficult to infect dogs that have been fed on an exclusively raw meat diet with tuberculosis. Often several injections of human tuberculosis are necessary before they make any impression on the animal; while dogs not so fed readily take the disease, and, if not fed on raw meat, die of consumption in from forty to sixty days from the time of inoculation. Dogs fed on raw meat after the disease is manifest are either cured or have their lives greatly prolonged.

The method of preparing the raw meat, favored for its convenience and effectiveness by Dr. Hericourt, is as follows: The muscular plasma of beef, called zomol, is "filtered rapidly as soon as expressed from the meat, and evaporated at a low temperature until converted into small, dry scales. Dissolved in water, zomol partakes of all the properties of fresh muscular plasma and replaces it in all cases with advantage. It can also be administered in the dry, liquid, or semi-liquid state with food, and is quite palatable. The daily dose should be at least 10 grams (one-third of an ounce), about two or three teaspoonfuls, which is equivalent to the soluble constituents of 200 grams of fresh meat."

Should further experiments confirm the claims of these physicians, the discovery will be the most valuable contribution by regular practitioners to the healing art since the introduction of antiseptic treatment of wounds and the discovery of ether.

III. A SIMPLE CURE FOR YELLOW FEVER.

Inoculation for yellow fever has proved at once dangerous and unsatisfactory, but following close upon the disappointing experiments conducted in Cuba comes an interesting announcement from the Marine Hospital Bureau relative to the treatment of yellow fever by a simple remedy. In the bulletin to which we refer appears a report from Dr. S. H. Hodgson, of the United States Navy, in which he claims that a tincture or fluid extract of the seed of cedron is employed in Central America by many people as a specific in the treatment of yellow fever. This physician asserts that his experiments, made with a tincture of rather uncertain strength, upon nine laborers at Jiminez, Costa Rica, who were attacked with yellow fever,

were most gratifying. The drug, which was administered hypodermically, promptly relieved the headache and nausea, and all the patients recovered. He is confident that in this medicine we have a trustworthy cure for yellow fever.

IV. THE DAGON OF QUININE OUT OF FAVOR IN THE TREATMENT OF COLDS.

For years quinine has been a kind of sheet anchor with many regular physicians in the treatment of colds, but now comes the eminent Dr. Charles H. Shepard, of the Brooklyn Heights Sanitarium, and in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* insists that quinine should be avoided in the treatment of colds. He advances the following interesting conclusions as results from wide observance and practise in overcoming colds:

"Exposure is less responsible for colds than inactivity of excretory organs, the mucous membrane of the head discharging the impurities of the system, instead of the proper eliminating organs.

"Lowered nervous tone weakens vital resistance to morbific changes.

"Highly seasoned foods and frequent eating occasion congestion of the mucous membranes. A starving man cannot take cold.

"As a form of radical treatment Dr. Shepard considers the Turkish bath a *sine qua non*. The avoidance of alcoholic stimulants, greatly diminished diet, quantities of water internally, with thorough evacuation of the bowels, will, in the opinion of the doctor, serve to break up most colds."

* * *

PRESIDENT DIAZ'S PROMPT AND EFFICIENT REMEDY FOR OPPRESSIVE TRUSTS.

The President of Mexico has recently given the world a striking example of the true function of government on the one hand, and of how to overcome the oppression and injustice of trusts and monopolies on the other—an illustration that ought to open the eyes of our people to the pitiful character of the subservient publicans who fatten off of trusts and yet pretend to be the friends of the Republic and of justice.

The staple food of the poor of Mexico is corn, and, next to corn, beans form the chief article of diet. Both of these are raised in immense quantities in the southern republic. Some time ago a number of shrewd individuals sought to imitate the trusts and monopolies of the United States and accumulate vast

fortunes at the expense of the people. They accordingly succeeded in making a corner in corn, with the result that the chief food of the poor cost from one hundred to four hundred times as much as it had sold for, although there had been no shortage in the crop. With the advance in the price of corn the increased demand for beans occasioned a great rise in the cost of that food also; so that the poor began to suffer in proportion as the few speculators waxed richer.

The President of Mexico derives no small part of his power from the watchfulness he ever exercises over the rights and the welfare of his people, especially the weak and defenseless ones; and, in the presence of this wrong, we hear no weak cry of not being able to find a remedy. Here was an evil that was calling for redress. He was empowered to do certain things that would tend to relieve the suffering, but it was in the power of the Congress to take action meanwhile that would break the backbone of the monopoly, by the enacting of a measure such as the President and his Cabinet quickly framed. Accordingly, President Diaz issued a proclamation in which he stated that, "desiring to relieve the situation of the needy classes who are suffering in consequence of the high price of corn," he removed the existing duty on that cereal. He also greatly reduced the duty on wheat. This much lay within his constitutional power, but this might not prove sufficient to destroy the power of a cruel monopoly, which had already occasioned much suffering among the poor. Therefore, the Chamber of Deputies was appealed to. Timanco's minister, Limantuur, sent a message, accompanied by a measure drafted by the President and his Cabinet, which empowered the President to buy corn and sell if necessary at a loss, in order that the suffering of the people might be relieved and a famine averted. This bill was promptly passed, and the President immediately purchased a large consignment of corn from the United States. This measure caused a decline in the price, but the combine was stubborn and showed a disposition to hold up the price. Then the government bought other consignments and hammered down the price until it reached the normal figure.

This action of the Mexican Republic is as instructive and suggestive as it is humiliating to the American citizen who compares this wise forethought, this solicitude for the public weal, and prompt and just action of the Mexican Republic with the uniform policy pursued by *our* Government since the appointment of a leading trust attorney by Mr. Cleveland to the position of Attorney-General of the United States.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S TIMELY WORDS IN FAVOR OF IRRIGATION.

One of the most important features of President Roosevelt's message is his recommendation in regard to the reclamation of arid land by irrigation. For more than eight years THE ARENA has advocated governmental action along this line. In no way can the Republic so foster national wealth and increase the happy homes as by reclaiming the vast desert plains. Some time ago there was much talk about the expenditure of seven million dollars in reclaiming an arid region in Egypt; but since the work was done the annual return from the territory thus called back to man's uses is five million dollars.

In the Philippines, in the conduct of an ignominious and disgraceful war, we are spending millions of dollars, to say nothing of the waste of young American life and the demoralization of thousands of America's young men who should be engaged in honorable productive toil instead of destroying life and devastating the isles of the tropics. If a tithe of the money thus far spent in an effort to subjugate a liberty-loving people had been spent in reclaiming arid lands, the honor of the Republic would have been unsullied, and the gain in national riches through the increased production of real wealth and the building up of happy homes would have far eclipsed all the gain we can reasonably hope to acquire in the Philippines for generations to come.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

Reviewed by B. O. Flower.*

A TRUMPET CALL TO THE HIGHER NATURE.

DOMINION AND POWER. Studies in Spiritual Science. By Charles Brodie Patterson. Cloth, 217 pp. Price, $1. New York: The Alliance Publishing Company.

I.

It is a fact, and to many a very sad and ominous fact, that the pulpit throughout Christendom is exerting less and less influence over the public mind. Empty pews, the constant appeal for funds, and the warning notes sent forth at short intervals through representative church papers are by no means the only, nor yet the most impressive, witnesses to this solemn fact. The line of ethical demarcation between the lives of the pillars of the Church and of those who have no affiliation with religious bodies is all but effaced; while the minister in a metropolitan church who should insist on living the life and teaching the truths that Jesus lived and taught would soon find himself without a pastorate. The poem, "The Parable," by James Russell Lowell, describing Christ coming to the modern Church, was never more applicable than at the present day. True, we have a few great ministers with souls so aflame with love that they touch the hearts of men and women and mold the lives of thousands by the magic of that spiritual power that made the truth on the lips of a Paul, a Savonarola, or a Wesley compelling in its influence on the brain and heart of the people. But for the most part the clergy have become timid and the Church conventional. True, rite, form, and dogma are often as rigidly adhered to as were the ceremonials of Judaism punctiliously observed by the Pharisees in Jesus' time. But the vital question of justice, of brotherhood, of love for the lowliest; the courage of a Nathan; the passionate love of a John; the self-surrender of a Paul; the ideal of the Christ life as it blossomed forth in the acts and teachings of the great Nazarene—these no longer lift the Christian Church above the struggling, self-absorbed millions, making it shine as a golden-domed temple on a mountain crest, or as a beacon in a starless night.

If organized Christianity as seen in the Church to-day were the only conservator of Christian living—the only great uplifting influence working in the breast of humanity—the outlook for civilization would be

* Books intended for review in The Arena should be addressed to B. O. Flower, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

dark indeed; for history teaches no lesson more insistently and impressively than that mere material progress and intellectual brilliancy are powerless to check the downward course of individual, national, and racial life, when once the ideal is eclipsed, when the higher nature yields to the supremacy of the lower, or when the eternal verities have less influence over the heart than do selfishness and greed. Egypt, Babylon, Persia, Greece, and Rome bear eloquent witness to this solemn truth.

Happily for our civilization, the compromise of the Church with the world and its tending to become a camp-follower instead of a leader of progress are not attended by the extinguishing of the beacon-light upon the spiritual heights. It is doubtful whether the spiritual forces were ever more active, save in the presence of great moral upheavals and reformations, than they are to-day. This fact is very evident in literature, while the signs of an ethical awakening in art, music, and the drama are also very marked. The essayist, the novelist, the singer, and the artist are becoming more and more the teachers, the preachers, and the prophets of progress.

This is especially noticeable in the field of serious prose literature. The number of really high-class works addressed primarily to the conscience or the spiritual side of life that are appearing, and their favorable reception by the people, is the most hopeful sign of our times. As in the days of Jesus, this awakening is chiefly outside of the organized Church; but its influence is permeating religious circles, and wherever a vital spiritual truth finds lodgment it exalts life so that signs are not wanting that speak of the dawn of a moral and religious renaissance.

II.

Among the most notable recent works that appeal at once to the heart and brain of the thoughtful is Mr. Charles Brodie Patterson's new book, "Dominion and Power." This really vital contribution to the unfoldment of the spiritual life will take a high place in the richly suggestive and rapidly growing literature of the New Thought movement. It is an earnest, luminous, and thoughtful message, presented in a clear, concise, and manly manner, embodying the ripest experience and conclusions of the heart and brain of a broad thinker and an earnest, truth-loving man.

Mr. Patterson has for years stood in the forefront of the New Thought movement. In his labors he has discouraged the formation of any church or sect, seeking rather to awaken the dormant spirituality of men and women, in and out of the churches, that they might feel, believe, and know the truth—the profound, life-giving truth which blossomed forth in the glory of perfection in the life and teachings of the great Nazarene. As an exceptionally successful teacher of spiritual truth, as the author of a number of noble and inspiring works, and as a strong, clear, and forceful editor, Mr. Patterson has accomplished a positive work for the higher civilization in awakening the divine nature in thousands of lives. No one can come under the influence of Mr.

Patterson's teaching without being ennobled and uplifted; and what to-day is more needed than this moral uplift in life, when so many influences conspire to blunt when they do not obscure the moral perceptions?

"Dominion and Power" is a volume of exceptional strength and beauty. It is a clear, earnest, and rational appeal to all that is finest, purest, and best in our being. It will awaken life on the higher planes of expression, and, being broad and philosophic as well as a heart cry, it will satisfy many thoughtful readers who are not influenced by less comprehensive and logical expositions of truths which often run counter to orthodox theories and dogmatic theology.

"There is a wave of spiritual thought and feeling," says our author, "that is extending to the uttermost parts of the earth. While the ancient faiths are passing away, and man no longer accepts his religion because of the authority of any book or dogmatic creed, yet there is a new authority coming into life, such as the world has never known save in rare instances. The authority is the realized presence of God in the individual life of man. Where one feels with the heart, and knows with the mind, and is not in any way dependent upon any or all authority, the way of life is illumined by the light within. The kingdom of God is found as a conscious reality in the soul of man, and the individual soul becomes conscious of both dominion and power and rules its own kingdom."

To elucidate these ideas and to satisfy the newer and broader conceptions of life and its august duties and obligations are the serious object of the author in the twenty-two chapters that comprise the work, which is devoted to the discussion of "The Secret of Power," "Three Planes of Development," "The Tree of Knowledge," "The Purpose of Life," "The Mistakes of Life," "Finding One's Self," "How to Conserve Force," "Faith, Hope, and Love in Character-Building," "Prayer," "Success," "The Equality of the Sexes," "Marriage," "The Rights of Children," "Temptation as a Means of Growth," "Psychic Development," "Living the Soul-Life," "Immortality," and "Dominion and Power."

In reviewing a work so rich in living and suggestive truths one is tempted to quote at length, and did space permit I should give many pages of extracts that I feel would be helpful to all our readers. I must, however, confine myself to a brief extract, which will give the reader a hint of the broad, fine spirit and admirable style of the volume:

"In soul-development there is no competition, but there must be coöperation. Any one who seeks development for himself, regardless of others, bars his own progress and stands in the light of others. Each part of the grand body must work for all parts. The eyes must see, the ears must hear, the hands must work for the whole body; then the whole body works for each part. Coöperation must be recognized as necessary, then, to the growth and development of mankind. Nevertheless, coöperation must be carried out in a thoroughly intelligent way—not by blind action wherein we fail to be a benefit to ourselves or others, but rather through a knowledge of our own needs and those of others. No matter upon what plane of development we are, we can always be

helpful to some one in the world, and we can always be helped by some one, and only as this condition exists can we be said to be thoroughly related to the grand body of humanity.

"When one is developed to a large degree, his circle of life becomes greatly enlarged, and, having passed through what thousands of others have passed through, he is better able to help others, for he knows of the pitfalls along the way; he knows when a helping hand is necessary, and if he hesitate or refuses aid he interferes with his own continued development. Such a one, having passed through many temptations, can sympathize with the tempted and fallen, can understand their trials and struggles, can enter into their lives without any feeling of self-righteousness. He can appeal to the highest and best within them; he becomes an instrument of God and strengthens and sustains those who are in need of help. Because of his doing this he brings himself into intimate relations with other souls, who have progressed further than he. Their love, their knowledge of life, flows out to him, and because of his much giving there has been a beautiful receiving; blessing other lives, he himself is blessed, and the temple has a new stone added to it and is nearer its perfect completion."

This is a volume that all broad-minded men and women who are not afraid to think, and who hunger and thirst for something more satisfying than the husks of conventional religion and the cant of popular theology, should possess. It is a volume that will clarify the vision, touch the heart, and warm to active life the finer sentiments resident in every human soul.

THE SCIENCE OF PENOLOGY. By Henry M. Boies. Cloth, 447 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The closing years of the nineteenth century were marked by a great revolutionary movement in the treatment of the insane which totally reversed the blind and brutal methods of centuries and inaugurated a rational and humane system of treatment, which since the days of Philippe Pinel has been steadily carried forward until it is doubtful if the nineteenth century can boast of any greater humanitarian victory than that achieved in the treatment of the insane throughout Christendom.

The reform in the treatment of criminals did not keep pace with other humanitarian advance movements; but during the closing decades of the last century there arose a band of profound thinkers who devoted their best efforts to the subject of criminology, bringing into the work the strict, modern scientific methods. These savants necessarily labored under great difficulties, having to blaze the pathway and verify every seeming fact by repeated experiments; while they encountered the prejudice, indifference, and oftentimes open hostility of those who should have been the first to recognize the immense importance of their labors. Nevertheless, they persisted in that painstaking and thorough manner which has marked the labors of such revolutionary spirits in the world of science as Charles Darwin and Alfred Russel Wallace, and their labors are now beginning to command the respectful attention of statesmen, physicians, educators, and to a certain degree of the

clergy, as well as of the more advanced among those who have charge of our prisons and penitentiaries. Owing to these researches the science of penology has arisen—a science that promises to make the twentieth century forever memorable by revolutionizing the treatment of criminals and substituting a rational and scientific system in place of the blind and imperfect method of treatment that now prevails.

According to the enlightened student of penology, all crime is a moral disease and should be treated as a moral disease, in order that society may be properly protected, that the individual may be restored if restoration is possible, and also that the increase of crime may be checked by a thoroughly rational and effective method of procedure. Many able and exhaustive works have been written on this subject, especially by foreign savants, but with few exceptions they have been works of scholars who were working scientists and specialists and who wrote for the scholarly few rather than for the public at large. Their works abound in technical terms and deductions based on exhaustive research, which, however important and interesting they may be to students, hold little interest for the laity. It remained for an American scholar to prepare a work admirably adapted for the reading public —a clear, comprehensive, and convincing treatise, in which a general survey of the vital question is given in a lucid and engaging manner.

"The Science of Penology," by Henry M. Boies, is in my judgment one of the most important works that have appeared in recent years. The author's wide experience with criminals and his exhaustive study of the works of great alienists and criminologists have peculiarly fitted him for the task he has undertaken. He has mastered his subject. He believes in the saving power of his message, and his whole heart is in the work. He shows how pitifully we are failing in our unscientific attempt to curb or repress crime and how necessary it is to repeal the old and adopt a new method of procedure, based on science and looking toward cutting off the fountain-head of criminality, as well as protecting present society and so far as possible curing those who have become morally diseased. The work meets a crying need and will do much toward awakening the public to the importance of one of the most vital problems that confront society to-day. I cannot, however, agree with the author in all his views. I think that Mr. Boies, in common with most penologists, overlooks the tremendous influence exerted by unjust social conditions in producing criminals—the injustice that places millions at the mercy of the few and acts as a moral malaria, contaminating people in every stratum of society. Mr. Boies makes a strong and convincing argument against the death penalty, and his views on drunkenness are admirable. He believes that persons guilty of sexual crimes should be rendered powerless to curse society and posterity. He emphasizes the importance of grading criminals and of giving to all these morally diseased ones the benefit of the most effective treatment looking toward their redemption.

The volume is written in a charming style, which invests the sub-

ject with an interest rarely found in discussions of scientific and social problems. It is a work that should be read by all who desire to see crime treated in a rational and effective manner.

COMMON PEOPLE. By Frank Oliver Hall, D.D. Cloth, 217 pp. Price, $1. Boston: James H. West Co.

This is a volume that all men and women interested in the bettering of present social conditions should read and own. It is essentially a book of the twentieth century, dealing as it does in a broad, sane, and rational manner with those problems which most intimately affect humanity and upon the right solution of which the true progress of civilization depends.

The volume is headed with the oft-quoted remark, ascribed to Abraham Lincoln when he overheard some one say, "Isn't Lincoln a common-looking fellow!" The President remarked, "Evidently the Almighty must like us common-looking fellows, or he wouldn't have made so many of us."

Something of the scope of the volume may be gleaned from the following list of subjects discussed: "Common People at Home," "Common People at Work," "Common People at Play," "Common People at Study," "Common People in Politics," "Common People at Church," "Common People as Neighbors," "Common People Climbing."

The treatment of the various topics is so uniformly excellent that it is difficult to single out any chapter as especially worthy of note. It would seem to us, however, that the first two chapters, on "Common People at Home" and "Common People at Work," are among the most vital in the volume, for they deal with those things which lie at the very foundation of all real happiness and prosperity. Mr. Hall sums up his remarks on what a home should be in the following sentence: "Let us fill our homes with noble thoughts, cheerful atmosphere, loving sentiments—with respect, affection, truth, and honor—to such an extent that there will be no room for envy, spite, malice, or lies."

Our author believes in the saving grace of the gospel of work, and in the right of every individual to have work to do which shall be at once congenial and remunerative—work which shall be an aid and not a hindrance to all-round development, and which shall be the portion of the rich as well as of the poor. The work of the world should be done by all, not by a few, so that all may have an equal opportunity for growth in other directions. In speaking of what the future may do in this direction, Mr. Hall observes:

"I doubt not that the day will come, as Mr. Bellamy and William Morris have prophesied, when by coöperation men shall be able to supply in a few hours' work all the necessities of mankind; that more attention will be given to making things beautiful, doing work skilfully, so that the shoemaker shall not only manufacture thousands of shoes

but shall be ambitious to make the best possible shoe. A time will come when men will make chairs, hats, spectacles, bread, and books as well as they can, and the overseer shall say to his working-people, not, 'Hurry! hurry! and make the most,' but 'Carefully! carefully! make the best. Take all the time you want to do the best possible work you are capable of doing.'

"When we have reached that time, when the world through the development of machinery shall be released from the necessity for drudgery, and men may give time and thought to doing their best instead of being urged on to do their most, we shall see such an increase of intellectual capacity as the world never knew. More, we shall see the world grown wonderfully happy. For the highest happiness to which one can attain comes from having done one's best and produced something of beauty and value, the possession of which will give joy to another."

The book is written in an extremely interesting manner, which should make it popular with the general reader as well as with students of social questions.

MATA THE MAGICIAN. An occult romance dealing with the vibratory law underlying all phenomena. By Isabella Ingalese. Cloth, 183 pp. Price, $1.50. New York: The Abbey Press.

This is indeed a strange story, and, perhaps to the general reader who has followed the author through the exciting and frequently amazing episodes and occurrences that crowd its pages, the author's note at the close of the volume, in which it is stated that barring the change of names and localities the narration should be taken as a recital of facts, put forth as a romance, will be the most surprising feature of the book. The author has for years been a careful student of Oriental and Occidental occultism. She has also been prominently identified with the spiritual awakening of our age which is popularly known as the New Thought movement. Her wide experience in the investigation of supernormal or occult phenomena, together with the long years given to the study of spiritual truths, enables her to write a story which holds the reader's interest from the opening chapter and which is frequently highly exciting; while at the same time she makes it the vehicle for truths that she holds to be of vital importance to the growth and unfoldment of the soul. It is a volume that will doubtless be favorably received by the large and constantly growing body of intelligent men and women who are interested in metaphysical, occult, and spiritual thought.

GALOPOFF THE TALKING PONY. By Tudor Jenks. Cloth, illustrated, 243 pp. Price, $1. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.

Every boy and girl, as well as some "children of a larger growth," will enjoy this most delightful history of the pony who could talk. A very bright little fellow he is, and the art of story-telling is but one of

many accomplishments with which he entertains his little mistress and her cousin. In the affections of the children we are confident that this book will rank close to the fanciful tales of Mr. Lewis Carroll and the sweet child stories of Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin.

DERELICTS OF DESTINY. By Batterman Lindsay. Cloth, 76 pp. New York: The Neely Company.

This little volume contains six short sketches of present-day life among the American Indians. As the title of the book would indicate, the stories are nearly all tragic in character; but they are well written and entertaining. "Abandoned" and "The Proud Slave" are indeed exceptionally strong and vigorous character sketches.

FROM SUNSHINE TO SHADE. By Grenville Atkins. Cloth, 75 pp. New York: The Neely Company.

This book deals with the life of a young clergyman of the Established Church, who from a condition of blind faith is led by circumstances to a state of extreme skepticism. He is also unhappily married to the wrong woman, and the story leaves him sitting in the midst of the ruins of his life, with no hope for the future, either in this life or the life to come. Books of this sort can serve no good purpose, and in our judgment were better left unwritten.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Ideal: Its Realization." By Lucy C. McGee. Cloth, 78 pp. Price, 75 cents. Boston: James H. West Co.

"Folly in Fairyland." By Carolyn Wells. Illustrated, cloth, 261 pp. Price, $1. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.

"Lincoln and Other Poems." By Edwin Markham. Cloth, 125 pp. Price, $1 net. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

"Paths to Power." By Floyd B. Wilson. Cloth, 229 pp. Price, $1. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.

"Leaves from a Life-Book of To-day." By Mrs. Jane Dearborn Mills. Cloth, 317 pp. Price, 50 cents. Germantown, Pa.: Swedenborg Publishing Association.

"The Orthodox Preacher and Nancy." By the Rev. Magee Pratt. Cloth, 191 pp. Price, $1. Hartford, Ct.: The Connecticut Magazine Co.

"Minette: A Story of the First Crusade." By George F. Cram. Illustrated, cloth, 397 pp. Price, $1.50. Chicago: John W. Iliff & Co.

"The Voyage of Ithokal." By Sir Edwin Arnold. Illustrated, cloth, 296 pp. New York: G. W. Dillingham Co. London: John Murray.

"The Shrine of Silence: A Book of Meditations." By Henry Frank. Cloth, 273 pp. Price, $1.50. New York: The Abbey Press.

"Moody's Manual of Corporation Securities for 1901." Cloth, 1,522 pp.

"The Passing and the Permanent in Religion." By Minot J. Savage. Cloth, fully indexed, 336 pp. Price by mail, $1.50; net, $1.35. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Sonnetical Notes on Philosophy." By Wm. Howell Williams. Cloth, 207 pp. Published by the author.

"Mountain Murmurs." By Frank M. Wyndkoop. Paper, illustrated in colors. Denver: The Unique Publishers.

"In Occident and Orient." By Leonard Brown. Paper, 16 pp. Price, 10 cents. Published by the author at Des Moines, Ia.

"Shakespeare and Goethe on Gresham's Law and the Single Gold Standard." By Ben E. Green. Paper, 78 pp. Price, 25 cents. Dalton, Ga.: Ben E. Green.

"An Indiana Girl." By Fred S. Lincoln. Cloth, 286 pp. Washington: The Neale Company.

"Bibliot No. 1. The Book of Ruth." By the Rev. George Chainey. Morocco, illustrated, 112 pp. Chicago: The School of Interpretation.

"Armageddon." By J. M. Mason. Illustrated by the author. Paper, 60 pp. Published by the author at Kansas City, Kansas.

"How to Control Fate Through Suggestion." By Henry Harrison Brown. Paper, 64 pp. Price, 25 cents. San Francisco: The "Now" Pub. Co.

"Prophet of the Kingdom." By Henry S. Frisbee. Cloth, 238 pp. Washington: The Neale Company.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE Rev. R. Heber Newton's views of "anarchism," presented last month by that profound thinker from the standpoint of ethics and sociology, are supplemented in the current issue by a still more searching consideration of the problem. In discussing specifically the religious, economic, and political causes of anarchy, as developed in the United States and elsewhere during recent decades, Dr. Newton goes more deeply than most writers into the fundamental aspects of the revolutionary spirit. This calls for the utterance of some plain truths,—a duty never evaded by this progressive Episcopal rector and able essayist,—and we congratulate all friends of THE ARENA upon the publication in its pages of this valuable contribution to the literature of a really vital topic.

In connection with Dr. Newton's second paper on the homicidal manifestation of the criminal "instinct," attention is invited to Mr. Stratton's article on "Music and Crime," which we also publish in this number. The author regards all forms of criminality as proceeding from moral disease—a malady that is curable—and is himself a practitioner of musical therapeutics; he is thoroughly equipped, therefore, for the discussion of his subject, which is already a part of modern general pathology in this country. A recent cable despatch to a New York daily says: "Physicians of the great Charity Hospital in Berlin are convinced that music has power to solace and help patients toward recovery. They have arranged concerts for the whole of the coming winter. Solo players on the harp, the violin, and the piano will alternate with quartets and orchestral music. Every patient well enough to attend will be asked to do so. Many of the musicians are selected from among the patients." In the light of this new departure in Ger-

man hospital practise, Mr. Stratton's suggestions concerning the restoration of harmony to the anarchistic mind are worthy of the most serious attention on the part of our asylum and prison officials.

It is with great pleasure that we present in the current issue another paper from the pen of Eltweed Pomeroy, A.M., a keen observer whose article on "The English Friendly Societies," in our January number, attracted wide attention. This month he gives a unique description of the governmental methods of the Gallic and Anglo-Saxon races, which is a veritable study of the genius of the two peoples as shown in their legislative bodies. These contributions are the result of personal observation on the part of a man who is actively identified with many of the reformatory movements of our era, and their crisp, terse style is not their least attractive feature.

Two articles of timely importance in this month's ARENA are "Municipal Reform," by John Dolman, a prominent lawyer of Philadelphia, and "San Francisco's Union Labor Mayor," by Leigh H. Irvine, a noted author of the Western metropolis. They illustrate at once the intelligent and growing interest of those whom Lincoln loved to call the "plain people" in the management of political affairs and the determination of thinking minds to find a remedy for the abuses of municipal government in the United States. They will also inspire with renewed courage and strengthen the hopes of all who cherish true democratic ideals and believe that national progress is dependent upon the diffusion of knowledge among the masses. Of like significance are two papers that will appear in our March number: "American Supremacy," by A. B. Deahofe, of Milwaukee, and "Labor's Rights and Wrongs," by William S. Waudby, of the U. S. Department of Labor.

Other excellent articles that are in preparation for our next issue are: "The Survival of the Fittest," by the Rev. Frank D. Bentley; "The Unity of Christianity and Judaism," by Theo-

dore F. Seward; "The Ostrich in the New World," by Editor Flower; "Literature and Democracy," by Joseph Dana Miller, and "Marriage and Dress," by H. W. Francis.

The leading feature of THE ARENA for March will be a most luminous and suggestive international study from the able pen of Felix L. Oswald, M.D., the well-known author and essayist. It will bear the title, "Experiments in Colonial Government," and will throw much light on the perils that beset the American people in their attempt to ingraft an Asiatic dependency upon the national fabric of a self-governing race.

J. E. M.

TWO NEW BOOKS BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

DOMINION AND POWER.

AN IMPORTANT VOLUME OF

STUDIES IN SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

This is a large work, probably the most comprehensive of this author's publications, embracing an epitome of the New Thought teaching on every subject of vital moment in human development. It is indispensable to all who desire accurate knowledge of the New Metaphysical Movement. Following is a list of the subjects discussed, an appropriate "Meditation" being appended to most of the chapters:

THE SECRET OF POWER.
THREE PLANES OF DEVELOPMENT.
THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.
THE PURPOSE OF LIFE.
THE MISTAKES OF LIFE.
FINDING ONE'S SELF.
HOW TO CONSERVE FORCE.
FAITH IN CHARACTER BUILDING.
HOPE IN CHARACTER BUILDING.
LOVE IN CHARACTER BUILDING.
PRAYER.
BREATH.
SUCCESS.
THE EQUALITY OF THE SEXES.
MARRIAGE.
THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.
IMMORTALITY.
DOMINION AND POWER.

PRICE, $1.00, POST-PAID.

THE WILL TO BE WELL.

This work relates chiefly to the *healing* aspect—philosophy and practise—of Spiritual Science. It throws much new light on the path through which alone Health, Happiness, and Success in all legitimate undertakings are to be secured, and discusses in addition a number of topics pertaining to the New Thought teaching in general. Some of the chapters bear the following titles:

WHAT THE NEW THOUGHT STANDS FOR.
THE LAWS OF HEALTH.
MENTAL INFLUENCES.
THE UNITY OF LIFE.
DEMAND AND SUPPLY.
FREEDOM—INDIVIDUAL AND UNIVERSAL.
HEARING AND DOING.
SPIRITUAL TREATMENT.
THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.
THE MISSION OF JESUS.
THE LAW OF ATTRACTION.
MAN: PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.
THE RELIGION OF CHRIST.
THE CRUSADE AGAINST CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.
THE DAWN OF A NEW AGE.

PRICE, $1.00, POST-PAID.

☞**Each of the above works comprises over 200 pages and is beautifully bound in cloth and gold.**

For sale by all booksellers, or mailed post-paid by the publishers:

THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

569 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Please mention THE ARENA in writing to advertisers.

THE ARENA.

VOL. XXVII. - - - NO. 3.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY REVIEW OF VITAL THOUGHT.

Editors: CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON. B. O. FLOWER. JOHN EMERY McLEAN.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PA

EXPERIMENTS IN COLONIAL GOVERNMENT . *Felix L. Oswald, M.D.* 2

CUBA Vs. THE UNITED STATES:

I. The Question of Reciprocity . . . . . *F. B. Thurber* 2
President of the U. S. Export Association

II. A Plea for Justice . . . . . *L. V. de Abad* 2

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST IN THE COMING AGE . *Rev. F. D. Bentley* 2

THE PROBLEM OF IMMIGRATION:

I. The Argument for Suspension . . . . . *John Chetwood* 2

II. Chinese Exclusion . . . . . *Rev. Robert C. Bryant* 2

LABOR'S RIGHTS AND WRONGS . . . . . *William S. Waudby* 2
Of the U. S. Department of Labor

THE OSTRICH IN THE NEW WORLD . . . . . *B. O. Flower* 2

LITERATURE AND DEMOCRACY . . . . . *Joseph Dana Miller* 2

AMERICAN SUPREMACY . . . . . *A. B. Deahofe* 2

MARRIAGE AND DRESS . . . . . *Henry Waldorf Francis* 2

A CONVERSATION:

Why the Public Should Own and Control the Telephones
Prof. Frank Parsons, B.C.E., Ph.D. 2
Of Boston University

AN UNREAL REALITY: A Tale of the Desert . . . *Laura M. Dake* 3

TOPICS OF THE TIMES—(*Editorial*) . . . . . *B. O. Flower*

The Struggle between Life and Death in the Economic World: The Warfare of Three World-wide Social Theories—Millions of Dollars Picked Up in the Streets of Boston 315-3

BOOKS OF THE DAY . . . . . *Studies and Reviews*

The Passing and the Permanent in Religion—The World Beautiful in Books—The Ideal: Its Realization—The Destiny of Doris—Leaves from a Life-book of To-day—The Shrine of Silence—The Orthodox Preacher and Nancy—Fact and Fancy in Spiritualism, Theosophy, and Psychical Research 327-3

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS . . . . . *J. E. M.* 335-3

$2.50 a Year . . . . . 25 Cents a Co

Foreign Subscriptions, 12 Shillings.

569 5TH AVE. THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY. NEW YO

"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."
—HEINE.

THE ARENA

VOL. XXVII. MARCH, 1902. No. 3.

EXPERIMENTS IN COLONIAL GOVERNMENT.

THE South African war of races has already cost the invaders about twenty thousand human lives, and a sum said to exceed the total expenses of Wellington's seven campaigns against the world-power of the Corsican Cæsar. But that penalty of military mistakes has been more than compensated by the vindication of the colonial policy which the British Government has consistently pursued since its repudiation of the Warren Hastings plan.

Better opportunities for revolt were perhaps never offered the dependencies of a civilized State. Great Britain had entered the arena of a desperate contest without a second, and amidst the jeers of international spectators. Every victory of her opponents awakened the hallelujahs of a partizan press from Lisbon to St. Petersburg. Russia was massing troops in the foothills of the Hindoo Kush, and France on the shores of the Channel. The military resources of the British Empire had been almost exhausted before the turn in the tide of battle-luck. An insurrection in any one of its world-wide colonies would have been a signal for a universal rush to arms. Yet, with the occasional exception of a few Cape-land districts, not a single one of its fifteen larger and twenty-three smaller dependencies availed itself of that rare chance. They offered assistance—in troops some, others in money, provisions, or friendly advice; a

few stood aloof, with the indifference of apathetic Orientals, or took it for granted that the belligerent Africans must have wrongs to avenge and wished them success in their attempt to achieve complete independence—but evinced no inclination to imitate their example.

The implied *plebiscite* of the thirty-eight English colonies amounted to a vote of confidence. And the unanimity of that verdict cannot be mistaken for a result of accident. It was the logical outcome of a time-confirmed faith in the benefits of a system that, despite its manifold administrative pedantries, may be defined as a combination of tolerance, free trade, and scrupulous fidelity to the obligations of treaties. Some fifteen different Mohammedan sects enjoy more liberty in British India than in Turkey. Canadian and South African dissenters have been allowed every desired privilege except that of persecuting their rivals. Autonomy, modified only by a few restrictions of fanatical tendencies, has been granted every nation or tribe showing a capacity for self-government. The temptations of contraband traffic have been limited by the simple plan of offering colonial exporters a more liberal market than they could hope to find elsewhere. Eastern nations, who for ages had been plundered and oppressed by their native princes, experienced for the first time the blessings of security and mutual-benefit institutions.

Hindu devotees undoubtedly would prefer a theocracy of their own faith. They dream of avatars and millenniums of Mahadeva. But, in the meantime, their confidence in their British governor is that of long-hounded deer in the owner of a dog-proof game preserve.

"The greatest advantage that a government can possess," says a historian of British India, "is to be the one trustworthy government in the midst of governments which nobody can trust; no oath which superstition can devise—no hostage, however precious—inspires a hundredth part of the confidence produced by the simple promise of a British envoy. . . A hostile monarch may offer mountains of gold to our Sepoys, on condition that they will desert our standard. We promise only a moderate pension after a long term of faithful service.

But every Sepoy knows that our promise will be kept, and he also knows that there is not a State in India that would not, in spite of the most solemn vows, leave him to die of hunger in a ditch as soon as he had ceased to be useful."

A temporary deviation from that policy, under the rule of a beef-headed bigot, cost England the key to the paradise of the North American continent; and British parties, of all political denominations, seem agreed to avoid a repetition of the mistake.

The next most successful of all contemporary methods of colonial government is the Holland-Oriental system. Since 1816 the Netherlands have maintained their hold upon the Island of Java and several coast settlements of Sumatra and Borneo, with an aggregate area of 90,000 square miles, or just about that of the entire West Indian archipelago.

There have been wars of expansion, but for the last fifty years the peace of the headquarter island has not been broken by a serious revolt. Java, in the course of that half century, has been made almost as habitable as Long Island. Marshes have been drained and rivers bridged; the waters of mountain torrents have been collected in spacious reservoirs. There are railways and canals; a network of excellent pike-roads is kept in repair by gangs of coolies organized on the plan of the American railroad sections. Some twenty harbors have been dredged and secured by break-waters. The population, since 1816, has increased 80 per cent.—that of native tribes even faster than in the British Straits settlements.

The subvention of native schools has been a heavy and steadily growing expense; yet the net government profits of the enterprise exceed an average of twelve million dollars a year.

That miracle of political economy has been kept in working order by an extortionate tariff, combined, however, with an absolute and altogether unparalleled toleration of native creeds, pastimes, and prejudices, and amicable relations (maintained by subvention and administrative assistance) with the native princes. Four-fifths of the shipping trade pass through the three ports of Batavia, Surabaya, and Samarang, and the government officials collect enormous dues both ways. In return,

the native principalities are guaranteed the advantages, not only of home government, but of gratuitous assistance in their progressive enterprises. If they wish to build a new road, they can command the free services of a government surveyor. If they desire to establish a good school, government commissioners help them plan a curriculum and furnish them free text-books.

There is a *stadhouder* ("resident") at the court of every native prince, ready to help all he can but never obtruding his advice. He contents himself with giving his Rajah the benefit of a free intelligence bureau. His thesaurus of information includes useful hints on public hygiene, on scientific agriculture, on mining and manufacturing, on financial ways and means. He never meddles with private affairs. If he should bully the natives to renounce arena combats and wear double shirts in warm weather, the governor-general would be apt to recall him and clap him in the lunatic asylum of Tagalberg.

As next in efficiency we might mention the beautifully simple, but not forever joyful, system of Spanish-Russian helotism. It was first practised by the ancient Spartans and consists in taxing, fining, humbling, and taskmastering the aborigines of a conquered province, and knocking them down whenever they rise in revolt.

Where the land is productive, as in Cuba, that plan may prove enormously profitable—for a time. "Don't you think some scheme of calculation might beat the gambling banks and realize a large fortune before they would all take the alarm?" a visionary once asked the mathematician Laplace. "It's undoubtedly conceivable," replied the distinguished savant, "and I believe you might bag a million or two before the surviving gamblers had all sought safety in flight. There is only one trouble about your project: its successful operation would require omniscience."

And there is only one drawback to the advantage of the classical helotage system. Its successful practise requires military omnipotence. A government with an invincible army, like that of ancient Rome, may enforce it and collect its annual divi-

dends for a series of centuries. The Roman satraps, in some of the Eastern provinces, actually taxed their helots to the verge of the starvation point, leaving them just bread and salt enough to toil another day. In America several leaders of the Spanish conquest went even further. Experiments convinced them that it was cheaper to work a batch of peons to death, and then sally with a posse of bloodhounds to capture another relay. In that manner they not only decimated but destroyed the entire native population of the largest four West Indian islands in less than a hundred years. The natives were as completely at the mercy of their taskmasters as a herd of saddled pack-mules. They could neither escape nor resist.

But when Cortez crossed the Gulf to carry the blessings of civilization further west, his followers already experienced difficulties in their attempts to dispense with mutual-benefit concessions. The subjects of Montezuma, finding Spanish servitude a concentration of unqualified evils, took refuge in fever swamps and pathless mountain solitudes. If earth refused them a survival chance, they preferred a grave in a sierra glen to the ditch of a slave stockade.

Under a similar impulse of defiance, a refugee from one of the military convict camps of Russian Turkestan made his way to the highlands of the Elbrus Range, and, with two bullets in his ribs, crouched down to die on a promontory overlooking the shores of the Caspian. "No, not a beggar," he stammered, when a youngster from a neighboring herder's camp gave the alarm; "only one of your fellow mountaineers, coming here to send back his soul to Allah free."

For two centuries and a half Spain was as powerful in South America as Rome ever was in southern Europe; but the moment political complications compelled her to relax her grip, her transatlantic provinces rose *en masse* and assailed the representatives of their oppressors with a fury that did not stop at declarations of independence, but pursued their fugitive jailers as enemies of the human race. Of a colonial empire as large as Europe and western Asia taken together, the discoverers of a new world now retain only six small islands and a fortified

fishermen's village in a chain of sand-hills on the north coast of Africa.

Russia, with her fifteen hundred regiments of iron-fisted conscripts, has thus far always contrived to suppress the insurrections of her colonial helots, but neither her swarms of Cossack cavalry nor her elaborate methods of espionage have enabled her to prevent their escape. After her system of civilization had once come to be generally understood, the advance of her armies was dreaded as the approach of a plague, and whole nations avoided bondage by relinquishing their birthland, like the sixteen tribes of East Circassians, who braved the winter storms of the Euxine to seek refuge in the Turkish province of Adrianople. But it is a noteworthy fact that, when the champion of those highlanders surrendered on the plateau of Ghunib, after having defended the fastnesses of the Caucasus for twenty-eight years, his captors treated him with all the respect that military chivalry could concede to a hero of primitive habits. In Spain he would probably have been given the choice between a monk's cowl and a halter, but the Czar dismissed him with a present of sporting rifles and a liberal contribution to his traveling expenses, when he asked permission to end his days in the Land of the Prophet. His conqueror, Prince Baryatinski, added an invitation to his Crimean highland castle, in case the climate of Mecca should fail to agree with his health.

Altogether, it must be admitted that the despotism of the Russian satraps is tempered by a soldierly appreciation of valor —a touch of Nature, which, however, modifies their treatment of individuals rather than of races and tribes.

In conclusion, we must add a few words on the tendencies of a plan that can hardly be called a system, *viz.*, the method of the opportunists who change their colonial policy with the course of events and the varying aspects of party interests. Their connivance affords a welcome latitude to the program of enterprising campaigners; but it has the fatal disadvantage of opening a door to the chicanes of avarice and selfish ambition, and the often still more irremediable blunders of bigotry.

That plan characterizes the colonial policy of non-migratory races, of nations who have no homeseeker's motive for projects of expansion, but covet colonial possessions for the sake of their supposed commercial or strategic advantages.

It has been practised by Portuguese spoliators in the coast-lands of the Indian Ocean, by Italian adventurers in Abyssinia, by Belgian syndicates on the Congo; but the most characteristic illustration of its methods is perhaps that afforded by the stratagems of the French conquest of Algeria. The aggression began in 1830, by fastening a quarrel upon the Dey; and during the next eighteen years the work of reconstruction was intrusted to almost as many different military governors, each with an administrative plan of his own, and most of them resolved to advertise their personal importance by revoking the edicts of their predecessor.

The yoke of France, on the whole, was not heavier than that of the Dey, but, as a historian of Napoleon's exile remarks in his comments upon the pranks of Sir Hudson Lowe: "A captive can get accustomed to a considerable weight of iron fetters, after learning the best manner of carrying them, but is goaded to revolt by the caprices of a jailer who insists upon adjusting them every morning in a different manner." The distracted aborigines at last flew to arms, and the tactics of Abd-el-Kader cost the invaders a sum which the tax-farmers of the colony cannot hope to repay for the next hundred years.

Absurd insults to the creed and the customs of the Mohammedan natives completed the defeat of the government program of assimilation. After the prohibition of the prize-fights and religious festivals, thousands of hill-dwellers who had formerly been attracted to the cities transferred their patronage to the border-towns of Morocco. The markets remained unsupplied, and for a while the government extortion tax was actually levied upon imports from France.

As a financial enterprise, the conquest of the old granary of the Mediterranean had grievously disappointed the expectations of its managers; but the verdict of intelligent foreign residents makes it certain that the causes of that failure had

more to do with gratuitous aggressions upon the liberties of the natives than even with the excise outrages.

The despotism of stupid intolerance is, in fact, more irritating than that of rapacity. It seems to lack the palliation of a practical motive, and is more apt to be ascribed to malevolence, unqualified. Unprofitable tyranny marks the limit of human patience, and there is no doubt that the edict of the bigot who suppressed the holiday pastimes of the sport-loving Cubans was a more mischievous blunder than the Puerto Rico tariff trick.

An American resident of Johannesburg often noticed the bitter resentment of native refugees from Delagoa Bay, and was surprised to learn that the Portuguese Government pays the Kaffir chiefs of its colony an annual subvention, while the aborigines of the British possessions have to content themselves with a few nominal franchises. The southern tribes, however, enjoy the blessing of independence, while their subvented northern kinsmen are subjected to endless chicanes, restrictions, fines, reprimands, injunctions, and inquisitorial tribulations.

"Men can make shift to live under a tyrant," says the biographer of Frederick the Great, "but to be ruled by a busybody is more than human nature can bear."

Nor should the opportunists fail to remember the results of the negotiation with the Circassian chiefs who had taken refuge in the dominions of Abdul Hamid, the Grand Protector of their faith. They had settled in the province of Adrianople, assisted as far as the precarious resources of the Sultan would permit; but a series of drought years had reduced them to the verge of starvation, and in 1896 it became known that they contemplated a second migration. French land agents invited them to Algeria, offering to put them under the special protection of a government committee. Emissaries of the Czar, about the same time, urged them to return to the land of their fathers, the forest-shaded Caucasus—promising them all the privileges of the settlers who had been attracted by the advertisements of liberal land grants.

The tribes consulted. Votes were about evenly divided, and before signing any contract they decided to send out agents of their own to investigate. The Algerian delegates ascertained that there was still a good deal of fine pasture-land in the foot-hills of the Atlas; but their fellow-Moslems warned them that their French guardians would corral them on a reservation and harass them night and day. The Caucasian committee reported that all the best farms in the land of their ancestors had been preëmpted, and that only the uplands still abounded with game and pastoral resources. They also stated that tax-collectors would call in October for their tithe of grain and in May for their dividend of lambs, calves, and foals; *but* that for the rest of the year they would be left gloriously alone. Barbarous but clearly specified extortion and equally inevitable neglect in one scale of the balance; paternalism and subjection to incalculable official caprices in the other.

The home-seekers decided to return to the Caucasus.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

Springfield, Mass.

CUBA *VS.* THE UNITED STATES.

I. The Question of Reciprocity.

I AM interested in this subject, primarily, as a question of the good faith of the United States toward Cuba; second, to voice the interests of American producers and manufacturers, who, under proper conditions, would find a very valuable market in Cuba; and third, the interest of American consumers of sugar.

For many years I was one of the largest distributers of sugar in the United States, and am familiar with that industry. For the last five years I have been president of the United States Export Association, whose object is to widen the market for American products, and whose membership comprises leading houses in ninety-eight principal lines of industry, situated in thirty-four States.

During the last year I have had occasion to make a special study of the tariff relations between Cuba and the United States—with the result of arriving at the belief that the greatest good to the greatest number of the people of both countries will be subserved by placing Cuba, so far as our tariff relations are concerned, as nearly as possible on the same free basis as Puerto Rico and Hawaii; and the same may be said of the Philippine Islands.

Strange as it may seem, the Dingley tariff imposes on the chief Cuban products—sugar and tobacco—a duty amounting to about 100 per cent., while on the dutiable products of all other countries imported into the United States it averages about 50 per cent. This is anomalous in itself, and is rendered still more so by our changed relations with Cuba, which virtually make her the ward of the nation. She has accepted the Platt amendment, which imposes upon her duties and obligations that prevent her from making advantageous treaties with

other countries, and, as stated by President Roosevelt, "every consideration of duty and interest demands that Cuba should have liberal treatment at our hands."

This is opposed by our domestic beet and cane sugar interests, which (with what tobacco support they could drag in) have been making enormous profits under the excessive protection afforded them by our present tariff. The beet-sugar interests are on record, over their own signature in a letter to their bankers, that they could prosper under absolute free trade; and it is estimated by good authorities that in factories favorably situated they have been making a profit of about two cents a pound, or 40 per cent., with a lesser margin in less favored localities, which they now bring forward as an argument why concessions should not be made in the tariff on Cuban products —which is somewhat like arguing that the tariff should be high enough to make the growing of bananas under glass profitable.

I am a Republican and a protectionist; but there is reason in all things: and I believe that there should be a power above unreasoning protectionists to say what is reasonable. The permanency of a protective tariff will largely depend on this; and I contend that it is short-sighted on the part of our protected industries not to recognize changed conditions, and that unless they are recognized there will come a ground-swell of public opinion that will go to extremes on the other side and be disastrous to all our industries. This was the view of William McKinley, who could not be considered an enemy to American industries. It is especially short-sighted on the part of our domestic sugar growers not to be willing to make liberal concessions at the present time in the tariff on Cuban products. There is an influential element in Cuba to-day in favor of annexation to the United States, and if this is strengthened by disastrous industrial conditions in Cuba that day will be hastened; and, with absolute free trade between Cuba and the United States, our beet-sugar industries would be in the position of that man whose "last state was worse than the first," although it would unquestionably be a blessing to the consumers of sugar in the United States, and our fruit-growing,

canning, and preserving industries, which would greatly develop and prosper with cheap sugar.

The representatives of the beet-sugar industries have industriously spread the report that the demand for reciprocity with Cuba was inspired by "the Sugar Trust;" that it had large investments in Cuban plantations, and hoped, with free raw sugar, to break down our domestic sugar interests. I have made diligent inquiry as to the verity of this, and cannot find that there is any truth in it, except, possibly, that some individual stockholders in American sugar-refining interests also own small amounts of stock in Cuban sugar plantations; but these same individuals are much more largely interested in Puerto Rico and Hawaii, whose sugar comes in free of duty.

I am in no way interested in the Sugar Trust, and am not disposed to believe that the human nature embodied in it is any better or worse than that embodied in our domestic beet and cane sugar industries. But it has certainly been less greedy in its margin of profit than our domestic sugar interests; for, while they have been making from one and a half to two cents a pound profit on sugar, refining interests have varied from nothing to three-quarters of a cent a pound profit, averaging perhaps one-quarter to three-eighths since the formation of the sugar refining "trust"—an industry, by the way, in which there is about as lively a competition between the American, the Arbuckles, and the National companies as has ever been seen. In the early days of the sugar-refining industry the difference between raw and refined varied between two and three cents per pound; now the average difference is perhaps one cent a pound, with an actual cost in the process of perhaps five-eighths of a cent a pound, leaving a margin for profit of about three-eighths. This is doubtless the reason why under all tariffs, notably the McKinley, the Wilson, and the Dingley tariff, our sugar-refining interests have been protected by a differential duty on refined of perhaps one-half a cent a pound; and this, it should be remembered, inures as much to the protection of the beet-sugar interests as it does to our refining interests—for the beet-sugar manufacturers make refined sugar.

Now, as to what concessions should be made to Cuba. I believe it would be to the interest of the Cubans and the American flour and provision interests and American fruit canning and preserving interests, and the interest of all American consumers of sugar, if what the Cubans ask could be granted, *viz.*, free raw sugar and one-half the present duties on tobacco and cigars. But, if we cannot go as far as that at this time, then the very least concession should be 50 per cent. on all her products; and with this, it should be remembered, it would still leave her products subject to a duty equal to the average on the dutiable products received by us from all other countries. This would lower by one-half the high-tariff wall that we have erected against our ward. And if she in return would establish a tariff averaging 50 per cent. on her importations, she could reduce that one-half on her importations from the United States, and this would enable her merchants to buy all their supplies in the United States, three-fifths of which they now buy in Europe. This would not violate the most-favored-nation clause in treaties with other countries, because no country could afford Cuba such inducements as we would offer her by such an arrangement. And it would still give her sufficient revenue; because her present tariff, established by our War Department for Cuba, averages about 25 per cent. American products would still enter the Cuban market at the present rate, but those of other countries would have to pay the higher rate; hence, we would get the trade—and a large and increasing trade, because, with increased purchasing power on the part of her people, Cuba would become one of our most important markets.

The shibboleth of the Republican party in the days of the McKinley tariff was "a free breakfast table," and sugar, tea and coffee were placed upon the free list. When the necessity for increased revenues came, tea and sugar were again heavily taxed, but coffee remained free with great benefit to coffee consumers. Now that the revenues are again excessive and must be reduced, why not return to "a free breakfast table" instead of further reducing the internal revenue taxes on beer, tobacco,

and whisky—all of which interests are pressing for reductions? The documentary and other stamp taxes made on exchanges might advantageously come off, but beer, tobacco, and whisky can stand present imposts. If the American people could have a chance to vote on this proposition they would speak with no uncertain sound, and it may be "good politics" for the leaders of the Republican party to think these things over.

F. B. THURBER.

New York.

II. A PLEA FOR JUSTICE.

FROM the moment it became known in the United States what were the ideas of President Roosevelt regarding the economic relations between this country and the Island of Cuba, certain newspapers throughout the Union have been presenting the question daily in its different phases. The question is discussed either from the standpoint of general knowledge or from particular interests determined by locality or by some special industry. But he who in order to study national questions follows public opinion closely, or he who, like myself, observes them with special interest, can make the assertion that the part of the Message of the President of the United States which relates to Cuba was not only the sincere expression of a just and honest opinion, but was also the exact statement of that which the American people think about this subject. In saying "the American people," it is understood that I mean the majority of them. An examination of the opinion of the American press in its dealing with this subject would lead to another conclusion: that said majority is overwhelming, immense, and the slight opposition that exists comes from the representatives of two industries that are alarmed without reason. The nation, therefore, which is greater than the prejudices of the schools or the fears of private interests created under abnormal conditions, views

with sympathy and is ready to support the recommendations of the Executive, because they are the expression in concrete form of the national policy of this country—elevated, broad, far sighted, and just.

Like all political questions, the Cuban question has two sides: the American and the Cuban point of view. These two aspects of the subject may be subdivided almost indefinitely, according to the particular subject treated and the extension of the discussion. I shall not at this time treat of more than one phase of the American position,—the most important,—which possesses the quality of being of national importance to the commerce of the country: always an interesting subject to the American people.

The question of the obligations and duties of the United States in Cuba is of the highest importance, and is being extensively discussed at the present time. At the bar of public opinion it is a matter of national honor, and is also a question of national policy.

In response to the law of universal harmony, which operates both in the physical and moral universe, there does not exist anywhere a country, limited both as to territory and population, which lies within the sphere of the influence of a great nation, whose destiny is not powerfully influenced by its neighbor.

Cuba is by natural law a geographical appendix to this part of the American continent, and in a greater or less degree its fate is linked, and must be linked, with that of this land. Cuba's progress, her surprising volume of commerce, her political struggles—all have been affected by being within the sphere of influence of the United States. Cuba belonged to Spain while the United States consented thereto. No European nation could have wrested the Island from Spain since the United States became a nation, because the latter power would not have permitted it; and Cuba did not strive for independence, as Central America and other North American republics, because the United States would not consent thereto. Her separation from

Spain was the result of an international war, and in virtue of said war, and in view of the treaty that followed, this nation contracted certain undeniable obligations. Later, by a deliberate act (the carrying out of a traditional policy, pursued by every Congress and by all Administrations of this nation, except once in 1898—this being an isolated action), the independence of Cuba has been limited by placing the Island in the position of an American protectorate, and abrogating to said nation the rights of sovereignty, which among free people are those most highly prized, sacred, and inalienable. By these later steps, taken by the preceding Congress, the United States has contracted certain obligations; their fulfilment has become a question of national honor, as President Roosevelt, who is above all personal or selfish motives, has shown to the American people. Individual interests had an opportunity four years ago to speak to the nation. They then said nothing. They should now suffer the consequences, because it is an axiomatic truth that "the accidental must give way to the essential;" and the essential for the American people in the Cuban question is to proceed in that broad spirit of honor and justice which has helped so vitally to make the nation great and respected.

The United States has denied the power to Cuba to grant privileges of the highest political importance, and therefore Cuba is, and must continue to be, a military dependency of the United States; and owing to the geographical position of Cuba this dependency is an advance naval station of the United States, which exposes the inhabitants of Cuba to greater dangers than those which may threaten the inhabitants of the United States. This fact is so patent that no well-informed American can fail to acknowledge it. The theater of the first war the United States may have with another naval power will be in the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean Sea, and Cuba and Puerto Rico will be the countries that will first suffer the effects of such a war. However favorable may be the result for American arms,

Cuba could not but suffer deeply, and no American could equal us in desiring a complete and prompt triumph for the United States.

Would it not be a misfortune that, behind the American batteries in case of war, there should be a sullen—perhaps a hostile—people, because their sympathy had been alienated in place of having loyal friends? When owing to a war the sugar fields of Cuba should be again burned, the Island blockaded, and its sugar and tobacco warehoused, the beet-sugar growers of Colorado and Nebraska and the tobacco growers of Pennsylvania and Kentucky can make and harvest their crops with as much safety as at the present time. They may well be more generous *now*—an hour so critical for Cuba.

At the same time, and as a consequence of the privileges that the United States has taken in Cuba, the right of sovereignty that Cuba has granted to this country, thereby constituting herself a military dependency of the United States, and when Cuba organizes as a *Republic* (as a republic similar to certain European principalities), can it be thought for a moment that it can propose treaty relations with any nation of the world? Who would treat with her? Have the contracts made by minors any value without the signature of the guardian? By the Platt amendment Cuba is, and must continue to remain, in a state of tutelage, and the United States *per se* has made itself guardian, ratifying the obligations contracted before the world by the Treaty of Paris. The foregoing fully demonstrates that the United States has contracted certain obligations with the Cuban people.

Let us consider now some special aspects of the petitions that the Cubans have presented.

The conflict between certain individual American interests and those of Cuba has developed some interesting features. With regard to tobacco: This country consumes 6,000,000,000 cigars per year, and only 6 per 1,000 is Havana made. As was remarked by a distinguished Cuban before

the Ways and Means Committee, this amounts to scarcely two cigars per year for each American smoker. It may be further affirmed that the Cuban tobacco threatens no American interest, as we have neither the population nor the facilities to increase the output, and the production of our tobacco is much more expensive than that of the United States.

With regard to sugar, the case is different. Sugar is an article of prime necessity. The American consumer is paying almost double that paid by the English consumer. The Treasury of the United States does not need the duties levied upon sugar. This duty benefits only certain companies and individuals who have organized to defend a particular right. The sophistry that the decline of the beet-sugar industry in the United States would leave 30,000 or 40,000 men without work, who are now living by this industry, is as ridiculous as the statement made in former times, when it was declared that the establishment of railroads would throw out of employment freight-wagons and stage-coaches and those interested therein. Here, with cheap sugar, the canning industry will be developed, and the cultivation of fruit will be stimulated to the degree that it has been developed in England—even to a greater degree. I am thinking of the total suppression of the duties on sugar. This is of more importance than an uncertain benefit to 500 individuals who oblige 80,000,000 of people to spend $100,000,000 additional each year—and this to aid an industry whose capital does not amount to any such sum. This is said without taking into account the future.

For the present, and so far as the reduction of the duties on sugar concerns Cuba alone, the alarm is simply ridiculous, because, from the moment in which Cuba produces not even half of that which the United States needs to purchase abroad, the price is always fixed in virtue of a proportion between the price of sugar in Hamburg plus the price of transportation duties and the price at which the producers can sell it.

Cuba has not had the labor to double her crop for many years, and this is the best guaranty for the domestic sugar industry. Its danger is not in Cuba but on the other side of the Atlantic, and in the commercial spirit of this nation, which cannot much longer ignore the opportunity to take another step along the road of its economic preponderance.

The other side of the Cuban-American problem embraces two features—one political and the other economic. The former is now practically decided; and in support of my thesis I venture to repeat some extracts from an article I wrote about two months ago—published in *Gunton's Magazine* for December, 1901:

"Cuba's political problem has been solved by putting the Island under the control of the United States. This is so because the prodigious commercial development and progress achieved under the Spanish *régime* was due largely to the fact that the Island, from the day that the American nation was constituted, was within the reach of the United States and practically outside the influence of the Spanish nation. There may be degrees in the efficiency of the American control—many details may be modified; but there is no reason to believe that the Island will ever be an entirely independent country like Colombia or Costa Rica, or that she will ever be permitted to unite her destinies with those of any other nation than the United States.

"It must not be overlooked that American statesmen ever since 1809 have considered Cuba as a geographical appendix of the southern section of the Republic, likely some time to become a part of the American Union. Upon this policy they have always acted in the treatment of international questions relating to the Island, and at the Panama Congress in 1826 the United States acted in such a way as to make it impossible for the Island of Cuba to be an independent nation or become a part of any Spanish-American State. Spain, on several occasions, was given assurance that she might retain possession of the Island, and the principle was proclaimed from the beginning that 'whenever it would become impossible for Cuba to remain any longer under the Spanish flag, that day she would definitely join this Republic.' In 1823 Mr. Jefferson, in a letter to President Monroe, dated June 23d, said: 'The

truth is that the addition of Cuba to our Union is just what is needed to make our power as a nation of the greatest interest.' This is proved in 1901 to have been prophetic. Such was the point of view from which the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives of the United States considered the question in 1826, when discussing and recognizing in the Congress of Panama the paramount importance that the intended invasion of Cuba might have for this country. 'The Morro Castle can be considered as a fortress at the mouth of the Mississippi,' said the committee in an official document.

"Those who know what has been the policy pursued by the United States in this matter during almost a century cannot have any misapprehension as to the true meaning of the Platt amendment adopted by the last Congress to settle the relations between Cuba and the United States, and approved by the President. The Island is to-day a military department of the United States, and its government is administered in the last resort by the President as Commander-in-Chief of the army of the United States through the War Department in Washington. The rest will come in due time. For this reason we say that the political problem of Cuba has already been solved, and that whatever is to be done hereafter, in this line, is unimportant."

But nothing has been done to settle the economic question in Cuba. Nothing has been done in this direction during the three years of military occupation. And this is to be regretted all the more, because no form of government can enjoy more liberty in the prosecution of a liberal policy than a military government—an administration that enjoys the benefits of despotic power given by the laws of war, and that may do so much good in the hands of wise authorities who demand prompt execution. Schools have been established, streets have been cleaned, and the mortality has been reduced in a wonderful manner. The military administration of the United States merits the gratitude of the Cubans for the services rendered. But it should not be forgotten that this has been done with Cuban money. And the United States has been able to do better than Spain in this line because the United States cleared up for the

benefit of Cuba the heavy burden of a very high interest-bearing debt, and many other national obligations, which absorbed three-fourths of the budget of Cuba during Spanish rule.

But Cuba economically (and politically also) is no more than a colony. She must purchase abroad all that her inhabitants need for their support, and to advance her development in civilization must sell abroad all she produces in order to purchase. Upon the facilities she may have to engage in foreign commerce are based Cuba's peace and prosperity. This is fundamental. Spain could not make Cuba happy because her commercial power was too small to supply the necessities of her colonies. The United States has always had in Cuba many friends and partizans, because the former held out bright promises for the ambition of the Cubans. The United States might and can consume all that Cuba produces and even much more, and the Cubans on the other hand can procure in the American markets all they need. But the reality has been a disenchantment, and the Cubans have a right to say that the United States has threatened them worse than Spain, because Spain could not give for the reason that she had nothing to give; but the United States has not considered the necessities of Cuba during the last three years, and Cuba economically considered has been abandoned. Along this line, treating of Cuban products, on their reaching the American custom-houses they are treated as foreign products; and in a few years, under the protection of the United States, Cuba may fall into the impoverished condition of Santo Domingo and Jamaica. Surely this will not be an honor to the United States—but it will be the inevitable result of a policy contrary to the spirit of America and of the desires of President Roosevelt.

L. V. DE ABAD.

Washington, D. C.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST IN THE COMING AGE.

IN the closing words of his article, "The Debt of Science to Darwin," Alfred Russel Wallace paraphrases the eulogistic words of the poet thus:

> "Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
> God said, *'Let Darwin be,'* and all was light."

This is the splendid tribute of a friend to probably the greatest scientist the world has yet produced. Darwin's unfolding of the evolutionary process in his "Origin of Species" is the wonder, but at the same time the glory, of this age. It enables us to behold a unity in the Universe of God. Every star and sun, moon and planet—each tree and flower, bird and insect and animal—is an essential part of a mighty Whole working out "one increasing purpose" through the ages.

In the marvelous observation of the facts of life, and the revelations that grew out of them, Darwin discovered a universal law, which had been recognized in a more or less vague way and in a narrower field by every intelligent observer. He noticed that the tendency in all living organisms was toward the elimination of injurious and individual differences and variations, and the preservation of those individual differences and variations called "favorable." This law he termed Natural Selection, or the Survival of the Fittest.

At first thought it seems repulsive to a delicate and refined taste to read such language of Darwin's as the following: "It may not be the logical deduction, but to my imagination it is far more satisfactory to look at such instincts as the young cuckoo ejecting its foster-brothers, ants making slaves, the larvæ of ichneumonidæ feeding within the live bodies of caterpillars, not as specially endowed or created instincts, but as small consequences of *one general law* leading to the advancement of all organic beings, namely: multiply; vary; *let the*

strongest live and the weakest die." Or, again, the closing words of the chapter on the "Struggle for Existence": "When we reflect on this struggle, we may console ourselves with the full belief that the war of Nature is not incessant; that no fear is felt; that death is generally prompt, and that the vigorous, the healthy, and the happy survive and multiply." Yet we must remember that this is not the language of cold philosophy. We cannot reject it as we might a cruel dogmatism of the Middle Ages. It is a calm statement of a universal fact, and a little reflection will convince us of its truth.

The Apostle Paul in a general way recognized this truth: "We know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now, and not only they, but ourselves also, . . . even we ourselves groan within ourselves waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body." He noticed a struggle in creation and in humanity, but the outcome was for the betterment of the race. "We know," says he, "that all things work together for good." Even a superficial glance at history reveals the outworking of this law in regard to the human race; for it is the purpose of this paper to illustrate and apply the law of the Survival of the Fittest as it affects humanity.

The history of the Jewish people affords a striking illustration. Had they remained in slavery in Egypt, the probabilities are that they would have in time succumbed to the overpowering strength of the taskmasters; but at the call of Moses they were removed from unhealthy soil and placed where they could survive. They proved themselves superior to their enemies, and after a protracted struggle they conquered the various tribes of Palestine and became absolute possessors of this fertile land. They survived, however, only as long as they remained the fittest. In time, through their weakness, other and stronger nations came in and took away their land, and the remnant were scattered to the four quarters of the earth.

What nation could withstand the trained legions of mighty Rome? They subdued the brave but untrained Briton, they conquered the Gaul and the Greek, until finally the Roman

eagle was the symbol of power in every civilized land, and Roman law the justice of the courts. But the moment Rome lost her strength there swept down upon her the hordes of Goths and Vandals—people possessing the ferocious strength of a brutal nature, nurtured and developed by long and close contact with Nature herself, which, engendering a native simplicity, kept alive and strong the physical instincts. Rome, depleted in her physical force, could not withstand the furious onslaught. She fell, and the Goth and Vandal survived; but it was a survival of mere physical strength. And this struggle of nations has gone on—we are witnesses to-day that warfare is not a thing of the past.

The late war with Spain is a timely illustration. America was victorious because she was the fittest to carry on the war. There are many who prophesy that a time will come when the Latin races will become extinct, and that the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic peoples will survive and be supreme in the northern hemisphere of the world. But Darwin speaks of *"individual* differences and variations." It is the individual who feels most keenly the force of this law. We are conscious of struggle from the moment we awake to our own individuality to the end of life. A large proportion of one's time is taken up with the struggle for mere existence. With millions this is the *all* of life. Very early in life do we become conscious of the fact that there are competitors in the race with us. The boy at school is taught to compete with others for the prize or for the highest place in the examination. How a mother's heart throbs with joy when she hears of her boy or girl taking off the highest honors at the university! But the boy or girl knows that these honors are the result of struggle. And when that boy or girl comes to take his or her place in life's work, there is the realization that the struggle must continue, though in a different way. There are competitors in every calling. "We must fight if we would win" is the inexorable law. But we must not forget that in the competitive struggle those who do not survive succumb.

It would be interesting to know just how many literally "go

to the wall" every year—the victims in the struggle for mere existence. Darwin says: "The vigorous, the healthy, and the happy survive and multiply." In the struggle, then, it is to our advantage to keep vigorous and healthy and happy. In order to be so, each individual must keep physically strong. To keep physically strong brings into view a struggle with forces in another realm. We must do battle with the lower impulses. If they conquer us we are doomed. Thus in the higher realm of life there is no immunity from warfare. We cannot lose sight of the close relation of moral fitness with physical fitness. The laxity of morals led to the downfall of the Jewish people. The enervating effects of immorality weakened the physical constitution of the Roman and made him an easy prey to his enemy. In our war with Spain the *moral* stamina has been emphasized just as much and probably more than the physical. We all know the weakening effects of self-indulgence; hence, the stronger morally we are the more likely are we to conserve our physical powers. Struggle in the moral realm is possible because of competition with forces of an opposite nature. Modify or remove those forces and there is little or no struggle.

Carried thus up into a higher realm, we touch upon another law, which operates, if allowed free play, to modify and finally to eliminate the opposing competitive forces. It is the Law of Love, which is the Law of Spiritual Selection, or the survival of the fittest in the spiritual realm. In this realm individuals are no longer brought into competition with one another.

In every age, at different intervals, there have arisen men whose work has marked a distinct epoch in the advancement of civilization, and the better understanding of the world in which we live. In the scientific world Darwin stands as one of these. Over eighteen hundred years ago there came into the world one Jesus of Nazareth, whose work marks a new departure in the spiritual realm, ushering in a newer and a better understanding of the relation of God and the world, unfolding and developing the new Law of Love. Before Darwin's time there had lived scientists who saw dimly the outlines of a possible new law of Nature; but it was reserved for Darwin to

make the great revelation. Before Christ's time there lived prophets who beheld as in a vision a new law destined to operate in alleviating the sufferings of humanity, and to usher in a new era; but it was reserved for Jesus of Nazareth to become at once the Exponent and the Teacher of the new Law of Love. Surely it is not irreverent to paraphrase the words of the poet in another way and say—

> Morality and Morality's Laws lay hid in night;
> God said, "Let the Christ be," and all was light.

"In the fulness of time God sent forth his Son." "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." The new Law of Love that Christ unfolded teaches that every man, weak or strong, has a right to live. It thus modifies the natural law. Christ saw the immediate effects of the operation of the Natural Law all around him. He said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." The Father had created the world and set in motion this Natural Law, and now it was his work to reveal the new Law of Love; to bring it out of obscurity; to make it luminous and practical; to teach men how to apply it to life. Christ applied it by beginning at the weak end of the Natural Law. The fittest were apparently the Pharisees and rich men of his day. Christ said he came not to call the righteous, but sinners. He came to seek and to save that which was *lost*. The blind man cried, "Give me a chance!" and Christ restored his sight. The lame man cried, "Give me a chance!" and Christ restored his diseased limb. The leper cried, "Give me a chance!" and he was cured of his leprosy. Poor, lean, hungry Lazarus had no chance in competition with the fat, comfortable, rich, and luxurious Dives. But change the environment and Lazarus survives, while Dives succumbs.

The first outworking of the Law of Love is to give men a chance. How can a child, brought up in the miasma and filth of a slum—ill fed, ill clad, ill educated—appreciate a law of Love? But give that child a bright, neat home, good and wholesome food, sufficient clothing, and the common school (and every child has a right to these, under the Law of Love), and that child soon learns what love really means. There is

sound philosophy in the remark of the witty Frenchman: "I don't believe in Christianity; I've got the toothache!" Let us first of all remove the impediments to the appreciation of truth. Let us make it easy for any one to do right, and hard for any one to do wrong; easy for every one to love, and difficult for any one to hate.

After showing that the sick, blind, halt, lame, poor, and sinful ought to have an equal opportunity to life with the well, strong, sound, rich, and righteous, Christ then unfolds the second outworking of the Law of Love. He singles out twelve men, all of them apparently physically and morally fit, and he says to them, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." I take it that these twelve were to be the embodiment of his teachings, which were to be taught to the world—the practical expression of the kingdom of God on earth. They were to be the incarnation of brotherhood. They were to coöperate with one another, and the competitive spirit was to be entirely eliminated.

When the over-fond mother of Zebedee's sons came to Jesus requesting the highest place in the kingdom for her boys, Christ called his disciples to him and said: "Ye know that the rulers of the Gentiles lord it over them, and their great ones exercise authority over them. Not so shall it be among you; but whosoever would become great among you shall be your minister, and whosoever would be first among you shall be your servant." In other words, in the kingdom of God there was to be no rivalry or competition—no thought of place and power. And, later, Paul very sternly rebuked the competitive spirit that had entered into the Corinthian church.

Now, how does this second phase of the outworking of the Law of Love operate to-day? It has already accomplished something in bringing the struggle up into a higher realm. The age of the Survival of the Fittest in mere brute force has passed or is passing away. The millionaire is not necessarily a giant in physique. A leader in any enterprise may be of average weight, physically. The struggle is now in the region of the mental forces. The millionaire is shrewder than others

and uses his superior shrewdness to take advantage of his fellows. In business it may be the survival of the shrewdest. In leadership, peculiar and strong faculties of mind captivate and charm. A leader becomes conscious of superior mental powers, and struggles to be the fittest in leadership. But, though taken thus into a higher realm, the struggle is none the less keen—probably more so.

There remains, then, the application of the Law of Love in its second outworking, whereby the competing spirit shall go out and the help-each-other spirit shall come in. The coming together in coöperation in industry is surely an application of this law, and a beginning of the fullest realization of the kingdom of God as taught by Christ to his disciples. But it is only a beginning. It must extend to nations as well as communities. There must be a national brotherhood. The watchword of the angels at the advent of the Christ must become the watchword of the nations—"Peace on earth, good will to men."

It is strange that competition among nations is still carried on in the old brutal way. The increasing armaments of the nations both in land and sea forces, and the constant manufacture of deadly weapons of warfare, make it too evident that the arena of struggle has not changed between the nations of the world. When the Peace Conference met at the Hague in response to the peace proposals of the Czar of Russia, there seemed to be coming a mighty change in the attitude of the great powers of the world toward war, but the recent bloody fields of Southern Africa speak in mocking response. "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?" Is there no other tribunal than war to settle the differences of nations? We acknowledge the supremacy of Love in the family relation; why should it not rule among the larger families of nations?

I am aware that the consummation of such a Law would establish a sort of "heaven upon earth." Then let such be. We are taught to believe in a future heaven, where all that is bad shall be eliminated and all that is good shall survive. Why not begin here and now to eliminate in-

justice, tyranny, oppression, greed, and power; and as the kingdom of heaven is righteousness, peace, and joy, let these survive? The kingdom Christ came to establish was not a future kingdom. "The kingdom of heaven is within you." The Law of Love was not for a future world, but for this. There are millions to-day asking of us, their brothers, the boon of a chance. There are thousands weakening, dying, in the struggle to survive, and beseeching us, their brothers, to remove the barriers that shut them in the charnel-house of death. Brothers the world o'er, now is our opportunity. Let us live and work, preach and pray, until every man born into the world has a chance to live and an equal opportunity with all to labor; until competition shall cease and coöperation shall be a fact; until men shall cease to hate and all men learn to love; until righteousness, peace, and joy, because the fittest, shall survive in the coming age!

(Rev.) FRANK D. BENTLEY.

Mapleton, Minn.

THE PROBLEM OF IMMIGRATION.

I. The Argument for Suspension.

IT has been repeatedly shown, and indeed is a matter of common observation, that a very large majority of our tens of thousands of immigrants go to the great cities, especially those of the Atlantic seaboard, and that they *stay* there. And in so doing they come into direct and often ruinous competition with the struggling masses of those cities. No other civilized nation dreams of permitting, much less encouraging, such competition. Why should we continue a policy so singular? As for diverting any large proportion of immigration to the country or to the great West, such talk, with due deference to the talkers, seems quite idle.

The fact is, the great drift of population in Europe and America, is to, or toward, large cities. In Europe the disproportionate growth of the city as compared to the country is striking; in America it is startling. In 1880 we had living in cities of four thousand and upward 25.8 per cent. of the total population; in 1890 the proportion reached 32.9 per cent., and in 1900 37.3 per cent. If present conditions continue, as they are almost sure to do, the middle of the century will see two-thirds, and its close more than three-fourths, of the American people leading city lives, and the greater part of them clustered in or near the great centers of population.

The mere fact that urban population will ultimately become considerably diffused, as recently pointed out by H. G. Wells and others, does not at all affect the objection to continued *labor* immigration—ever the great bulk of all our immigration. Whatever transit improvements the future may have in store, the great mass of their citizens will live within the present city limits for some time to come, and not outside of them. And when increasing numbers go to the suburbs the character

of this outlying population will still remain on the whole essentially suburban, and substantially urban.

The reason some of our great American cities grow so disproportionately is because they have become the meeting-ground of both the countryman and the immigrant. In THE ARENA for March, 1897, Dr. A. C. True, of the Department of Agriculture, points out that, "between 1870 and 1890, speaking relatively and in round numbers, two million men gave up farming and went to join the great army of toilers in our cities. Taking their families into account, six million people from the farm were added to the population of the town." This may be thought very unfortunate and very undesirable; but the question is not what ought to be, but what *is*. And instead of deploring this drift from country to city it would be far more sensible and statesmanlike to recognize that the countryman, like the immigrant, in gravitating cityward, *is but acting in obedience to a natural economic law*. For the writer just quoted most forcibly and justly observes:

"Lately a few students of modern life have come to see and to say that while present industrial conditions continue the movement of population to cities will continue. The fact is that, broadly speaking, men leave the farms because they are not wanted there. . . For a time in this country cheap land, superficial methods of cultivation, rapid development of farm machinery, and the swift increase of population engaged in mining and manufacturing enabled our farmers to extend their operations with profit and to give employment to thousands of new men. But gradually, and more rapidly within the last twenty-five years, invention has gained the mastery in agriculture as in other arts. The brain of man has triumphed over his hand here as elsewhere. Few workers per acre are now required. The horse or the machine, steam or electricity, has taken the place of the boy or man. There are more birds in the nest than the parents can take care of. . . It is not so much love of the town as necessity to earn a livelihood off the farm which drives boys to the town and makes them competitors in the great industrial struggles at the centers of population."

And what so intensifies this struggle is the fact already alluded to—that in the great centers of population the country

lads are met by the tide of humanity ceaselessly surging in from the highways, byways, and slums of Europe, willing to work for a pittance and able to live on it.

From such a contact the countryman is by no means the only sufferer. Various leading bodies of workingmen have protested against a further continuance of these ruthless conditions—of this utterly fatuous policy. One body a few years ago urged that immigration be reduced from 500,000 to 50,000 per annum; others that it cease entirely for a time, and until suitable places for it could be found. And every State or Congressional investigation for years past has been pointing out the menace of the existing system to American labor and American civilization.

Between 1890 and 1898 the immigration reports show that despite "hard times" some 3,500,000 toilers landed on our shores. The great bulk of these were unskilled workmen, farm-hands, servants, or persons of no visible means of support. The reason *why* these people must go chiefly to the overcrowded cities or mining centers has already been touched upon, and *that* they do so is incontestable.

To illustrate by the figures of a single census year, taken at random, the Labor Commissioner's report shows that in 1895, of 343,269 arrivals, 224,650 went to New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts. Of the remainder, 4,572 went to Wisconsin, 1,516 to Louisiana, and 1,043 to Nebraska. Three thousand one hundred and seventy-four arrivals of one month were traced after landing; 31, *less than one per cent., went to States west of the Mississippi,* and only 14 to the South. To Boston went 150; to the rest of New England, probably the crowded manufacturing towns, 184. More than 2,300 stayed in the large cities of New York and New Jersey; 313 found their way to Pennsylvania, 44 to Illinois (34 of them to Chicago), and just 62 to all other parts of the United States and Canada. In 1901 only 13.5 per cent. of the immigrants went west of the Mississippi, or south of the Ohio or Potomac. Indeed, the central and southern European immigration that now so largely predominates goes not only to the great cities but to

their slums. This element formed .05 per cent. of the population of Baltimore in 1894 and 13 per cent. of its slums, 6.41 per cent. of Chicago's people and 44.4 per cent. of its slums, and 9 per cent. of New York's populace and 51 per cent. of its slums.

Such a situation is causing, and has for years been causing, incalculable injury. Can it possibly be justified by the plea made frequently, and in a recent striking Presidential message officially, that there is still plenty of room for the immigrant in the country, and especially in the great West? With all the respect that is due to the numerous, and in some cases eminent, persons who appear to hold such a view, there would seem to be four distinct answers to it.

The first is that, as already pointed out, the immigrant in the great majority of cases does not go to the West; and it might be added that under the economic conditions referred to he cannot go there.

The second answer has also been sufficiently indicated in the preceding pages, and need not be dwelt upon. It is simply this: That even if a much larger *European* immigration could be diverted to the West, the benefit to the country could not possibly counterbalance the injury being wrought in the East, especially at the great centers of population.

The third answer to the plea of immigration is that the West evidently does not desire the kind of immigration that is coming. An Immigration Investigating Committee, appointed in 1895, sought and received information from the Governors of 52 States and Territories as to the nationality and character of immigrants desired in each. Two Governors, and only two, reported a demand for those from southern or eastern Europe, but not for "laborers." The other fifty, after stating in many cases that labor, even "skilled" labor, was no longer desired, expressed a universal preference for the population from the north or west of Europe, or from the United States. But the records for 1901 show that only 22.5 per cent. of the immigrants came from the sections preferred, while nearly 70 per cent. came from southern or eastern Europe. As for the "labor"

character of immigration, it appears that in 1895 only 90,000 of the newcomers did not enter into direct competition with our toiling masses, being rated as "farmers," etc. But, as on an average each brought only $16 with him, the great bulk of the "farmers" were of course mere farm-hands, *i. e.*, laborers. And nearly all the others of that year were really of the same class, 38,900 being "servants," 91,000 "ordinary laborers," and the remaining 123,000 had "no occupation," which means that in most cases they had to find one or drift into prison or the poor-house. The figures for 1901 show 53.1 per cent. of admittedly farm and ordinary laborers or servants, and an additional 30.5 per cent. who had no occupation, including women and children, leaving only about 16 per cent. who were nominally outside the labor class. So, to sum up the situation so far as the West is concerned, the returns prove not only that the great bulk of immigration does not go to the West, but that only 22.5 per cent. of the total European immigration is of the *nationalities* the West wants, and that no large part of that can be of the non-"labor" character that is chiefly desired!

The fourth answer to the plea for foreign immigration, whether for West or East, is that if it stopped to-morrow our growth would not diminish, and neither would the surplus population available for developing the country, except perhaps temporarily; for it has often been pointed out, though the fact is most persistently ignored, that immigration checks our natural birth-rate to just about the extent of that immigration. Therefore, our bewildering immigration policy is not making us grow faster, but is merely preventing the natural increase of our own population, and is in effect to that extent supplanting it! And, as just said, if it stopped we should very soon have just as many pairs of hands, and quite as skilful ones, with which to settle, develop, or reclaim.

In "Immigration Fallacies," the writer has tried to point out how far the moral, social, political, and patriotic objections to immigration outweigh the rather imaginary economic benefits. And the worst of it is that the latter *are* so largely imaginary. Popular impressions on the subject are founded on just such

common but erroneous ideas as that the West craves foreign immigration, and that it is adding largely to our general national growth and development. But will not the radical change of attitude that is proposed be narrow, un-American, or unjust to other nations? On the contrary, it is taking very broad ground—as broad as the welfare of our 80,000,000 of people, and therefore is essentially American. As for its injustice to others, as said at the outset, no other nation does or would permit us to invade its labor field, and no other nation can complain with the slightest justice when we protect our own. The principle of "reciprocity" is entirely wanting here—as is respectfully suggested to that able humorist, the Minister from China. *The question of regulating immigration, or excluding it, is purely a domestic one.*

And whatever distinguished foreigners may say officially, they have frequently expressed themselves privately as being astounded at the extreme liberality, not to say prodigality, of our immigration system, which has already made conditions in great cities of the New World approximate those of the Old, and which seems to take no account of the fast-coming time when we shall need all our home territory for ourselves and our children. It was a distinguished foreigner, a very friendly and *candid* one, who was moved by what he saw at the immigration docks and voting booths of New York to quote the satiric phrase that imputes to Divine Providence a special oversight of infants, bibulous personages, and—the United States!

In seeking a solution of this great domestic problem, perhaps our greatest one, we naturally touch upon the subject of the probable approaching action by Congress. The legislation recommended by the President to sift out dangerous anarchistic and illiterate elements is admirable as far as it goes. It is a step in the right direction. But the preceding pages form one connected argument, not for restriction but *exclusion.* Why continue unchanged, except in details, a policy inaugurated seventy-five years ago, when instead of vast (and necessarily absorbing) cities we had a great empty continent to be tilled and settled?

By exclusion of European as well as Asiatic immigration we avoid the appearance of inconsistency. The inconsistency is more a matter of appearance than reality, as fifty years' experience on the Pacific coast has shown that the Chinaman does not and cannot assimilate with the Caucasian; and the people of this coast rightly believe that one great race problem at a time is quite enough for the nation. But the fact that the European immigrant in time becomes assimilated does not alter the further fact already pointed out that in the assimilation process the nation on the whole is much more of a loser than a gainer. A uniform policy is therefore advisable, and would afford neither just grievance nor appearance of one. And on the other side, our side, of the case it is time to reflect that our indiscriminate hospitality has long since ceased to be a virtue, and that self-protection is the supreme law of national life.

JOHN CHETWOOD.

San Francisco, Cal.

II. CHINESE EXCLUSION.

THERE is little doubt that the Chinese Exclusion law will be reënacted. Organized labor demands it almost to a man. Legislators of both political parties favor it, and in doing so express the sentiment of their constituents. But the arguments for the law are wholly selfish and do not take into consideration the higher principles of universal human brotherhood and equal rights.

The chief argument for the law is the "cheap labor" contention. Even if this were good economics it would not be good morals. The lesser arguments—that the Chinese are a bad lot, socially, religiously, morally, politically, is so purely selfish that it should shame us to suggest or be obliged to discuss it. Is it possible that Christian men and women, who applaud and support the sending of missionaries to the Chinese, are not willing to receive a few thousand of them and help them by association and personal contact? That this great, free,

strong, wealthy country—boasting to-day of its prosperity, proud of the superior skill of its workmen, able to compete with the world in any form of industry, priding itself upon its missionary and philanthropic spirit—should fear economic injury or should be afraid of soiling its skirts by the coming of a few Chinamen, and should stoop to exclude them absolutely from the land, is one of the most shameful spectacles of the age and cannot but react disastrously upon us. Says Sunyowe Pang, in the January *Forum*, "The law of the United States prohibiting the immigration of the Chinese has not a parallel in the world."

The whole question is primarily not one of economics, but of morals and religion. It is this: Is the Chinaman a brother? Is our God, whom we love to call Father, his Father as well? Is he one of humanity; or may we treat him as we would a race of animals? If the Chinaman is our brother he has a divine right to share equally with us and with the rest of mankind the opportunities that this beautiful earth offers. For a few million people to take possession of this vast country—with its almost unlimited resources, with its natural wealth so abundant that we have as yet appropriated only the smallest part of it—and set up selfish barriers and say no one shall come here and share our good things, at least not unless he can show a certificate of good character, putting forth the selfish, childish excuse that we may be corrupted or we may not get so much wealth if others come to share it; this is as if a father should leave an inheritance to his children, and one of them, because strong enough to do it, should exclude the others from their share. God gave the earth to mankind to use altogether. On the earth man must live, and from the earth he must get his sustenance.

The very first application of the principle of brotherhood is that wherever a man desires to go—wherever he can live to the best advantage without interfering with the personal rights of others—he has a right to go. How strange that this country, which has stood before the world for equal rights, should attempt to exclude a whole race of men from those rights!

The very principle upon which this country was founded was that all men should here have free, fair, equal opportunity; no favors and no privileges, but (all on equal footing) we should succeed or fail according to our worth. And now we are afraid to stand on equal terms with the poor Chinese—afraid to give them equal opportunity with us. We exclude them from the opportunity this great land offers to better their condition because we are afraid they may be somewhat in the way of our own success. Was ever a plea more unworthy a Christian people?

If the State of Texas, discovering oil, should pass a law excluding all not citizens of the State, a great protest would arise, not so much on the ground of constitutional agreement as on the ground of moral right. What right has any body of men to exclude their fellows from equal opportunity in the use of great natural resources? The only possible ground for justification England had in making war upon the Transvaal was the fact that Englishmen going there were not granted equal political rights.

The loudest cry for Chinese exclusion comes from the workingmen; and in making the demand they seek not equal rights and opportunities for all, but special rights and opportunities for themselves. In this they continue to play the game at which they have always been so badly worsted. In the game for special privileges only a few can win, and they are the strong, the shrewd, the unscrupulous. So long as the game continues, the great mass of workingmen will be crowded under. When the workingmen cry for the exclusion of the Chinese from equal rights and privileges with themselves, they justify the strong, the shrewd, the unscrupulous in their game to exclude the workingmen from equal rights and privileges. And so God works in Nature. The unjust thing is never the wise thing, even though it seem so for the moment.

Senator Quay would exempt from exclusion all Chinamen who have embraced the Christian faith. And Senator Penrose innocently remarks: "This is likely to have the support of those who are active in church circles generally." How this

would swell the missionary reports! What a rush of applications for orders and ordinations giving the right to baptize! How many volunteer missionaries there would be! Senator Penrose, without meaning to do so, has offered a genuine insult to the Church. The Church is not yet entirely pharisaical. Human brotherhood extends further than to those who have embraced the Christian religion.

The Exclusion act will doubtless be passed, but it will be a sad comment on the times if it be passed without a vigorous protest from those who believe in the brotherhood of man.

Exclusion of any people from equal natural opportunity is not only bad morals: it is bad economics. It is very strange economic reasoning to say that because the Chinaman works for smaller wages he injures or impoverishes us. He may, because of some unnatural conditions, lower, temporarily, the wages of some men; but on the whole he but adds to the wealth of the country.

The object of work is to produce wealth. We talk as if work were an end in itself, as if it were a great boon, and as if there were only a little of it to be obtained—and if the Chinaman gets some there will be less for the American. But work is not like a product of which there may be a short crop. There is plenty of work so long as there is the earth to work on. Work is a means to an end. The end is wealth. We are all working for one another. Every man receives a part of the product of the work of a thousand men, and he pays them with the product of his work. The Chinaman—a foreigner—comes and works for us, produces wealth, renders service, and asks of us for the product of his toil a smaller portion of our wealth than we are accustomed to pay. And then we talk as if somehow by working for low wages he were doing us an injustice! When the Chinaman works for low wages every workingman profits by it in the cheapening of the things he must buy.

Consider a family in circumstances that do not permit keeping a servant. The daughter of the family does the work of the house. But a woman offers to be a servant and do the work at one-half the usual price. Is this an injustice to the family

or to the daughter? The daughter now takes in needle-work and earns in half a day enough to pay the wages of the servant for a whole day. The Chinaman comes to us and offers to do the work of a servant for half pay. Let the workingman take in needle-work—do something else and stop talking about injustice.

As a matter of fact, the Chinaman is a trustworthy, faithful worker, and has added much to the wealth of the country. He is a most excellent general servant. He does much dangerous and unpleasant work that others are unwilling to do. He is a natural gardener, and has made many waste places productive. Sunyowe Pang says that Chinamen have redeemed over five million acres of malarial reed marshes in the delta formed by the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers—land that to-day is worth nearly three hundred million dollars.

The argument that immigration cheapens wages is, however, indirectly true; but so far as it is true it reveals a very great injustice among us. Wealth is produced by man applying his labor to Nature. Nature is man's opportunity. God provides that. So long as the opportunity is abundant, what difference how many use it? Is there less water in the sea for me because my neighbor dips a few bucketfuls? Is there less wealth in the earth for me because the Chinaman is extracting some?

No one imagines that this great land is used to anything like its capacity. Millions of acres lie idle, and what is used does not produce half what it might. Texas alone is capable of producing a living for the world. And the more people living on a section of land, up to a certain limit, the wealthier they will all be because of division of labor and the opportunities of exchange. What ground, then, for the workingman in this country of almost unlimited resources to say that his opportunity to produce is limited by giving some one else the same opportunity? And yet the facts seem to indicate that he is right. But the cause is not that there are too many men for the opportunity, but that *the opportunity is monopolized by a few.*

If sea-water, instead of food and clothes and books, were wealth, there would be plenty for every one. All we would

need to do is to dip. We would then be generous, and would say to the Chinaman or any one else, "Help yourself; there is plenty for all." But suppose a hundred men come to own all the sea-front—all the opportunity to get at the water. These men find it hard work to dip, and hire others to do it for them. They say to their fellows, "Dip for us and we will give you half what you dip." But there are more men than the owners can employ, and the unemployed offer to dip for a third of the water. Then others offer for a fourth, and the competition for a chance to dip goes on until men are dipping for just enough wages to keep them alive. When the Chinaman appears he can live for half as much as a white man, and so offers to dip for less wages. It would not then be strange if there were a cry for Chinese exclusion.

This is but an exaggeration of the conditions that actually exist. Desirable natural opportunity to produce wealth is owned by comparatively few men; that is, all the great natural sources, the mines, the oil wells, the best agricultural land, the valuable rights of way, but more especially the locations of dense population. Natural wealth is abundant, but these are the opportunities to get at the wealth, and they are owned by individuals, and hence all their value goes to the owners. The owners say to their fellows, "Work for us and we will give you a share of what you produce;" or, which is the same thing, "Rent the opportunity and pay us a share of what you produce." But the workingmen are abundant, and machinery enables a few to do the work of many; the unemployed offer to work for less, and the competition goes on till men are working for just enough to keep them alive.

Then the Chinaman appears—he can live on half as much as the white man. It is only natural that organized labor should demand his exclusion. But if organized labor were far-sighted it would demand, not the exclusion of the Chinaman from equal rights and privileges, but its own right to equal use of the opportunities to produce wealth. So long as God provided plenty of water, labor organizations would demand free opportunity for each man to dip for himself.

There is an old story about hunting for a mote in our neighbor's eye and failing to see the beam in our own eye. We are always blaming some poor Chinaman for our troubles when really the cause of them lies in ourselves alone.

(Rev.) ROBERT C. BRYANT.

Rockford, Ill.

LABOR'S RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

STATISTICS showing wages, hours of labor, cost of living, and the innumerable things that the working people are doing, and should do, are accomplishing a great deal of good; but they are powerless unless the horrors of labor are also shown. The accidents, diseases, and longevity of the workers would make interesting comparisons when placed alongside those of the employer; yet these statistics have never appeared. The risk of capital is great, but that of the worker is greater—and his reward should be more. Labor can do without capital, but capital cannot exist without labor. All capital might be destroyed overnight and it would be replaced by labor the next day.

It is well known that the cost of living is the governing force in determining what the rate of wages shall be in the various countries—although I am inclined to disagree with the statement that there *is* a "rate of wages." It is true, however, that the trades-unions have made a prevailing rate in the various localities wherein they predominate. In all sections where there are no unions the lowest rates are paid that the laborer will accept—that will allow him a bare margin to exist upon and to reproduce his species. The object, then, in all communities, should be to raise the standard of living, not to reduce it. When this is done, the education of the people will have begun.

It is deplorable that our colleges and their leading professors have devoted so much of their valuable time to showing how a workingman's family can "subsist on six cents per meal." Yes, my college friend, just as soon as you have solved this problem you will have produced the monster that will enslave us all, including yourself. Of what good is our boasted civilization if three-fourths of the world (that perform its labor) live on their six cents per day, while the other one-fourth (that lives upon these workers) requires sixty dollars to accomplish

the same end? The families of the rich are very small, while those of the poor are very large; yet few of the governing class have the remotest idea as to how this great body of their fellow-men exists—and it is doubtful if they care to know. Abject misery but faintly describes the condition of many of them. The high price of food, especially fruits, does not visibly affect the banker and the broker; but what torture is thrust upon the poor at each cent's raise! Only those familiar with the daily lives of these people can appreciate what this additional cost means.

Let us not seek to find out "how cheaply we can live," but rather "how much better we can live."

The cotton and woolen mill operatives are usually short of stature and hollow chested. They have small pay, excessive hours of toil, and not enough fresh air; and in far too many instances they are insufficiently fed and clothed. Large numbers of Greeks and Armenians are being introduced into these occupations—mainly to break strikes. Is it possible that the Chinese will be brought into this field of labor should the Chinese Exclusion bill fail to be repassed by our Congressional friends?

The structural iron workers and bridge builders, through a mighty effort of their own, have increased their pay and reduced their hours of labor in many localities; but in the majority of cases their pay is poor and the work extra hazardous. Many hundreds of them are killed and maimed each year, and their life-average will not exceed forty years. Their death-rate is very high—among the highest in the trades. Metal workers, as a rule, show a large mortality from tuberculosis.

In the machinists' trade, as a rule, the men are poorly paid in comparison with what they have to know and the service required. Their hours of labor are too long and their pay too small.

Enginemen, firemen, and all trainmen suffer from *overtime;* on nearly every railroad in this country these men make from thirty to forty and even fifty days per month. Flesh and blood cannot stand this strain, and numerous fatal accidents have

been traced directly to this cause. It is true that they are "paid" for their time, but it is a serious loss to their manhood and ofttimes dangerous to the public to compel these laborers so to overwork themselves.

Railroad telegraphers are not paid enough, either for their labor or their intelligence. Their responsibilities are great, having thousands of lives and millions of dollars' worth of property in their charge daily. They too suffer from excessive hours of duty.

The printing trades are working too many hours, and are ill paid in many cities. The print-shops are generally without proper ventilation and overcrowded. Printers suffer from lung diseases especially, and the death-rate from tuberculosis is excessive. It is only a question of time when the machine will supplant the hand compositor in all book offices.

The reduction of the hours of labor per day is one of the strongest demands made by labor organizations—and the one most strenuously opposed by the employer. It is assumed that a drop from nine or ten hours to eight hours means necessarily a drop in wages also. "Are the men going to ask nine hours' pay for eight hours' work?" is frequently asked. Will those who ask this question tell us what they mean by "nine hours' pay"?

People still seem to be deluded by the wage-fund theory—the notion that there is a certain "fund" somewhere out of which wages are constantly paid, and which cannot be increased. There is no such "fund" in existence—and there never was. Workingmen are entitled to just whatever wages they can demand, and there is no fixed standard anywhere in the world for so many hours' work. The lessening of the hours of labor in this country, as in all others, has invariably been followed by a rise, instead of a drop, in wages—and there is no reason to suppose that a further reduction in the working hours would have a different effect.

This state of affairs is due to the increased product to be divided—itself due to the enormous development of machinery—and also to the fact that, the wages of labor being largely

determined by the unemployed class (who necessarily lower wages), the absorption of that class into the ranks of employed labor through fewer hours of work involves the raising of all wages.

Few persons have any conception of the enormous development of the productive power of machinery. The United States Commissioner of Labor, Carroll D. Wright, in his first annual report and subsequently in his thirteenth, has given some valuable and authentic information upon this problem. I will quote some of these facts and figures, which will show that fewer hours do not mean a smaller output:

In the days of the single-spindle hand-wheel, one spinner working 56 hours could spin five hanks of No. 32 twist; at the present time one spinner assisted by two boys will produce 55,098 hanks of the same twist in the same time. A hand-loom weaver wove from 42 to 48 yards of common sheeting per week; now one weaver, tending six power looms, weaves 1,500 yards per week. (A new loom, recently invented, is so simple in construction that one person can attend to twelve of them.) A machine used for cutting and drying paper, run by four men and six girls, does the work that formerly required one hundred persons. In the manufacture of hats one man does the work formerly done by three. In the phosphate mines ten men accomplish with machinery what one hundred men did by hand in the same time. In the manufacture of wall-paper the displacement of labor is in the proportion of one hundred to one. In the winding of silk there is a displacement of ninety per cent., and in the weaving of silk a displacement of ninety-five per cent. In the making of ten plows it required 1,180 hours with hand labor, and only 37 hours with machinery. One dozen axes required 33 hours by hand, against 9 by machinery. In making fourpenny nails, 20,900 were turned out in one hour and forty-nine seconds by machinery, whereas it took 236 hours by hand process. Ten thousand screw-posts were made in 18 hours with machinery, and it required 1,250 hours by hand. Ten thousand fish-hooks were made by the hand process in 82 hours, but the rapacious machine turns out this number in two hours. Twelve dozen adze-eye nail hammers were made in 1,020 hours by hand, and by machinery it took but 38 hours. Twelve dozen blacksmiths' sledges were made by machine methods in fifty hours; this used to require 1,584 hours by the

more primitive hand system. Five hundred yards of unbleached cotton sheeting required 5,605 hours by hand processes and but 52 hours by machinery. One gross of butchers' knives were finished in 708 hours by hand, and in 24 hours by the modern system. Fifty dozen regular taper, triangular saw files were made in 69 hours with the machines, against 687 hours by the hand methods. One hundred dozen men's linen collars were produced in 1,350 hours by hand, against but 191 with the machines. One hundred and twenty pairs of woolen mittens were made in 1,030 hours by hand, and the same number were made by the machine in fifteen hours. One dozen pairs of cotton hosiery required 488 hours by hand and only one hour and forty-four minutes with the machines. Twenty-five marble slabs took 6,000 hours by hand and only 11 hours by machine process. One hundred thousand cigarettes were turned loose upon the community in 990 hours when made by hand, against 149 hours with the machine. One dozen derby fur hats required 42 hours of hand labor, and but five hours with the machines.

The above are leading examples to show the range of these government reports, and similar facts could be continued for several pages.

What do they show? They show conclusively that reduction of the hours of labor alongside of improved machine methods is perfectly compatible with a greater wealth production than ever before. Therefore, if the hours of labor are not reduced, what is the use of machinery? Its value lies in the fact that it diminishes human toil—it has no other value that we know of. And if the hours of labor are not reduced, then the human race does not reap the one and only valuable result of the application of *science* to *industry*.

I will not attempt to answer the question as to how such a reduction should be effected; I am simply trying to clear up some misconceptions under which the mass of the people seem to be laboring.

The rights of property are always considered more sacred than the right to life. A union man will not work with a "scab," and for this reason he is condemned by the press and the public. I contend that the "unionist" is wholly within his

rights in so doing, under the law of self-preservation as applied to himself and his family. Labor is conceded to be a commodity at this time, and, with this labor to sell, the possessor of it has the right to demand the highest price obtainable. He is also justified in protecting his property to the extent of refusing to share it with one who would reap the benefits of the labor union without paying any of its operating expenses or contributing his time to the education of his comrades—for it is undeniable that the "unorganized" man gains a benefit directly from the efforts of his "organized" brother, both in the shortening of the day's work and the increase of his pay. Therefore, he should assume some of the risks of organization in return for the benefits that he receives. That is the theory upon which this Republic was founded.

Columns have been written and hundreds of sermons preached upon how Christianity would solve the labor problem. Probably it would if we had an elixir that would eradicate *greed* from the human system. Who shall so interpret the teachings of Christ as to apply them to this problem? Which text shall we follow?—"Servants, obey your masters, for this is right;" or, "The laborer is worthy of his hire;" or, "Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn;" or—any one of a hundred moral precepts that might be quoted from the Bible. From my point of view, the Brotherhood of Man is the only Christianity that will ever enter into the solution of this labor question.

The statement is made quite generally by public speakers and writers that the Socialist "wants to divide up the wealth of the country"; also, that "he wants to take away the luxuries that are enjoyed by the rich!" Both of these propositions are erroneous. The desire of the Socialist, no matter to what school he may belong, is that the "dividing" be stopped, and that the producer shall have all that he produces;—this, of course, would stop the "dividing" at one swoop. It would also settle the second part of the argument, and build up *all* classes in a given community as well as in the world at large. This building up is being slowly accomplished every day—it is a

slow process, to be sure; but the nightly meetings of the trades-unions, the Socialistic "sections," the local assemblies of the Knights of Labor, and all the various organizations of laboring men and women are contributing to the upbuilding of the human family. This family is the *productive* and the *consuming* one, and its stomach will govern its brain; therefore, we should see that the stomach is well filled with pure and wholesome food. This can only be accomplished in one way—by its labor. Unless it become a member of the exploiting class and plunder other labor, it must continue to be half fed and bring into the world another race of slave-held workers.

How can the workers ever receive the entire results of their labor? When *the people* become the owners of all the mines, the means of transportation, the light and heat, and all the natural resources, including the land. There is as yet no trouble with the *air*—this now belongs to all the people. Still, we may awaken some morning and find that some enterprising syndicate has taken out an "injunction" upon the common use of this necessity of life. However, we need not worry about this conjecture, as the monopolies move slowly, and they usually know when to stop—a step beyond the line of endurance would mean that there would be a revolution, and these "natural-born governors of men" would find themselves out of a job in quick order. That is where monopolists are shrewd; for they fasten burdens upon the backs of the poor in so insidious a manner that their victims are not aware of their enthralment until it is too late to escape.

Are there any remedies that can be applied to better matters? is asked.

There are some that might be applied at once, if those who could enforce them would only do so. The consequences must fall upon these people, as they seemingly do not comprehend that there is so much poverty and privation in the world—especially in their own neighborhood. They are not brought into immediate contact therewith, and their social requirements are such that they cannot or will not take up the question of humanity. As matters now stand, all reforms have

to come from the masses themselves, and gradually work upward.

As a student of labor problems, I would suggest, as practical measures that would benefit the nation as a whole, the following ideas:

(1)—Eight hours for a day's work in all industrial and mechanical pursuits. (As the Government has already fixed this as the standard.)

(2)—Limit child labor. (Let the children go to school—the father to be the sole breadwinner. If there are not enough schoolhouses, use the churches—they are nearly all idle throughout the week, and would answer the purpose most admirably.)

(3)—Decent homes and good sanitation. (Let the streets in the tenement districts be swept as clean as those in the most fashionable residential portions.)

(4)—Pure food and good water. Stop the adulteration of food and filter the water. (The food that the poor purchase is invariably the most largely adulterated—so that it may be sold to them at comparatively reasonable rates.)

(5)—Restrict immigration; in fact, suspend it entirely for a period of five or ten years.

[The suspension of immigration for a term of years is the only remedy that will allow American labor and the recently-arrived alien laborers to assimilate and get some direct benefit from the large amount of work now in sight, and enable the workers to reduce the hours of labor to eight per day. The assassination of President McKinley should arouse the American people to a sense of their danger from unlimited and unrestricted immigration. Anarchists are always derived from these imports, and as the former are opposed to all forms of government—malcontents who would use violence to destroy the existing social and civil order—why should they be allowed to inflict their presence upon this Republic? Would it not be better to compel them to remain in their own countries? At the present time all our American cities have extensive "quarters" in which the visitor will find only foreign customs and habits in vogue and a foreign language spoken. The denizens of these "quarters" have no intention of ever being anything else than

"foreigners." It has been very often proved that immigrants of at least one nationality make it a rule to return to their native country after securing their stake of $500—henceforth to "live like da Prince." It is time for Americans to become aroused to the evils of this foreign invasion, which is chiefly fostered and encouraged by the railroad and steamship interests, backed up by the land and manufacturing interests.]

These five items, in my opinion, will be sufficient to place us upon a basis somewhat approaching a genuine civilization. Possibly their adoption might cause some of those now "working the workers" to change their occupation!

In the case of manufactured products, the cost of production has reached the minimum. What the employer must do is to study the cost of *distributing* his goods. It costs too much to deliver his products into the hands of the consumer. The railroad rates for transportation are entirely too high—hence the necessity for governmental control of this means of transportation. Each additional "movement" means that the consumer will have to pay for just so much more rent, bookkeeping, interest, and clerical and other unproductive labor. This is an important matter, which has not received enough attention from our "captains of industry." However, the combination of the various individual firms into trusts will cut off much of this expense, but the railroads will still continue to do the hauling at "all the traffic will bear." Interest on borrowed capital will also continue to get in its fine work by night and by day.

Brains and energy do count in the world's struggle; but a man may have both, and, unless "opportunity" step in, they are useless. There are many men with these endowments scattered throughout the country, but they fail to reach a market. It is not important to the workingmen that a few should rise to eminence out of their class, and then be praised as "self-made men" —this generally injures their class by depriving it of its most energetic workers.

Labor has an opportunity to create a demand for honest, well-made articles. The "union label" will identify them. The full strength of the label depends upon how it is forced into

the market, and that force is the workingman himself. If the label is not upon the goods that the consumer wants, it is the workers' fault alone. They are in the majority all the time. They have the power, but it takes them a long time to discover that fact. *The wages paid to labor come from the products of labor, not from the capitalist.* This is the first item to learn from the lessons of political economy. When that lesson is learned, then will the laborer become worthy of his hire—and get all that is coming to him.

WILLIAM S. WAUDBY.

Washington, D. C.

THE OSTRICH IN THE NEW WORLD.*

OSTRICH farming is a comparatively new industry in the United States, but its growth and the excellent results that have attended the experiments in California, Florida, and elsewhere justify the confident belief that it will soon become a home industry of commanding importance. It belongs to the large number of new enterprises, inaugurated during the last twenty years, that form one of the most interesting chapters in the history of present-day material development.

It was recently my privilege to interview Mr. W. H. Bentley, the proprietor of the first ostrich farm established in the United States. The facts related by this gentleman show how indomitable determination and industry, so characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon, turned what frequently seemed to be a hopeless failure into a splendid success. During the early days of the experiment one failure after another was encountered, and the fact that literature dealing with the subject was so meager, and often inaccessible, rendered the task almost impossible of achievement. Fortunately Mr. Bentley gained access to a very rare and valuable work dealing with the ostrich and its culture, written by a Mr. Douglas, an Englishman who fifty-five years ago established the first ostrich farm of our time in South Africa. This gentleman, after years of patient toil and practical experimentation, attended by many disheartening failures and disappointments, at last succeeded in his efforts, and with the knowledge thus gained prepared his work—the first practical and authoritative treatise on the subject.

From this writer Mr. Bentley found that many alleged facts concerning the ostrich found in natural histories were pure fiction; and the preposterous pictures in old geographies, so familiar to all school-children of the last generation, which

* An interview with the man who established the first ostrich farm in the United States.

represented the ostrich as speeding across the desert with a negro astride his back, were the result of an entirely erroneous idea concerning the ostrich, which, as a matter of fact, is not a bird of the desert, requiring as it does large quantities of water and green food for its sustenance, while it is so framed as to be incapable of carrying a heavy weight—as a man, for example—more than a short distance.

Mr. Bentley was also surprised to find from this authority that the popular idea that the ostrich when closely pressed buried its head in the sand was another fable long taught as a fact. Mr. Douglas asserts that the bird can run at an almost incredible speed for twelve or fifteen miles, after which it becomes completely exhausted and sits down entirely helpless. Many a time, the Englishman observes, he has overtaken the bird before it had sufficiently recuperated again to begin its flight, and on such occasions he had no trouble in killing the ostrich by dealing a single blow on its neck, which was absolutely erect and rigid.

"All my experience," observed Mr. Bentley, "bears out the truth of these observations. It is true," he continued, "that the ostrich spends much time in hunting in the sand or dust with his bill, but that is merely for pebbles or stones, and at no other time does he ever appear to bury his head in the sand; and, furthermore, it never even puts its head under its wing when it sleeps, but keeps its long neck erect and rigid during the whole night, while at the slightest noise it is on its feet, being naturally a wild and highly nervous creature."

Mr. Bentley started his farm in 1883, in the city of San Diego, California. New farms sprang up in various places until the industry became so important and remunerative that capitalists undertook to form a trust including all the farms in the United States. The old pioneer's experience affords a suggestive illustration of the rule-or-ruin spirit of the modern government-fostered trusts. After gaining control of all the ostrich farms in the United States excepting Mr. Bentley's, he was approached by a representative of the new trust, who informed him of the fact and offered him a nominal price for

his farm. On his refusal to entertain this proposition war was declared on the pioneer by the organization, and he was informed that he would be ruined.

Mr. Bentley accepted the challenge, and the fact that he had had twenty years' experience in the business and was thoroughly versed in all the details enabled him to succeed in spite of the trust. He moved his farm over from San Diego to Coronado Beach, and here found a ready sale for his feathers. His birds also have increased so rapidly that he has been enabled to sell enough ostriches to stock a farm in a neighboring city.

This exasperated the trust, which again threatened him, declaring that if he sold birds to other parties they would start a rival farm in San Diego. To this he replied that he had no fear of any rival farm, believing that it would stimulate rather than retard his business.

This gentleman gave me many facts not generally known about the ostrich industry in all its branches, which may be interesting to ARENA readers.

When the eggs are laid the male and female birds take turns in sitting upon the nest. From about eight A. M. to four P. M. the eggs are under the female, after which the male bird sits upon the nest, and in six weeks the chicks begin to pick their way through the hard, thick shell.

In eight months the young birds are ready for the first plucking, but the feathers at this time are not very valuable. Every succeeding eight months the birds are plucked, yet it is not until they are sixteen months old that it is possible to distinguish the male from the female.

In answer to my query as to whether the plucking operation was painful to the bird, Mr. Bentley replied in the negative. The feathers are cut off instead of being pulled out, and he assured me that the operation was no more painful than the paring of one's finger-nails. When a bird is ready to be plucked it is caught and quickly hooded, after which it is walked into a corner of the fence so as to facilitate the plucking. Then the 330 feathers that constitute a plucking are cut

off. The most valuable of them are the twenty-six long black or gray feathers obtained from each wing.

After the plucking the feathers are carefully sorted. Many of them are of little value, but the good ones are carefully matched, after which they are washed and dried by running the hand quickly and repeatedly from the large end to the tip until all moisture has disappeared.

"If ladies would always remember," observed Mr. Bentley, "to treat their plumes or boas in this way when they chance to get wet, they would preserve the floss, which otherwise is early ruined."

The clean feathers are made into plumes in the following manner: Only perfect feathers are selected, and the different ones required for the plume must of course be of exactly the same length. The under side of the feather that is to be the top of the plume is next trimmed down very near to the floss and scraped with bone or glass to make the surface perfectly smooth and flat. Both the upper and the under sides of the other feathers, excepting the last one used in making the plume, are similarly treated, while the last feather is only trimmed and scraped on the upper side. By this process the feathers are so thinned and flattened that when they are laid one on the other, three to five deep, they resemble a single thick plume. They are next stitched together, after which the plume is curled by means of a stiff dull blade.

The food of the ostrich consists chiefly of grain and such green food as horses and cattle eat. In the absence of fresh grass, hay and alfalfa are chopped up and given to them. They like all cereals that are eaten by cattle, but will not touch meat or any cooked food.

The female bird is never dangerous, but the male is easily angered and can quickly kill a man with his claw-mailed foot, which is thrust forward with terrific force. While at Mr. Bentley's farm I saw an old male bird strike a post and the heavy cross-bar of the fence with such force as to make deep indentations in the hard wood.

It is a curious fact that the bird whose magnificent plumage

is in such universal demand throughout the civilized world is one of the most unsightly, not to say repulsive, of the feathered family. Its great ungainly legs are entirely nude, and its long, rope-like neck is likewise devoid of a suggestion of a feather. Its eyes, however, are mild and beautiful—the one redeeming feature of an otherwise uncouth creature.

The success that has attended ostrich farming in this country, where it has been attempted under favorable circumstances and by men acquainted with the work, has been so positive that there is no longer any doubt that this new industry will soon furnish a large proportion of the plumes worn in North America.

B. O. FLOWER.

Boston, Mass.

LITERATURE AND DEMOCRACY.

THE law of progress parallels the law of human freedom until they converge in the legislation that makes for the liberty of the individual. In other words, all the expressions of civilization—art, literature, science, and invention—realize their fullest development in pure democracy. "We owe our uncivilizedness to our inequality," said Matthew Arnold; and if there was one thing which the great critic most strenuously taught it was that those nations which attain a high degree of civilization do so in proportion to the extent in which equality prevails.

To say that literature can flourish at its best only in a pure democracy is merely another way of stating that literature must reflect the prevailing social ideals. But to avoid misunderstanding it is necessary to discriminate between relative and absolute democracy. Literature is closely related to the whole movement of life. The old conception of literature as an art having no relation to the common life was long ago dispelled. The familiar conception of democracy must also be discarded. "Few people," said Lowell, "take the trouble to find out what democracy is;" and indeed the many misconceptions as to what constitutes democracy are the *fons et origo* of most of the current errors of opinion on this subject.

There is something almost pitiable in the pride with which Southern manuals of literature parade the names of the merest nonentities in imaginative achievement—conscious, with all their vainglory, of the insignificance of the numerically imposing array of utterly forgotten worthies. How does the slavery section compare in this respect with democratic New England —with its Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, and Thoreau? Is there not here a relation of cause and effect? Could the soil of Alabama have given us an Emerson or a Channing? Can you conceive of Lowell writing the "Bigelow Papers" in

Charleston? Why is it that in Georgia, the most progressive of the Southern States, we must seek for the highest literary manifestation in the pro-slavery South—and indeed since? Georgia was long known as the "Southern Yankee land." There, more than in any other of the Southern States, was an awakening of the democratic spirit. Is the higher literary manifestation in Georgia accidental too?

In literary history there are no accidents. A work is projected out of a certain state of society, and the individual mind is whirled like a mote of dust in the general movement. Few indeed are the works that do not possess the atmosphere, the coloring, the soul of the social ideals that prevail. Now and then, but not often, there are seeming exceptions to this rule in which a writer of strong individuality casts from him the social mantle and stands forth in the naked originality of genius.

It may be granted that every social phase has its dangers as well as its advantages to art. The influence of even our modern pseudo-democracy upon literature is something about which much may be said on both sides. It is not to be denied that aristocracies have produced literary works of enduring quality, but the sequestration of this literature has given to much of it an extreme narrowness. Nor will it be questioned that the encouragement of the State in the Florentine and Athenian republics was helpful. It is true, too, that democracy may injure its great ones by flattery; the Demos may spoil even as Kings may. But literary individuality may be stifled almost as certainly by fear as by flattery. And it is not to be supposed that the great authors in a democracy will write to please it; they will write, as they have nearly always done, to please themselves. A great writer cannot serve the State, even if he would; he must serve mankind.

The assumption has always been that for the highest development of art among a people we need a leisure class, because leisure is necessary for the prolonged execution of any great work. But this is largely because at all times and everywhere (and it must be remembered that we are still far enough

from a pure democracy) such writers must address themselves to a very limited circle. But this is even more true of aristocracies, which restrict their advantages, intellectual as well as material, to the few. And these are the shackles in which the literature of an aristocracy must stagger.

The advantages to literature of democracy are manifold. First is the immense stimulus coming from the opportunity of a wider appeal, and second its influence upon style. That it makes for clearness and lucidity is indisputable. These are the chief attributes of Howells, our greatest novelist, and the one whom democracy has most profoundly impressed. It has disenthralled the language, given to it homely touches, made it less unbending, torn from it its ruffles and conventionalities. It has enormously reduced the average bulk while improving its general quality, destroyed its folios, and banished its Scuderis. It has done all this, it is true, at the expense of form, for the literature of an aristocracy is apt to pay more attention to manners and propriety and less to matter and truth.

It is not a little significant that nearly all of the English-speaking writers who have been the product of our late democracy have been social rebels—Carlyle, Emerson, Ruskin, Arnold, Morris. The new note has been one of freedom; the preceding years of an aristocratic literature produced nothing like it. How far it is from the social and political ideals, constantly reacting upon their art, of Gibbon with his stately periods, and of Macaulay with his lapidary's skill! In this new literature there is soul; the breath of much of it (omitting Arnold, whose intellect was a bit of cold and polished steel) is hot with fire. The revolution in the social and political world has been followed by a revolution in the world of thought. For the good of literature one might wish for a revolution every fifty years. For out of some passionate, throbbing social energy, some fierce-blazing fire among the people, your literary masterpiece is born. There is a largeness, a universality in the literary thought that comes from this new relation to democracy.

It is true that we are just now experiencing signs of a return

in social and political life to aristocratic ideals, and the literature of the day, such as it is, reflects much of this in spirit. But this is a temporary relation. There are about us to-day the dreams of a new democracy; and these dreams will persist, and will continue to react upon literature, even though they survive only as radiantly nebulous visions.

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

New York.

AMERICAN SUPREMACY.

NATIONS are historic organizations. Dower and duty have been assigned to each—not to make them competitors, but rather coöperators. The consciousness of nationality blinds to the fact that they are but joint means to an end, and that end the service of one humanity. From the mighty dynasties that arose in the world's young years to the modern republics of the West, all have contributed to the mosaic of civilization. The recent past has added its especial contribution. Throughout the last century there has been wrought, in the nations, intension in achievement and extension in development; in its progress we see the future bearing down upon the past, and in its events we see presaged the history of coming epochs when the nations shall be shaped to higher uses and molded for broader influences in the uplifting of the race. To-day, breathlessly fronting the opening age, the whole world stands watching with a new largeness of vision the changes in national boundaries—the transplanting of civilization in the soil of barbarism—and listening to the blows being struck on the great anvil of war, to witness the realization of the last century's prophecies.

In the march of civilization, some one nation has ever led the van. Egypt, Greece, and Rome; Spain, France, and England—each has held the scepter in its turn. We note with admiration the rivalry of powers for preëminence in the future. We see advanced the claim of wealth, material progress, or influence in the family of nations. With pride we view the exalted dignity, the honored position, of our own country. Brightly haloed with the grandeur of greatest promise, in natural endowment, in productive and progressive energy second to none, America looms above the horizon—the mightiest factor in the outlook of the future.

But supremacy brings with it great duty and high responsi-

bility. More than material greatness is needed to assume the task. To accept the leadership in the diffusion of true Christianity and refinement, to undertake the guidance of the spread of liberty and justice, what nation is prepared? Let us, without foolish optimism or self-gratulation, survey the prospect for this Republic in emulation for that enviable position.

The story of American development astonishes the world. A century ago, and outside of a narrow belt along the Atlantic borders, the primeval silence of the trackless plain and the unbroken forest held sway. To-day vast commonwealths, organized and equipped with all the appliances and usages of civilized society, attest the spirit of untiring energy and enlightened purpose that, calling science to the aid of intellectual and physical forces, has laid deep and strong the material foundations of future power and dignity.

Observe, as a single instance, the commercial strength of the United States. With riches showered here in floods, with the highest average of wealth and productive capacity, with the manufacturing primacy of the world almost attained, commercial supremacy is not far distant. In the East is already breaking the dawn of that great day when, as predicted recently, New York will wrench the scepter of power from London and become the clearing-house of the world.

But even now a canker is at work at the very heart of the Republic. The tendency of the time, the idiosyncrasy of the age, is indicated by the unparalleled progression and the very prosperity of this most favored nation. Born of the prevailing idea of material progress, the spirit of commercial advantage now has possession of the mass and body of the American people. Far-reaching in its effects as feudalism, which found expression in the Crusades and fell before the march of liberty; comprehensive as the struggle for constitutional government, which, beginning on the banks of Runnymede, was continued in England by the Roundheads and in America by the Revolutionary heroes, and culminated in the perfection of Anglo-Saxon freedom all over the globe—commercialism is the colossal spirit of this material epoch, which incarnates the

thought that might is right, which gives license to wealth and doom to poverty, and which will make the twentieth century a century of markets, monopolies, and overtowering individual fortunes.

Paramount in American life, this principle of commercialism is reacting upon the character, integrity, and principles of the nation until, in this liberty-loving land, the democrat is in danger of being crushed beneath the heel of the plutocrat—a worse tyrant than ever was king or other dignitary. Lost are the boldness and independence that characterized the Fathers. Sickened are the champions of liberty in this fetid atmosphere of avarice and greed. Behold the meanness and decay of public spirit! In the presence of such conditions, can we, in all sincerity, justify our pretensions to world-wide influence? Before that privilege shall be ours we must possess those lofty ideals essential to the highest national character, and our institutions and civilization must command the respect of all the nations that we hope to lead.

The duty of the hour, then, is the inculcation of principles that, assimilated, shall produce a spotless national life. And since our public character is determined by our treatment of problems and events, we must find therein the remedy—certain that its right application will not only make the United States the ideal Republic, but will render her influence irresistible in the drama of the world. The past yields experience; the future, inspiration. The times themselves point out our need and show us the pathway to success. They indicate that to our sordid civilization a threefold supplement is needed—a high intelligence, an expansive liberalism, and a spiritual conscience.

We shall attain unquestioned prestige only in the strength of wisdom—a wisdom secured through the enlightenment of every individual of the commonwealth. By raising the ideal of national honor we shall produce better citizens and nobler men. Through the study of our laws we shall train a wiser race. By the comparison of past with present problems we shall develop a more conservative people. Appealing to the finest elements of our nature, we shall give clearer ideas of self-respect, of

self-sacrifice, of freedom, and of justice. With these, and a knowledge of ourselves, our position, our powers, and our duties, we shall inaugurate in this land of homes, of churches, of common schools and the printing-press an age of culture, which, joining hands with this age of power, shall perfect the conditions of intelligence and elevate the citizen to the exercise of the loftiest instincts of humanity.

Of American citizens, who are to be the leaders of civilization, reform, and progress, the times demand a liberal attitude toward the amalgamation of our varied and composite people. They require, in a nation with structure so complicated, with interests so numerous, with nationalities so diverse, with religious beliefs so varied, with racial feeling so extreme, that Englishman and Irishman, Italian and Celestial, American and African, shall lay aside all jealous pride of origin and minimize antipathies of race and color; that Jew and Catholic, Protestant and Mohammedan, shall banish the discord of diverse religious beliefs; and that all shall unite in a grand pæan of praise to the principles of liberty, equality, and justice —thus making our land a place for the assimilation of differences and the annihilation of distinctions.

The hour calls, moreover, for a new conscience: a conscience pleading for social justice; a conscience whose voice shall ring louder and clearer in the new years of the new century, demanding a right attitude of the individual toward the evils of our institutions; a conscience such that every citizen, whether weak or strong, high or low, rich or poor, shall be given equal privileges and equal opportunities, and that each shall be rewarded in proportion to his toil. Such a conscience we lack to-day. In this generation too often does the hand of the plutocrat throttle free speech; too often does party dictatorship muzzle the press; too often does corporate greed refuse a fair quittance to labor; too often does justice smile upon Dives and frown upon Lazarus. We need to restore the enlightened moral sense that said that men are equal and that slavery is wrong, and that fought the battles for liberty and the rights of man. Then will it be possible to lift the millions out of poverty and

ignorance and to secure the ideal conception of American justice. Then will our principles take on a new luster and illumine a nation in the guidance of Conscience—under the guardianship of God.

And are these qualities—this universal intelligence, this liberality, this sympathetic conscience—ideals unattainable? I rejoice that they are not. For, to incite us to these virtues, to furnish us with pure civic ideals, to inspire us to the truest devotion and the noblest self-sacrifice, we have every propitious circumstance. With us Nature is so bounteous that we have time and means to feed the spiritual as well as the material man. We have our beautiful country, with its placid lakes and picturesque valleys, with its majestic rivers and towering mountains—an environment fit to inspire our characters with the ideals of peace, beauty, majesty, and power designed and desired by the Infinite Mind. We have our sacred spots and hallowed scenes, which so vividly recall and so eloquently testify of our nation's patriots, her statesmen, and her heroes. We have our national emblem, with its every star undimmed, with its every stripe unsullied, which, when through it we view our nation's heroic past, its troublous present, and its hopeful future, causes every fiber to quiver, every nerve to tingle, and the heart to beat with an emotion indescribable, undefinable, sublime, but crystallized in that matchless word "patriotism."

Momentous, then, is the issue, and our strength is our weakness! But we can, and we shall, attain this lofty civic level. Even to-day "the old order changeth," and, against a reign of gold, democracy is going forward to new triumphs. Then let it be the hope and the inspiration of every American to see these triumphs multiply—to see this nation a true Republic that can successfully solve the problems with which she is intrusted. To this end let each citizen consecrate himself to the cause of enlightenment, equality, and humanity. Let him, thinking not of reward nor doubtful of the outcome, accept every challenge to battle for the eternal principles of right and justice. Let his be a patriotism brave enough to face without flinching the

threat of the lobbyist; a patriotism noble enough to scorn the lure of the briber; a patriotism just enough to give as well as to demand fair play. Then shall History record the patriot's name in the great Book of Life as one who loved his fellow-men and helped to solve the throbbing problems of his generation.

When this people shall be permeated with a patriotism so enlightened as to destroy prejudice, crush disorder, and kill ignorance; when it shall be infused with a loyalty so liberal as to embrace every religion and every sect, every nation and every race, every color and every tongue; when it shall be inspired with a zeal so moral that the command, "Thou shalt not steal," is obeyed alike by office-holder and constituent, and the command, "Thou shalt not kill," is honored alike by the corporation and the individual; when every citizen offers up a prayer that his every aim may be "his country's, his God's, and truth's"—then shall our nation have worked out its true destiny; then shall be added new stars to the sky of liberty; then in the constellation of nations shall ours be the star of first magnitude; then shall be justified an era of American Supremacy, and men shall behold Columbia the Arbiter of the World!

A. B. DEAHOFE.

Milwaukee, Wis.

MARRIAGE AND DRESS.

ONE of the most noticeable and melancholy facts in the social life of to-day is that young men are less prone to marry than they used to be. Bachelors are more numerous, and the majority of girls suddenly awake to find they have passed the age of thirty and are apparently doomed to die "old maids."

What is the cause of this social change? Why do we find so many men passing the age of thirty-five still unmarried? Once past that age the chances are that the man will die a bachelor. There certainly must be a reason or reasons for this disinclination of the average young man to marry. Can it be true that the girls have themselves to thank—or quarrel with—for having made the young man of to-day fight shy of matrimony?

In some respects it is a good thing that men and women should not rush into wedlock at an early age—before their minds are sufficiently matured to realize what they are doing, or to distinguish between fancy and love, or to appreciate the obligations that married life imposes. There have been too many cases of such folly in the past, and there are too many even now. Men should not take the chances of wrecking their lives before they have reached the age of at least twenty-five, and the girl who marries before she is twenty must run the risk of finding herself a physical wreck before she is thirty. Boys and girls should have a period of enjoyment between the emerging into adolescence and the state of mature manhood and womanhood. As a rule we have become wise enough to realize this; so we do not regret that what may be called "baby marriages" are not so common as in former times.

In northern and temperate climates there are many who think it would be wise to prohibit men from marrying under twenty-eight to thirty and women under twenty-two to twenty-

five. In the long run society, they believe, would be much the gainer. On the other hand, barring cases objectionable upon physical or moral grounds, every girl of twenty-five and every man of thirty should be married. While, therefore, the comparative disappearance of "baby marriages" is good and their entire prohibition would be better, yet the constantly growing disinclination of young men to marry and the increasing number of single men and women of marriageable age are matters for great regret and subjects worthy of serious study.

This brings us back to the question, Why do young men hesitate to marry? Are natural desires less strong than of old? Certainly not. Has the marital relation lost its charms? Undoubtedly not. Has the desire to establish a home of his own and to perpetuate his name by progeny, as well as to have children to care for him in his old age, ceased to exist in the young man of to-day? Not at all. He refrains from marrying mainly because he feels that under existing conditions he cannot *afford* to marry—which logically means that it has become more expensive to support a wife.

It may be questioned whether the various avenues of employment in commercial and other pursuits that have been opened to women have resulted in benefit to the sex from a matrimonial viewpoint. Before the advent of the typewriter, every respectable law office employed at least three or four male copyists. They received fair salaries, and they took wives unto themselves. To-day one girl, for less wages, has taken the place of the four men—who are now out of employment or are earning so much less that marriage is out of the question. And this girl more frequently than otherwise is not obliged by necessity to labor, and what she earns is put "on her back"—in other words, is expended for *dress*. In addition, she feels independent and demands more of the young man than she formerly did. In every large store are to be found numbers of girls who could very well live at home, but who prefer to work outside in order that they may dress more finely. It is bad enough when a girl is *obliged* to labor among men for the actual support of herself or a family; but when she

does so without necessity, and simply for the sake of dress, she injures both sexes. If she does not displace a man she places an obstacle in the way of another girl who actually needs the wage, and she aids in lowering the never too large rate of compensation paid to all.

M. Edgar de Ghelin, a Belgian writer, in a recent article in the *Revue Générale,* which has escaped the comment it deserves from our press, declares that American women are a ruin to business in their own land and a menace to industrial and commercial Europe. He writes: "In America, women are now practising several professions which in former times were practised solely by men," and he gives the following statistics showing that the United States contained—

	IN 1870.	IN 1890.
Actresses	995	3,919
Women architects	1	22
Women painters and sculptors	412	10,810
Women authors	159	7,725
Women preachers	66	1,235
Women scientists	24	337
Women engineers	0	127
Women journalists	35	888
Women legislators	5	208
Women doctors and surgeons	527	4,555
Women officeholders	414	4,875
Women bookkeepers	9	27,777

He asserts: "The education of young American girls is designed to excite in them all possible ambition. Even in their childhood they are taught to be independent, and later they go to a school where they are taught together with boys, and then to a university where they learn Greek, algebra, mechanics, and the sciences. In fact, they are taught everything *except how to become good housewives and mothers.*" This latter assertion is unpalatable to us, but we are obliged to admit that it is not wholly barren of truth.

So far as girls in employment displace men, they decrease their chances of marriage; so far as they increase the love of dress, they make the prudent young man afraid of matrimony.

The manager of any large department store will tell you that when these girls marry they make, as a rule, a big "splurge" at the wedding—and it is not many months before the majority return seeking employment. They find themselves unable to gratify their love of dress and to maintain a home on the average man's earnings.

Here, then, is a potent reason why young men are not in a hurry to wed, and why so many do not rush into matrimony even when they are earning respectable wages—being aware that the tenure of employment, except in rare instances and where the labor is especially skilled, is very uncertain. They see no chance of saving for a "rainy day" with a wife who as a girl became imbued with the love of dress. They have female "cousins"—not to speak of "nearer ones"—and female acquaintances, single and married. They hear their conversations and their repetition of their friends' gossip; and this is the sort of thing they listen to: "I can't visit Miss Brown and her friends the way I dress." "I should like to go to Mrs. Smith's but I haven't anything fit to wear." "I can't go calling in this same old dress." (It is not shabby and it is not worn, but it has been perhaps in frequent use.) "I don't see how that girl dresses on her income." (An innuendo that likewise has not escaped the thoughts of the young man.) "I am ashamed to be seen again in this costume," etc., etc.—with the young married women as particular as the single girls.

Certainly no one wants a girl to dress shabbily or dowdily if it can be avoided; and with the quantities and varieties of dress goods to be had nowadays it is possible to dress neatly at a modest cost, especially if a girl has any taste and will learn to be handy with the needle—an accomplishment that the vast majority of girls could acquire if they would make an effort. But when it comes to wanting a new dress for every occasion; when it comes to deriding a costume not because it is tattered or worn out but because it has been in use over a given time; when it comes to striving to dress as if one possessed an independent income to be used solely for dressing and as if dress were the main object of life (and, by the way, it is only the

parvenu and the most ignorant of servant girls who make displays of themselves upon *all* occasions); when a large majority of women think of little else than dress (frequently, as the observant young man has found out, procured at the expense of landlord, grocer, and butcher, which is decidedly *not* honest)—it is an altogether different story, which at least suggests why the modern young man is holding aloof from matrimony. He is not telling the girls the reason, but his male friends know it. He admires the girls—he likes to take them out in a splendid costume, which draws forth complimentary remarks and attention—but he is not asking them to marry him.

Oh! you maids do not care? Perhaps not—just at present. But when the time comes that you find it desirable to prevaricate to the census-taker regarding your age, and you are enrolled in the colony of the "left," and you realize that you have missed the greatest pleasure that life affords—it will not become you to call the young man a fool who did not know a good thing when he saw it. You will be truthful if you place the blame where it belongs—upon yourselves.

HENRY WALDORF FRANCIS.

Chicago, Ill.

A CONVERSATION

WITH

PROFESSOR FRANK PARSONS, B.C.E., PH.D.

PRESENTING

SOME REASONS WHY THE PUBLIC SHOULD OWN AND CONTROL THE TELEPHONES.

Q. Professor Parsons, last month you gave our readers some facts relating to the governmental ownership of telegraphs and telephones. This month I should be glad to have you tell us something further concerning the telephone service. It is often claimed that great natural monopolies are more rapidly developed and equipped with better facilities to meet the demands of society when conducted by individuals than when managed by the State or government. This position, as you know, is stoutly maintained by Mr. Bethell and other managers of great telephone interests?

A. Yes; but Mr. Bethell is at fault in the comparisons he made, which were intended to show that private ownership tended to high telephone development. The general manager's data of telephone development are of great interest, but the comparisons made do not have the bearing impliedly given them in reference to the influence of public and private ownership on telephone development, because of the mixture of other causes and because of the selection of American cities entirely from the list of those most highly developed. That New York City has 26 telephones per 1,000 people while Paris has 13 per 1,000 proves nothing as to public ownership, because there is even a greater difference in favor of New York in respect to transit and other interests that are private in both cities. Moreover, the heart of New York (Manhattan and Bronx) is selected

for comparison with Paris instead of taking the whole city, Greater New York. It would be fairer to compare London's 7 telephones per 1,000 people, under private ownership, with the 13 per 1,000 in the public system of Paris, for general conditions are more similar in London and Paris than in New York and Paris. It should be noted also that the 7 per 1,000 of the private system in London, and the low development in Warsaw and Moscow and other half-civilized places are among the principal factors in pulling down the average of the European cities dealt with by Mr. Bethell. Instead of comparing the 26 telephones per 1,000 of population in the heart of New York with the 25 per 1,000 in the whole of Berlin, why not compare Greater New York's 20 per 1,000, or Brooklyn's 11 per 1,000, or Philadelphia's 16 telephones per 1,000, or St. Louis's 17, or Washington's 14 per 1,000, with Berlin's 25 per 1,000? With smaller places, Larchmont's 180 telephones per 1,000 people are contrasted with Troudhjem's 38 per 1,000, but it is not explained that Larchmont is a gilt-edged residence town filled with wealthy New Yorkers, while Troudhjem is a city of more than 30,000 with the various classes of people in ordinary proportions. It would be fairer to contrast the 6 telephones per 1,000 in the Bell system in Chester, Pa. (34,000 population), or the 10 per 1,000 in Camden, or the 19 per 1,000 in Trenton, N. J., or the 14 per 1,000 in Wilmington, Del.

If a city of low general condition shows a higher telephone development than another city that is in general more civilized and progressive, then some valid inference may be drawn as to the effect of differences in rates and management. But if the more civilized and progressive city has the higher telephone development than another city that is in general more civilized overcharges. The truest comparison is between public and private ownership in the same place, and Mr. Bethell's admission in relation to Stockholm and the powerful movement from private to public telephone systems in Amsterdam, Denmark, Sweden, Austria, Switzerland, France, and England are of the deepest moment.

When the government entered the field in Stockholm, Mr. Cedergren, manager of the private company, had 5,000 subscribers, and was running along with single overhead wires. The government started by bringing rates down from $22 and $28 to $16.50 and $22, putting on metallic wires against single wires, underground against overhead wherever possible, direct connection with long-distance trunks, and free communication with all places within a radius of 43 miles. The company met the competition nobly, gave free service within 43 miles, put in metallic circuits, so that in 1894 there was not a single wire circuit left in Stockholm; and, with the aid of their big start of 5,000 subscribers, the genius of Mr. Cedergren, one of the leading telephonists of Europe, the wealth of the owner who could get along whether he got any profit or not, and the aid of the municipality, which took sides with the company against the State, the private exchange has been able to keep ahead of the government exchange in its membership; but it is clear that the impulse for development came from the government and not from the company, as Mr. Bethell indicates.

On page 801 of his revised testimony Mr. Bethell says: "January 1, 1901, London with a population of 5,633,000 had 41,111 telephones; that is, seven per thousand. . . . Among European cities of its class London's development is exceeded only by that of Berlin." This is clearly incorrect, for on the general manager's own data London has less development than Vienna, and only about half the development of Paris. In fact, the private system in London has a lower development than any public system in any city of its class (over 1,000,000) for which Mr. Bethell presents the data—a lower development than any system, public or private, in any civilized city of 500,000 or more for which I have the data. In Holland the telephone business was private till 1896, when the two leading cities, Amsterdam and Rotterdam, secured franchises for municipal plants. Amsterdam reduced the rates from $47 to $36 (with an installation charge of $10), improved the service, and largely increased the number of telephone users. This is the sort of comparison that proves something, because it is a comparison

of the two systems of ownership in the same place. In respect to rates, however, there is an offset, as the private company had to pay a larger percentage of its receipts to the city in taxes. When the city went into the telephone business (November, 1896), it buried the cables, introduced a better equipment than the Bell Company had used, and greatly extended the service. The city not only cut rates from $47 to $36, but kept open all night instead of closing at ten o'clock. For employees it shortened the hours, increased wages about 25 per cent., and established half pay during long sickness.

The private company had 1,700 in 1896, or 3.4 per thousand of population; while the public system at the end of 1900 had 4,462 subscribers, or 8.7 per thousand three years after the plant went into operation. The development is still low, but it is vastly greater than under private ownership in the same place, and greater than in the private system of London, and the public plant is making a profit. In Rotterdam the rates range from $26.40 to $38.40, with an installation of $8. In 1896 under private ownership there were 1,000 telephones, or 3.5 per thousand people. At the close of 1900, with the municipal system, there were 3,089 telephone stations, or 10 per thousand of population.

Aside from specific comparisons there is a general inference that seems to me valid. In any given locality with reasonable service, the lower the rates the greater is likely to be the telephone development; and, since public ownership tends to lower rates than private ownership in the same locality, it would seem reasonable to believe that public ownership tends to enlarge the use of the telephone.

Q. Are our telephone rates also too high?

A. In most places, yes. In Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, a few years ago, there was a Bell exchange charging $36 for a residence 'phone, and $48 for a business place. A coöperative company was formed, and now the members are getting their telephone service for less than a third of the Bell rates. I had a letter a little while ago from Mr. J. A. Gaynor, the first president of the company, from which I take the following

data: The coöperative exchange has 300 lines; average construction cost $42; cost of maintenance and operation about 75 cents a month for each line, or $9 a year, making, with $3 for interest, a total cost of $12 a year. Each subscriber has a right to take one share of stock ($50), and is urged to do so, and nearly all, over four-fifths, do take one share each. One and one-half per cent. dividends are paid back upon those shares, amounting to 75 cents for each shareholder; so that the actual charge to each subscriber for a residence 'phone is 25 cents a month, and $1.50 a month for a business 'phone. The net charges per member are therefore $3 residence and $18 business, or $6 and $21 total cost including interest. The company is continually reducing rates, and after paying one and one-half per cent. dividends a month, or 18 per cent. dividends a year, it has a surplus fund for improvements. Yet the Bell people claimed they could not afford to come down from $36 and $48!

The *Independent Telephone* movement is demonstrating the exorbitant nature of Bell charges. In St. Louis the independent rates are $36 residence, $50 doctor's, and $60 business—unlimited direct service. The Bell rates ran from $120 down to $60 for party service. The new company has rapidly gained subscribers while the Bell has lost, having but 4,200 against 6,000 in the independent system. In Rochester an independent company charging $36 and $48 has outstripped the Bell, and another in Indianapolis, charging $24 and $40 against the Bell's $48 and $72, has built up a strong exchange. The new company in Rochester had 3,600 subscribers early in 1901, while the Bell had dropped to 400. In Richmond, Va., the Bell rates were $60 and upward. An independent company came in with $24 residence and $36 business. The Bell then put down its rates to $18 and $30, but has recently made the same rate as the independent. In Baltimore the independent company charges $36 a year for a residence 'phone and $48 for a business 'phone unlimited, direct; while the Bell rates are $60 for direct wire, 700 calls, with $100 residence and $125 business unlimited. The independent has gained very fast, and the total number of

stations in the city has risen from 8,000 at the close of 1900 to 13,000 August 1, 1901. In and around Boston, President Holbrook's Massachusetts Telephone Company is putting in 'phones and operating them on a basis of $3 a hundred calls, or $12 to $36 for an ordinary residence subscriber, up to $72 for unlimited business service with underground wires in the heart of a giant city—rates that will work out an average considerably below $50, since the New England Bell rates, which are almost double the Holbrook rates, work out an average of $58 per 'phone. Mr. Holbrook's data indicate that Bell monopoly rates are more than double what the system can be operated for, either in the towns or in the large cities. Philadelphia has an independent company now putting in wires for over 5,000 subscribers already secured at rates about half the Bell charges. The Bell makes a rate as low as $30 for 500 calls, but it is on a six-party line and is of little use. The active Bell rates are $60 on a two-party line, 600 calls, with $130 residence and $160 business unlimited. The new company charges $36 for a two-party line, with $48 residence direct, and $80 business, all unlimited. There is an independent system in Cleveland also, charging $36 and $48 against the Bell's $60 and $82, and the movement is under way in New Orleans and a number of other cities. I am informed by two leading telephone managers (who know the inside facts about the business in Cleveland, Rochester, Indianapolis, St. Louis, etc.) that the independent systems with rates about half the Bell charges are making large profits. Millions are being put into the extension of the independent system. The companies are associated and are establishing a long-distance service of their own to rival the Bell. The independent movement has proved that Bell rates are more than twice too high.

AN UNREAL REALITY.

A Tale of the Desert.

BY LAURA M. DAKE.

"Is your name Edmund?"

"Well, yes; I suppose I may lay claim to that name, since it was given me at my christening. Edmund Sparkler the boys used to call me, because they said I 'had no bigot nonsense about me.' But why do you ask?"

The speaker looked at me curiously, leaning forward for the purpose, since our camp-fire, flickering in the night wind, threw but a fitful and uncertain light around us. We lay in the midst of the Great Sahara. Unless you have traversed the unpeopled solitudes of that vast plain, you can scarcely understand the gruesome feeling that masters one, in spite of himself, when he finds only a dead world about him.

All day the garish sun had beaten pitilessly down upon our caravan. In vain, I had swept the horizon for signs of some living thing, although the very air seemed peopled with invisible creatures, and throbbing with sounds beyond the range of the human ear. Sometimes I seemed to hear portions of conversations, always in whisper, and occasionally a laugh, if such weird cachinations could be called such.

How gladly I had welcomed the hour that had brought me into camp, and into closer companionship with my three countrymen! But the uncanny influence was still abroad, despite the genial sherry, the soothing cigar, and the enlivening conversation with which we tried to recompense ourselves for the discomforts of the day.

The talk had flagged for a moment, and, in the lull, a voice, far off, yet clear, as through a telephone, had sighed—"Edmund! Beloved one, I am waiting!" Then I had put my

question to my fellow-traveler, and in reply to his "Why do you ask?" had given the message.

The effect was startling, for he sprang to his feet like one bereft of reason, crying out, wildly: "God! It is she! Philo, my love, my own, let me but hear your gentle voice and I will follow wherever it may lead! Philo! Philo!" A moment later, to our surprise, he was gone; he had rushed away in the darkness, regardless of his course.

Securing torches and lanterns, we began our search for him; but it was not until some hours later that we found him and induced him to return. And then, having no inclination to sleep, we sat beside the glowing coals, the darkness inclosing us like a wall, while we listened to his story.

* * * *

Eight times, my friends, have I crossed this great Desert, but it is of what befell me on my first trip that I will speak. At that time, though but a mere youth, I was a trusted representative of a large Liverpool firm and had been sent to Timbuctoo on a special commission. I joined a caravan *en route* for that point, and managed to make myself as comfortable as possible amidst the inconveniences with which you are now acquainted.

On the fourth day out, as I lay dozing, lulled by the swinging motion of my camel, the quiet was suddenly broken by a hubbub of exclamations. On looking up to discover the cause, I saw, in the distance, the white walls and spires of a city, amid a green foliage of palms and other tropical trees, while before it spread the blue waters of a lake that sparkled in the sunshine. Never had I beheld anything so enticing. "By Saint George!" I cried, "here is a chance for a tub!" (You know what a bath means to an Englishman); and, quickening my camel's speed, I turned him toward the beautiful city.

But my Arab servant ran after me, panting with excitement, and, catching the leather thongs in my animal's nose, brought it to so sudden a halt that I nearly lost my balance. He paid no attention whatever to the seven phials of wrath that I hurled at him in consequence, so eager was he to convince me that what I saw was only a mirage, and that, unless I returned to

the caravan, my bones would be left to bleach on the lonely plain. I only laughed at him as being either a knave or a fool, as did my two countrymen, who now joined me, and fully agreed with me that the old story of a mirage was simply a device of the rascally Arabs in the caravan to avoid the delay of a halt.

Of course, we were perfectly familiar with the *theory* of the mirage, and talked glibly in regard to the reflection and refraction of light through different strata of atmosphere; but the case in hand, we said, did not come under that head. We could not possibly discredit what our senses confirmed, and there, before us, lay the city, the waving palms and the blue lake, over which many white-winged craft were gliding.

Our servants, who could not resist the promised purse of glittering coins, continued, though reluctantly, to accompany us; so, undeterred by their doleful predictions, we went gaily on toward the entrancing spot that seemed to hold such pleasant promises.

But an unforeseen calamity came upon us. All at once our camels lifted their long necks and sniffed the air; then, uttering a peculiar cry, they dropped to their knees, stretched themselves close to the earth, and buried their noses in the sand. At the same moment our servants cried in terrified tones, *"The simoom!"* and threw themselves beside the prostrate beasts—we, without question, imitating their example. Scarcely had we gained this insecure shelter when the storm came sweeping down upon us, hot as a blast from the lower regions, bringing with it clouds of sand and seemingly filled with muttered curses hurled defiantly at us.

The transition from the pleasing prospect of a promised Paradise to the terrible reality of a veritable Hades was so sudden as somewhat to daze my senses, and I can only indistinctly recall my sensations as I lay there prostrate beside my trembling beast, waiting for death—and for such a death! I thought of the piles of bleaching bones that had marked our route, and then of my own, which would inevitably become the factors of another heap. The idea was unendurable, and

must have half-maddened me, for, in the agony of it, I sprang to my feet. As I did so, a pair of devilish hands seemed to clutch and whirl me around with such demoniac fury as to deprive me of all sensation.

When I came to myself again, I could scarcely credit my good fortune. I was seated under a waving palm-tree, from which hung ripe dates in great abundance. The waters of a lovely lake gently lapped the shore near by, and a breeze fanned me with refreshing coolness. "After all, the city was a reality, as I knew it was," I said to myself. "My companions must have brought me here while I was unconscious. I wonder how far I was carried by the whirl, and if they escaped unhurt? But why am I here alone? Where can they be?"

I looked long and anxiously up the wide, clean street, with its rows of snowy houses, and then along the white beach, but nowhere, among the busy throng, could I see them. Then I sat down again and waited. People passed and repassed, some saluting silently and all eyeing me with curiosity. They apparently belonged to all conditions of life, their garments, of every conceivable style and texture, indicating the cosmopolitan character of the city.

After waiting what seemed to be an interminable time, I began to fear lest some evil had befallen my friends, one of whom was inclined to be too convivial on occasion; so I pinned a note to the tree saying, as a grim little joke, "Gone to dinner; will return in an hour." Then I started in quest of them.

The streets were spotlessly clean. They were bordered by graceful trees, while every now and then was a park sparkling with fountains and brilliant with sweet-scented flowers. Horseless vehicles glided noiselessly by; people stood in groups laughing and talking, yet only subdued murmurs reached me. The absence of haste and the noise coincident with a place teeming with life struck me as very pleasant, though unusual. What a contrast to Liverpool, with its bustle and confusion! It was like a dream, and yet a waking dream, if such could be.

As the hours wore on, and no signs of my companions could

be found, I sat down upon a bench that stood beneath the overhanging branches of a tree and began to consider my situation. Beyond all doubt, here I was in the mysterious city that my servant had declared did not exist—had called a "mirage;" a city so real, and yet so unreal. Could I be dreaming? No; I was never more fully conscious in my life, and, could I but relieve my mind of its anxiety in regard to my companions, would give myself a few hours' solid comfort and rest.

As I sat there, uncertain as to my next move, a gentleman approached, and, having saluted me graciously, seated himself beside me. He was a pleasant-faced person of middle age, neatly dressed, though in a fashion somewhat out of date. Encouraged by his friendly air, I said: "Sir, it is indeed surprising to find so lovely a city in the heart of this great Desert. Will you tell me its name?"

"It is called the Eternal City," he replied.

"Not Rome?" I said, in surprised interrogation.

"Nay, friend; for ancient Rome, with all its vaunted power, fell, while nothing within the walls that begirt us can ever perish."

"Nothing can ever perish?" I echoed, my voice falling into the whispered cadence of his. "How can that be possible? The sentence of death was passed upon all things at the beginning of time, and there is and can be no reprieve, no extension. Life, good sir, is an unmeaning tragedy, and eternity a calamity in which there is neither rhyme nor reason."

I spoke with more warmth than was my wont, and was somewhat abashed to catch a gleam of pity in my companion's eye, as he smiled on me very kindly without replying. To cover my confusion I said: "But that is neither here nor there. What most concerns me, at present, is to find the whereabouts of a couple of gentlemen with whom I am traveling. Perhaps you have seen them somewhere about your city—two portly, beef-eating Englishmen, jolly and ruddy, wearing cork hats and checked trousers?"

"Nay, friend," was the answer; "strangers such as thou describest are not frequent visitors here. Thou art the first

in many years; so set your mind at rest in regard to your traveling companions, for, wherever else they may be, they are not in the Eternal City."

"It should have been called 'The City of Silence,' I said; "for I never dreamed there could be a place so full of 'go,' and yet so still."

"There are sounds enough, friend," was the reply, "but thine ear is not attuned to them. Why, the atmosphere of the earth is throbbing with sounds that are never heard by its inhabitants, since they are both above and below the range of the normal human ear. But we who are adapted to life upon this plane find all things harmonize with our condition."

"To life on *this* plane?" I exclaimed. "Is life here different from life elsewhere on our planet? Or am I dead, and are we both ghosts?"

"Ghosts?" he repeated, with a smile. "How strange it seems to be called a ghost! Yet I can recall a time when I too so classed souls who had laid aside earth conditions, and had taken up life under new ones."

Then, changing his reminiscent tone, he said, assuringly: "Have no fear for thyself on that score, Edmund, for thou art no ghost, since thy body of dust still holds the vital spark called life. As for myself—well, am I not alive? And art thou not in the midst of a city peopled with sentient beings whom Time is powerless to destroy? Men of earth call it a mirage—an illusion of the senses; but we who enjoy its beauty, and bask in the security of its unchanging reality, laugh at the impotent folly of their so-called science, which has ever at hand a ready-made reason for the deepest mysteries of the Almighty."

I listened idly as he spoke, remembering meantime that, notwithstanding the superior advantages of the Eternal City, there were business relations that demanded my immediate presence elsewhere, and somewhat irrelevantly inquired concerning methods of egress, adding, "There are caravans frequently leaving your city, I presume?"

"Nay," he replied; "we live within ourselves, shut in securely

by walls of magnetic force—crystal clear, yet strong as adamant."

"Ah, I see," I said. "Your community is on the coöperative plan. Sorry I can't stay longer and see how that theory works in actual practise; but business demands my presence in Timbuctoo. About how far do you call it to that place?"

"Timbuctoo?" he repeated, dreamily. "Ah, yes; I recall it. It lies on the southern verge of the Desert and overlooks a chain of marshes, with their fringes of palms and mimosa. In past ages it was a flourishing city, but now it is a mean enough place. In fact it has become so wretched under the depredations of marauding tribes that it bears the ominous name of *Ur-immandes* (God hears not). As to the distance thither, I cannot say. It is not always the same from the Eternal City, since we are not stationary; our position is constantly changing, owing to the different currents of air, the revolution of the earth, and other causes. In fact we live in a floating city; we are here to-day and there to-morrow—always, however, within the earth's atmosphere, though invisible to its inhabitants except under certain infrequent conditions."

I had become weary of his vagaries, and rose to take my leave. "Well, I must be moving also, since I have already delayed too long. I am very glad to have met you, and should you ever come to Liverpool I shall be delighted to return your courtesy." (You see, so absolutely unimaginative was I that I refused to believe in the mirage city, and looked upon my new acquaintance as a harmless lunatic.) I handed him my card, as I continued: "And now, if it is not asking too much, I shall be glad to have your company to the nearest transportation office, where I can arrange for continuing my journey."

"There is no transportation office, my friend," he replied. "Thine only chance is to get outside the walls and join a passing caravan. But come; it is idle to waste words. Thou art one of those who must learn their lessons from experience."

As he spoke he moved forward, I following; and soon I found myself on the outskirts of the city. Far as the eye could reach lay endless wastes of shimmering sand, and—oh, joy!—

there, outlined against the saffron horizon, was the silhouette of a caravan!

"Thank heaven!" I cried; "now I need delay no longer."

"Not if thou canst cross the wall," said my companion, calmly.

"Wall? What wall?" I asked. "I see no barrier between me and the Desert beyond; so good-bye, and thank you very much."

My companion pressed, in silence, the hand I had extended, and followed me slowly as I went forward. I did not go far, however; for, incredible as it may appear, in spite of my utmost efforts I could not pass a certain limit. "Thus far and no farther" was the unwritten law, stronger than if Draco had transcribed it in blood. Again and again, at different points, I tried to pass the mysterious barrier that stood between me and the way I desired, but every effort was futile. At last I became exasperated, and, remembering my football tactics, I stepped well back and made a rush that I felt confident would win the goal; but, to my surprise, I was hurled violently back. My companion assisted me to arise, saying, gently: "Dost thou not see, friend, that thy utmost efforts are useless? Believe me when I say that it is absolutely impossible for thee to cross the wall encompassing this city, unless, under the law, certain conditions be given."

"I see no wall," I persisted, almost sullenly.

"It is there, however, crystal clear, and invisible to thee; a wall of magnetic force, stronger than adamant."

"By the way," I said, "it seems reasonable that, if I came *in* through your magnetic wall, I ought to be able to get *out*."

"So one would judge," he replied; "and what puzzles me is, how didst thou get in?"

"Oh, that is no mystery," I returned. "I saw your city, and, in company with the two Englishmen and a couple of servants, started to reach it. Along came a simoom, hotter than *Sheol*. Something grabbed me up from the ground, whirled me around until my head felt like a mill-race, and, when my brain cleared, why—here I was."

"The simoom?" said my companion, thoughtfully; "ah, that accounts for it. It is filled with wicked influences—with disembodied entities, who hold a pitiless grudge against the human race and never lose a chance to vent it. They have wonderful powers for working evil, and when, in their diabolical glee, they enter a simoom, they whirl and twirl the lines of magnetic force as playfully as a——"

He paused for a simile, and I suggested—"As a cowboy swings his lariat on the Texas plains."

"As anything thou pleasest," he rejoined, smiling; "it is all one, since thou art here, and here thou must bide the time of thy return, with the world none the wiser. Thou certainly art placed in a peculiar position, being dead and yet alive, in the earth's sense."

"You speak in riddles," I said (for even then I did not understand what he meant); "but please tell me, in plain English, how long I shall be detained."

"That will be as the Law determines," he replied.

"The Law?" I cried, in tones of disgust. "What Law? Are you ruled by a tyrant whose will is *Law?* Have you no dynamite?"

"He who holds the Universe in the hollow of His hand laughs at anarchy, my boy," he said. "*He* is the Law. But calm thyself, and trust me fully; my home shall be thy home during thy stay, and I trust that each hour may be one of perfect contentment."

But I did not accept his hospitable offer until I had renewed my efforts to cross the barrier, which, of course, were futile, and, utterly exhausted, I was forced to abandon them—temporarily, at least, I said; then, having no other choice, I went back with him to the city.

His home was a dream of beauty. The house, whose walls were of a material resembling ivory, was classic in design, and stood in the midst of a spacious lawn, green and smooth as velvet, shaded by tropical trees, and brilliant with odorous flowers. Through the open windows came strains of music, the most entrancing I had ever heard, and vibrant with the

power and goodness of the Creator. I bared my head as I listened, and my soul seemed to shrink into a mere speck, as all the egotism, the littleness, and the folly of *my* narrow nature were revealed to my introspective gaze. I hung my head for very shame. Without a word, my companion plucked a lovely lotus-blossom from the basin of a fountain, beside which we stood, and placed it in my hand. Instinctively divining his wishes, I buried my face in its golden heart and inhaled its fragrance. When I looked up again, lo! it was not I, the sin-laden wretch who, but a moment before, had been ready to sink into the very earth for shame. All the vexations, the miseries and the knowledge of them, had slipped away; all discord had vanished, and a perfect peace "that passeth understanding" had come instead. The Liverpool firm, Timbuctoo, and all the world that held them were now but the shadows of a shade. Never before had I known the meaning of Life. What I hitherto had called life was but a mockery—a heavy load, under which I prayed I might never again have to "groan and sweat."

When I gave utterance to these thoughts, my companion said, sadly: "And yet, alas! thou art fated to bear the burden a little longer, since thy years are not yet ripe. But fret not thy heart about the future. Here come those whom thou must know, since they belong to my household."

As he spoke, a band of youths and maidens came trooping down the broad white steps of the mansion and across the lawn to where we stood, all greeting me graciously.

"These are my sons and daughters," said my companion, his face beaming with affection as they clustered around him. "Yes, these are my children," he continued, adding, in answer to my look of inquiry at their number, "not as thou of earth countest one's children, for often *there* the offspring of a common mother and father are as antipodal as though belonging to different races. Such conditions do not exist here. These are my children by adoption, as it were. They are brothers and sisters in the *true* sense of the words—in thoughts and tastes; congenial in all that pertains to existence; with no

'sweet bells jangled out of tune' to mar its perfect harmony. Some came to me when mere infants, and have grown to manhood and womanhood without knowing aught of the trials and temptations of earth. Ah! if the sorrowing mother, bereft of her babe, could only *know!* Here, now, is my sweet Philo." And he glanced lovingly at a tall, fair young girl who stood near watching the innocent sports of her companions. "She came to us when only a year old—as thou countest time—and knows no other life than the one passed here. She shall be thy guide and thy companion while thou art with us."

"Which shall be forever!" I cried, with enthusiasm, as the lovely girl came, obedient to his summons, and took my hand trustingly in her own.

"Which shall be as the Law decrees," murmured he, as he moved away, leaving me with my sweet young guide.

How joyously the hours flew by! I took no note of them, since there was no thought of time; nor were we harassed and hampered by physical wants, since they were easily supplied. We simply drew from the elements around us all that was requisite in the way of food and clothing.

"Consider the lilies," we sang, knowing, in its perfect fulness, all the beauty of that divine message.

* * * *

Edmund's voice had been growing soft and dreamy, and now he ceased speaking. For some moments the solemn silence of the night was broken only by the sighing of the wind and the regular breathing of our companions, who had long since fallen asleep. At length I said, suggestingly, "And Philo?"

"No more of Philo," replied Edmund, as one awakened from a weary dream. "If you have never loved, you cannot understand me; and, if you have given all that is best and noblest in your nature to a woman worthy of such a gift, then *I* need not tell you of the sweet hopes, each day fulfilled, that sanctify the remembrance of that sacred time—now gone, but not forever. Surely, surely, if life is eternal, we shall meet again. I could almost curse this body of dust that holds me from her, and would willingly 'my quietus make,' but dare not—for the

terrible Law, which none can evade, bars out the self-destroyer from such fair places; instead of our becoming thus united, we would be thrown farther asunder."

"Right and sensible you are, Edmund," I said, "and I respect your reticence; but I am curious to know how you crossed those awful barriers and took up your career again on earth."

"I really cannot gratify you with the details," he replied. "The first thing that I remember in regard to the matter is hearing a voice say, with rasping distinctness, 'An Englishman?' "

" 'Yes,' was the reply. 'He was brought here some weeks ago by two of his countrymen. It seems that they had left the caravan—being deceived by a mirage—and had been overtaken by a simoom, barely escaping with their lives. This young man was found at some distance from the place where they had thrown themselves down. He was alive, though unconscious; so they brought him with them to this point, since he, too, was on his way hither. His condition is quite interesting, being a trance of unusual length. Step in and look at him.'

"They stood a while beside me discussing, in business-like tones, trances and similar phenomena; and then I felt one of my lids lifted and saw a pair of grey eyes twinkling with curiosity. The owner gave an exclamation of surprise and lifted my other lid, and, lo! there I was, looking back at him.

"I recovered, of course, and, as soon as I was able, explained matters to my firm, executed my commissions, and returned to England. But my peace of mind was gone. Things of this earth seem so narrow and pitiful—the struggle for gold that we can only jingle a day; the desire for fame that is but a passing breath; the selling of souls for power and place, exchanging birthrights for messes of pottage——"

Here he broke off again, and after a few moments said: "You heard her call me to-night, and—let others scoff as they will—*you* know that my story is *not* 'the baseless fabric of a dream,' but a living truth."

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

By B. O. Flower.

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH IN THE ECONOMIC WORLD.

The Warfare of Three World-wide Social Theories.

I. THE PRESENT CONFLICT.

Recent decades have witnessed in our Republic and other civilized lands a conflict of increasing bitterness between three great economic theories, which may be briefly characterized as: (1) competition, or the warfare of all under relatively free conditions, and in which the stronger succeed and the weaker go to the wall; (2) the combination of the few for their abnormal enrichment, through the exploitation of the many; (3) coöperation of all for the mutual benefit of all, under conditions that will make labor pleasing and uninvited poverty impossible, and where every worker will receive the wealth he creates instead of a small fraction of what as a creator he is justly entitled to.

It will be seen that the first two theories are essentially the same in their dominating spirit, though radically unlike in their administration and business methods. They both refuse to recognize the law of the solidarity of life and the obligations of human brotherhood implied in that law. Ethically speaking, the second theory is the legitimate and inevitable outgrowth of the first, inheriting all the brutality which the spirit of warfare and short-sighted self-desire inspires; while the third ideal is based upon the Golden Rule and has been the key-note of the noblest philosophy promulgated by the greatest prophets, seers, and philosophers in all enlightened ages and lands.

II. COMPETITION.

The theory of competition involves the idea of warfare, and the system carries with it the waste that is ever a frightful

complement of strife. Under the competitive rule business must necessarily be a relentless struggle in which the weaker are constantly overpowered and borne down to ruin. Tragedy follows in its wake, as it marks the pathway of all movements when man wars against man.

The prototype of this system is found in the anarchic feudalism of the Middle Ages. Under the older order the baron, lord, and petty ruler surrounded himself with serfs and retainers. One class created wealth; the other aided the master in holding his power against other chiefs. In return the retainers received a living out of the wealth created by the serfs. They were not creators of wealth, but the essentially anarchistic conditions that prevailed required this class to maintain the warring lords and nobles. So under the competitive business order, or bourgeois civilization, each captain of industry had to surround himself with an army of retainers—advertisers, traveling men, and others—who were in no way engaged in productive business, but were required by a system in which one productive business warred against others of the same class and sought success through the ruin of competitors. This army of aids had to live out of the products of the wealth-creators, as the retainers of old lived from the wealth created by the serfs.

The key-note of competition, as was the case with feudalism, is strife; and like its prototype it is characterized at once by discord, waste, and destruction. As centralized government emerged from feudalism, so the age of combination is rapidly supplanting the era of competition. The inevitable trend of civilization is as clearly in favor of combinations in the business world as it was in favor of centralization in government in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Nor does the analogy cease here. When feudalism, which was essentially anarchic in spirit, gave place to centralized government, the latter, though largely based, as was its predecessor, on fundamentally unjust assumptions, marked a distinct step forward in that it made it possible to fix responsibility on the one hand, while on the other it secured to the people a degree of peace, law, and order not possible where the nation was broken up into warring camps; and this change inaugurated an era of material, intellectual, and moral advancement that paved the way for popular government, even as the great combinations of to-day have demonstrated that the largest and most complex business enterprises, though they spread over half the globe, can be successfully conducted under the direction of a few heads and so

managed as to save millions upon millions of dollars hitherto expended on aids and retainers who, though required by the competitive system, were in no true sense wealth producers or creators.

III. COMBINATION OF THE FEW FOR THE EXPLOITATION OF THE MANY.

The second great world-idea that is contending for supremacy, and that at present so largely dominates business life, is found in the combination of the few for the exploitation of the many. This system has eliminated the waste that marked the era of competitive warfare, and has carried sound and wise business principles into the management of the industrial world. But, like the system that preceded them, combinations or monopolies composed of a few for the exploitation of the multitude lack the saving salt of right and justice. They are, ethically speaking, builded on the sands of self-desire, and for this reason become a menace to free government and potential oppressors at once to the wealth producers and consumers of the land.

History teaches no more impressive lesson than that wealth uncurbed leads to injustice, oppression, political corruption, the demoralization of society in all its strata, and, finally, to the eclipse of the nation, people, or civilization that, with religion on its lips and materialism in its heart, ignores the basic law of brotherhood. The gigantic combinations, as illustrated in the trusts of to-day, are a far greater menace to free government than was the competitive system. And the demonstration they have made—that through combination such vast wealth can be saved that all men under just conditions might toil only during short hours, live in comparative ease, and have time and opportunity to grow morally and mentally and to enjoy life without the haunting fear of want and poverty clouding life—is overmatched by the fact that they have displaced the mighty army of retainers required by the competitive system, without supplying these millions with a means of livelihood through productive labor; while the vast sums saved have given additional millions to small groups of men whose wealth has long been a source of grave menace to republican institutions, not only through the controlling of the great opinion-forming agencies and the exalting of their apologists and sycophantic servants to positions of honor, emolument, and influence, and the hounding into obscurity of those who in the name of justice

and brotherhood have sought to bar their reckless progress, but also by lowering the ideals of the people from those fundamental and eternal verities that constitute the soul of progress and riveting them on the plane of material prosperity and short-sighted self-desire.

The power of the new system of combinations of the few for self enrichment and aggrandizement at the expense of the many is nowhere more ominously manifest than in the exalting to every department of government of large numbers of their hired servants and feed retainers, who by virtue of having long been trained to see through the spectacles of their employers have ceased to become impartial and judicial. The man who has for years been a special pleader for trusts and monopolies, whose every prejudice and interest is with these great bodies, is not in a position to be a safe legislator, executive, or arbiter in a case where his old employers and those to whom he owes his wealth and station are in conflict with the interests of government or of the people at large. He may be intentionally an honest man, but his education, bias, and every prejudice are such that in rare instances only is he able to rise to the impartial heights that should always mark the lawmaker, executive, and judge.

The menace of the combination of the few, or the trusts, is indeed great when Administration after Administration, and representing both the dominant political parties, chooses the best-beloved servants of monopoly to enforce laws that the people's representatives have enacted for the purpose of curbing the avarice of the few and to protect alike the creators and the consumers of wealth. Moreover, any system that so operates that millions of people are economically at the mercy of a few individuals will not only prove oppressive but will so operate that wealth will rapidly augment in the hands of a few; and though the shell of a republican government may remain (as it did in the so-called republic of Florence long after the absolute domination of the di Medici family), all that is vital in free institutions will ere long disappear. Any government that fosters a system based on injustice plants in its own heart the seeds of death; and if Egypt, Babylon, Persia, Phœnicia, Greece, and Rome teach us any lesson, it is found in the fact that no nation that disregards justice, that ignores the great fact of the solidarity of life, and that persistently refuses to recognize the law of brotherhood, faces the sunrise or has before it a glorious to-morrow. Hence, while on the plane of administration the combinations of capital known as trusts have

systematized and organized business with a scientific precision borrowed from military organizations, the soul or spirit of these corporations remains the same as that which actuated or governed the competitive system. The warfare of the strong against the less strong is a predominant characteristic of these "organized appetites," which know no moral law.

Barring the admirable results obtained on the plane of business administration, and considering the second world-wide economic idea from the vantage point most vital to society, we find it a far greater menace to free government, national welfare, and human happiness than the system of competition that it has so largely supplanted, for the reason that it is animated by the same deadly spirit; while its augmentation of wealth and power and the absence of strong organized opposition afford it unparalleled opportunities for the corrupting of government and of the opinion-forming agencies, and which render possible the overthrow of the safeguards of freedom, the defeat of justice, and the inauguration of conditions that discourage if they do not render impossible the carrying forward of that educational propaganda which favors peaceable progress and enduring civilization. The conditions that the trusts or monopolies have inaugurated have always prevailed before great nations and civilizations have passed into eclipse. Here, therefore, we find the supreme peril of the present.

IV. COÖPERATION; OR, RIGHT AND JUSTICE VERSUS MATERIALISTIC GREED.

Now, over against the competitive system, with its war, waste, and injustice, and the system of combinations of the few as found in present-day monopolies and trusts, rises the third great world-wide economic idea—coöperation of all for all. This new-old ideal, promulgated as the basic law of social life by Jesus and necessarily binding on all who would be his disciples in more than a hollow, hypocritical, and perfunctory way, arose above the social horizon in a definite manner during the first half of the last century. It made slow progress, however, until about a score of years ago. Since then it has been rapidly taking possession of millions of minds, from the master thinkers to the more thoughtful of the artisans; from poets and novelists, such as Victor Hugo, William Morris, and Edwin Markham, to the hard-headed social philosophers and economists, Marx, Lassalle, and Liebknecht; from the novelists, Emile Zola, William Dean Howells, Edward Bellamy, and

Joaquin Miller, to the three millions of voters in Germany alone and the millions of coöperators and social democrats in France, England, and America.

This new social ideal is rooted and grounded in the belief that all men are brothers. For two thousand years the Christian world has been preaching the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; but if we except the early years of the Church, when coöperation prevailed, the term "brotherhood" has carried little of the meaning intended by the great Master —whose whole life was a plea for its fullest expression, who taught that he who would be greatest should be least, who himself deigned to wash the feet of his disciples, and who summed up his law of conduct in the immortal words, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

This new ideal has raised a standard, and on that banner it has graven the words, "All for all." It insists that the parasites cease to prey and learn to toil. It insists that there is not only enough and to spare for every man, woman, and child, but that, by the aid of machinery and with coöperation, all the manual labor required for the world's work can be performed in a few hours a day, thus affording men and women time and opportunity to grow physically, mentally, and morally, and to enjoy life. This ideal is based on justice and is at once as rigidly practical and scientific as it is nobly idealistic. It calls to the toilers everywhere to unite and create wealth, and through coöperative factories, mills, stores, markets, farms, and gardens to come into the full enjoyment of the wealth they create. It holds that this is the new evangel, the gospel of economic freedom and human progress, based on justice.

Many of those who see the new light are striving to revolutionize the nation. Others are proceeding to form organizations that will achieve much of all that the Socialists desire, and do it in a peaceful manner, while educating the world and affording practical demonstrations of the feasibility and superior wisdom of their theory. Canon Kingsley and Frederick D. Maurice were pioneers along this line of progressive work. They may be said to have blazed the way for the oncoming generations; but it remained for the closing quarter of the nineteenth century to witness the crystallizing of their social experiments into practical and successful operation on a large scale, while during the last few years this work has in some instances assumed colossal proportions. Continental Europe, Great Britain, and America furnish many practical illustra-

tions, probably the most notable of which is seen in the achievements made by the Coöperative Society of Great Britain, whose membership is now considerably over 1,700,000, and which owns and operates a large number of great factories, eight large ocean steamships, one hundred tracts of land, two enormous wholesale stores, and over three thousand retail stores, while giving employment to about 100,000 people and doing an annual business of over $250,000,000, netting to the coöperators a profit of over $38,000,000. This association, though it falls far below the ideal cherished by coöperators, is a great step in advance of the modern trust, or "combine." It furthermore has furnished the toilers with an impressive object-lesson. They need but to unite under honest and competent leaders and organizers, who are controlled by high ethical ideals, to emancipate themselves from the thraldom of the trusts by securing the benefits of all the wealth they create, thus obtaining ample means for the development and enjoyment of life, while preparing the way for a coöperative commonwealth that shall render uninvited poverty forever impossible.

The enlightened ideal of coöperation now floating before the minds of millions of civilization's most thoughtful men and women (1) provides for the setting apart of a portion of the wealth created for the purpose of a noble, all-round education for the young, in which the great eternal verities as they relate to man in his relation to man—such as justice, honor, truth, integrity, and brotherhood—shall be broadly inculcated; while the schooling of the intellect will be accompanied by industrial training. (2) It contemplates the setting aside of a certain amount for the pensioning of the aged and the care of the sick, or, in a word, the providing of measures that shall take from each worker the haunting dread of a possible evil day when the almshouse or grudging charity offers the only alternatives from starvation. (3) The wealth created, instead of being diverted into the hands of a few will be divided among all the co-workers, who, through the enjoyment of their own, will be rendered independent.

V. REALIZING THE DREAM OF BROTHERHOOD IN AMERICA.

There is more than one coöperative association in America well past the experimental stage. The Coöperative Association of America, with headquarters at Lewiston, Maine, is probably the most promising of these movements and the one above all others that challenges the attention of our people, not merely

because of its phenomenal success in the brief space of a year's work, but because it is in many respects modeled on the highest ideal lines while being prosecuted with the practical judgment and wisdom in its administrative and business features that constitute the superiority of the modern combination over the wasteful and warring competitive system of the past. In other words, it applies to its work the economic principles of the trusts as they relate to organization, systematization, and administration, while keeping it on the high plane of brotherhood.

In this association we have a movement that promises ere long to wield a world-wide influence and that may prove no small factor in solving the momentous social problem now confronting civilization—essentially a warfare of darkness against light, of short-sighted self-desire against brotherhood and justice, of the principles that have led to the decay and death of all past civilizations against those promulgated by Jesus and that hold the promise of enduring and ever-rising progress. Personally I know of no coöperative movement that holds greater promise for the toilers or that is calculated so readily to meet the hearty approval of all American citizens who desire to see the cause of justice carried forward without the shock of revolution as is the practical program offered by this association, under the broad, wise, and essentially practical guidance of the enlightened founder of the movement, Mr. Bradford Peck; and, if the reader will pardon the digression, I will say a few words touching this remarkable man and the book he has written, entitled "The World a Department Store,"* because what I shall say bears in a real way on the movement we are considering.

Mr. Peck came under that wonderful wave of altruistic thought which touched the heart and brain of many of our finest thinkers during recent years, and which found expression in the magnificent works of Henry George and later called forth those remarkable social visions, "News From Nowhere"

* "The World a Department Store." Cloth, 300 pp. Price, $1. For sale by the Coöperative Association of America, Lewiston, Me. This volume is a simple story, but is very lucid in its descriptions of just economic conditions under coöperation, through which all workers receive what they create, under conditions that favor the development of the best in life. It is illustrated with 15 full-page drawings of handsome buildings such as it is proposed the Association shall erect at no distant date. The author has turned this book over to the Association, and all proceeds from its sale go to further the work of the Association. All persons, therefore, who purchase the volume become practical helpers of a great movement.

by William Morris, "Looking Backward" and "Equality" by Edward Bellamy, "The Building of the City Beautiful" by Joaquin Miller, and "A Traveler from Altruria" by William Dean Howells. The phenomenon of able-bodied men, willing to work but unable to find employment, and the knowledge that in America as well as in every other Christian land the slums were annually enlarging their borders in all the great cities, aroused in him a great longing to aid in some feasible plan by which the people—the great toiling millions—could be led into the Canaan where work would be ready for all willing hands, and the wealth created would go to enrich those who made it. He knew, as does every man who thinks on the problem, that under just conditions there would be no uninvited poverty; and, brooding on this great problem, this business man who for many years has been at the head of the largest department store in New England, outside of Boston, became for the moment a dreamer. A new social vision, which came to the hard-headed, practical man of affairs, was woven by him into the simple story to which I have alluded and in which he outlines the rise and onward march of a coöperative movement based on justice for all and dominated by the spirit of fraternity instead of that of warfare of man against man. Mr. Peck's experience in the successful conduct of a very large and complex business enterprise enabled him to see that the one great feature of the modern trusts or monopolies that was altogether commendable was, as we have observed, organization, systematization, and administration along business lines. And his book shows how, step by step, with a small beginning, the coöperative movement grew, and after it had passed the experimental stage its success and beneficial influence carried it forward with the rapidity and resistlessness of the sunlight that dispels the darkness of night.

After "The World a Department Store" had been written, Mr. Peck set to work to form such an association as he had outlined. He not only contributed largely of his own fortune and consecrated his life to the great undertaking, but he gathered around him a band of fine, clean, self-sacrificing young men of excellent business ability, and all of whom were ready to devote their lives to the coöperative movement, which they were convinced would, as soon as it had reached a certain stage, sweep onward by its own momentum until it covered the land with its blessings. Our readers were made acquainted with the remarkable progress of this comparatively new association by the Rev. Hiram Vrooman's thoughtful paper in the

December issue of THE ARENA. It is only necessary to state that the Association already owns in its real estate, furniture, and fixtures over $26,000 worth of property, and that it has outlined an extensive program for vigorous work for the ensuing year. Mr. Peck has also signified his intention of turning over his great department store to the Association. Large tracts of land will be cultivated coöperatively in and around Lewiston and Auburn. The Association also intends to build and operate at an early date large disbursing stores, mills, and factories. Every department is being managed by exceptionally able business men, and the movement seems destined to become a great and beneficent agency in blazing the way for the new coöperative commonwealth which, if civilization is to endure and rise, must be the crowning achievement of the twentieth century.

The well-digested system outlined, the men who have the great movement in hand, and the remarkable results already achieved place this work beyond the realm of experiment. It now remains for earnest men and women of America, who believe in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, to unite in aiding to make this a nation-wide movement, dominated by the Golden Rule, and which shall, by successfully meeting the trust on its own ground, so far as organization and administration are concerned, secure to labor, not a pittance, but what it creates, and at the same time afford productive employment to every man and woman who seeks honestly to earn a livelihood. Any movement that offers sound grounds for the realization of such achievements must appeal to the thoughtful consideration of all who in life are more governed by conscience or the force of moral ideas than by the low ideals of modern materialistic business policy, and also of the economists who see too plainly the demoralization attending any system that ignores the fundamentals of justice or that is indifferent to the cry of honest industry, when in the name of self-respecting manhood it demands work at a living wage.

This movement, which instead of being empirical is rigidly scientific, offers salvation from industrial bondage for all workers. It is a movement that by peaceable or non-warlike methods will forever render it impossible for the millions to be exploited for the benefit of the few, and that will reclaim to the people a heritage of liberty and justice and environ the humblest with conditions that shall favor the blossoming forth of life in the beauty of well-rounded maturity. It is a movement that will forever banish the degrading materialism of the market, which makes the acquisition of gold the chief end of life and

which sneers at the ideal and scoffs at those who insist on making justice and right rather than policy and expediency the rule of life.

The splendid opportunity to further civilization's august demands afforded by this movement should be held as a privilege and a high and holy duty by which each one may hasten the advent of the New Time, when in the impressive words of Lewis Morris—

"There shall come, from out this noise of strife and groaning,
A broader and a juster brotherhood,
A deep equality of aim, postponing
All selfish seeking to the general good;
There shall come a time when each shall to another
Be as Christ would have him, brother unto brother;
There shall come a time when brotherhood grows stronger
Than the narrow bounds which now distract the world;
When the cannons roar and trumpets blare no longer,
And the ironclad rusts and battle-flags are furled;
When the bars of creed and speech and race, which sever,
Shall be fused in one humanity forever."

* * *

OVER THREE AND A QUARTER MILLIONS OF DOLLARS PICKED UP IN THE STREETS OF BOSTON LAST YEAR.

The annual report made by the president of the Boston Elevated Railway Company emphasizes anew the enormous value of the street franchises of a great city and the importance of municipal ownership of these public utilities. The gross earnings of this company were $10,792,993, while the operating expenses were $7,336,597, leaving a net earning of $3,456,395, or within less than $44,000 of three and one-half millions as a net earning. This amount of money should have gone to the city or to improve the service.

The experience of Glasgow and other European cities amply proves that, for a sum certainly no greater than the company expends for management, men thoroughly capable, honest, and efficient can be secured to do for the city precisely what the hired management now does for the stockholders. With municipal ownership the citizens would have improved service and an enormous sum of money for reduction of taxes or for

extending and beautifying parks, libraries, schools, and in other ways benefiting the whole community, simply as a result of exercising common business judgment and utilizing its own enormously valuable street franchises.

Let us suppose that $1,400,000 of the sum would have been used to improve the public service—for it is not to be supposed that at least one-third of the men and women who morning and evening come and go to and from business and homes would tolerate having to stand and hang to straps during their long rides, or crowd upon a cold platform. Under municipal ownership there would be a general cry for better service, in which the now silent newspapers would loudly lead the clamor; and as a result more cars would be put on the streets during the busy hours, and the interests of the public would be considered in various manners where now they are thoroughly ignored. Thus, for example, the loop around Park Square would be utilized for the benefit of the large number who do not use the subway. The platforms also would be inclosed, as they are in Denver and other cities. These and various other improvements, however, could be easily brought about within the cost of a million and a quarter. But put the cost at $1,400,000, and we would still have $2,000,000 annually saved as a result of the city's exercising common sense in its business management and utilizing its own.

At this rate, in ten years the taxpayers would have had the benefit of the enormous sum of $20,000,000, which is now diverted into the pockets of a corporation the majority of the stock of which is held in other States. Now all this money is annually lost to the city of Boston, while the service falls far short of what it should be, as a result of a silent press and legislative and municipal officials who insist on viewing the question through spectacles of rich and interested corporations instead of consulting the rights and interests of the citizens in the same way that they would consult their own interests were the matter one involving personal considerations.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

Reviewed by B. O. Flower.*

THE PASSING AND THE PERMANENT IN RELIGION. By the Rev. M. J. Savage, D.D. Cloth, 336 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This work embodies the ripest thought of one of the foremost liberal clergymen of the age concerning such problems as the Universe, Man, Bibles, Gods and God, Saviors, Worship, Prayer, the Church, Hells, Heavens, and the Resurrection Life. Dr. Savage was, I think, the first eminent divine unreservedly to accept the theory of evolutionary progress as promulgated by Spencer, Darwin, and Wallace. That was far back in the early '70s, and for more than a quarter of a century he has been one of the most masterly advocates of that theory on this side of the Atlantic.

Dr. Savage was educated for the ministry in a leading orthodox denomination, but shortly after he began his clerical labors he found it impossible to accept the trinitarian idea of Jesus, while the revelations of physical science, archæological discoveries, and the results of higher criticism alike tended to overthrow his belief in the theological dogmas that from childhood he had been taught to believe. He therefore severed his connection with the trinitarian fellowship and entered the Unitarian ministry. He was born a skeptic and a fearless searcher after truth; and, though his convictions carried him out of the fellowship of his fathers, he was always deeply religious. On one occasion he said to me: "I cannot accept the orthodox idea of Jesus, which seems to me far more pagan than Christian, and yet I believe most profoundly that Jesus was the most perfect blossom on the human stem; and, in the sense that he was more like God the Father of us all than any other person, he may be called *the* Son of God. I believe," he continued, "that the wonder-stories of Jesus' birth, which Mark, the earliest Gospel writer, ignores, grew up as did the wonder-stories around the heroes and the great of ancient times. The Greeks were always inclined to attribute the parentage of any particularly great individual to some of the gods, and Attic thought had at the time of the early Church tinged the ideas of the world. If we all could divest our minds of the prejudice and preconceived ideas of centuries of churchianity, I think we would be amazed to see how much of Greek and Roman paganism and of the sacerdotalism of the ancient Jewish hierarchy goes to form the

* Books intended for review in The Arena should be addressed to B. O. Flower, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

web and woof of orthodox Christianity to-day, especially in regard to dogmatic theology and rites and forms."

In the present volume the great divine has undertaken to winnow the wheat from the chaff. All the subjects are viewed under the search-lights of history and science, and yet the work is marked in an eminent degree by a high, reverent, and serious spirit. Moreover, it is far more constructive than destructive. It is preëminently optimistic.

For a score of years Dr. Savage patiently and persistently investigated psychical phenomena, and from personal knowledge extending over several years, during which on frequent occasions I was present with him at such investigations, I know that he was rigidly severe in his method, manifesting at once a passionate desire for truth and the extremely critical or skeptical attitude of the apostle of modern science. His investigations convinced him not only of the reality of a future life, but that such a life was merely a step forward in an evolutionary movement wherein, though the individual had to reap whatsoever he had sown, the general trend of the soul was upward.

I think the conclusions embodied in his latest work may be briefly condensed as follows: God reigns and is the supreme incarnation of love and wisdom. Law rules throughout the universe. The development of life is along the lines of evolution. The grave is a thoroughfare, not a blind alley. Man wakes up in the higher life much as he went to sleep, though the environment beyond favors more rapid progress than the flesh-enveloped and passion-tossed earth life affords. Nevertheless, one supreme Law obtains throughout life, and that is that ultimately every one must reap whatsoever he has sown.

To one class of readers this work will prove disquieting. To others it will be a profoundly inspiring and hope-laden volume.

THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL IN BOOKS. By Lilian Whiting. Cloth, 416 pp. Price, $1. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

There is a value and a charm in all the writings of Miss Whiting, quite apart from their literary finish and beauty of expression. She appeals to the spiritual side of life, and this is, I think, the greatest need of the present. The materialism of an education that has concerned itself chiefly with intellectual achievements is evident on every side. The higher and finer artistic ethical feelings have alike been blunted. The American youths know little of the great delight that an Italian child, even a peasant, derives from the beauty seen in Nature and art; while from the standpoint of moral or spiritual development the lack of our modern educational system is painfully in evidence—so much so as to imperil the proud and unique position long maintained by our nation as the child of and the ethical leader in the family of earth's great peoples.

"Excessive devotion to the material," says Victor Hugo, "is the evil of our epoch;" and this is preëminently true of our nation. Miss Whiting's works are admirably calculated to assist in meeting our pres-

ent emergency. They are broad, tolerant, and loving in spirit. They appeal directly and with great force to the spiritual side of life, and through their beauty of thought and expression are invested with a charm rarely found in works that emphasize moral truths. Her "World Beautiful" books, three volumes of which have heretofore been published, are among the most helpful and inspiring discussions that have appeared in recent years; and her latest work is in every respect a worthy companion to the other volumes. The author's purpose in preparing the essays that compose the present work is admirably expressed in the following lines:

"The world of literature is as wide as the world of humanity, and the object of this little tour is to turn the searchlight on a limited selection of that more vital range of expression that appeals to the spiritual life—that arouses aspiration and conviction and that liberates energy —rather than to dally with admiring contemplation or critical analysis of literary beauty. There are authors whose works are a living force in every age, and from whom we may well select matter that infuses new ardor and purpose into life. . . . There is in good reading a certain transubstantiation of energy that thus enters into life, exalting and refining its quality, and which enables a man to press on to still higher and nobler achievements, and more intelligently to control the problems of destiny."

This high purpose has been kept in mind by the author, who, under the headings of "Books as Food for Life," "Opening Golden Doors," "The Rose of Morning," "The Chariot of the Soul," and "The Witness of the Dawn," introduces the reader to all the rich respository of prose and poetry of the ages, gleaning luminous truths and helpful thoughts from scores of the world's noblest thinkers.

It is very seldom that Miss Whiting praises or recommends the writings of authors whose works are not calculated to exalt the ideal or to ennoble life. Hence, I was much surprised to hear her speak approvingly on more than one occasion of Kipling's tales; for, barring one poem, the writings of Mr. Kipling seem to me to be of the earth earthy. He is a writer of more than ordinary imagination, possessing extraordinary power of expression and a mind of superior talents; but his works seem to lack in a marked degree the saving grace of high ideals and noble moral purpose. They are brilliant, but soulless. They want the human quality, and impress me as coming from one who knows little of the spiritual Alps. "The Recessional" is an anomaly in the writings of Kipling. It is as if the soul of an old prophet bard had passed by the harp on which the poet and novelist had voiced his thought, and finding the author asleep had taken up the rich instrument and given the world a new and noble lay, after which he had passed from view; for "The Recessional" is entirely unlike anything that preceded or anything that has followed its appearance. From that splendid song the poet stooped to the glorification and laudation of the most ungodly, immoral, and unholy war waged in modern times. He is one of the last writers I should mention as possessing the power to awaken worthy thoughts or high ideals. This, of course, is not saying that he is not intellectually brilliant.

With the exception of including Kipling among helpful writers for the young, "The World Beautiful in Books" is to be heartily commended. It will tend to broaden and deepen the culture of the reader and bring him into sympathetic *rapport* with a galaxy of earth's greatest thinkers. Few persons will read its pages without being encouraged to know more of the works of a great number of the master minds quoted or of whom the author speaks in glowing and sympathetic terms. "The World Beautiful in Books" deserves the widest circulation. It will charm, interest, and ennoble all who peruse its pages.

THE IDEAL: ITS REALIZATION. By Lucy C. McGee. Cloth, 78 pp. Price, 75 cents. Boston: James H. West Co.

This work, though brief, is a strong, clear, and thoughtful outline of the New Thought philosophy, presented in excellent literary style. The author holds that the term "New Thought" is a misnomer, in that it embraces the oldest and noblest philosophic concepts. It is "vital and prophetic, not because it is old or new, but because it is true." The author says:

"Intellectual development, however enjoyable and necessary for a career of the personal self, will never bring satisfaction—it is not enough. The whole realm of intellectual facts bears the same relation to spiritual realization that desire bears to aspiration. The former leads outward and downward; the latter, inward and upward. The former leads out to the circumference; the latter, in to the Center of Being. . . . Instead of declaring with the 'soulless' psychology that 'everybody has ideals,' the New Psychologist affirms that the heavenly vision of the Ideal remains forever veiled from the timorous, the frivolous and faint-hearted. The Ideal is glorious in its radiance and purity. Only those who are pure in heart, those who have overcome the flesh, the world, and desire, are vouchsafed that Celestial Vision. . . . The Ideal is not a copy: it is the original; it is not an image: it is that which is imaged. To be great is to realize that Ideal; to be pure is to abide in its lucid and transparent Light."

The above lines and the following passage from Browning, which is one of several charming poetical selections in the volume, may be said to reveal the key-note of the work, which is richly worthy of careful perusal:

"Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things whate'er you may believe.
There is an inmost center in us all,
Where truth abides in fulness;
. . . . . and *to know*
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without. Watch narrowly
The demonstration of a truth, its birth,
And you trace back the influence to its spring
And source within us, where broods a radiance vast,
To be elicited ray by ray as chance shall favor."

THE DESTINY OF DORIS. By Julius Chambers. Cloth, profusely illustrated, 336 pp. Price, $1.50. New York: The Continental Pub. Co.

Julius Chambers is one of the ablest journalists of our time. His writings are ever characterized by strength and clearness, while his easy, flowing style invests his work with a charm all too rare among even our best essayists in this age of feverish haste and half-digested work.

In "The Destiny of Doris" Mr. Chambers has given us one of the most fascinating and instructive stories of travel that have appeared in recent years. A double romance, unfolded with admirable taste and a delicate touch, runs through the web and woof of the volume, which embraces vivid pen pictures of southern Europe, Egypt, and the Holy Land. Here, in a series of graphic descriptions, which are accompanied with over two hundred half-tone pictures, the reader is brought into touch with Gibraltar, the pride of England; the Alhambra, once the glory of a vanished civilization, and other places of interest on the Spanish peninsula. Thence he travels to Italy, and views, with the aid of the author's well-stored mind and lively imagination, a thousand points of interest in that country, Egypt, and Palestine. The story closes in a pleasing manner and is replete with information that cannot fail to add much to the culture of the reader, while the historical facts and fine pen pictures are presented with a charm that fascinates the reader and leads him from page to page with ever-increasing pleasure. The two hundred illustrations are admirably executed. It is a genuine delight to turn from the swash-buckling alleged historical stories of absurd and impossible doings, and from the overdrawn caricatures of country life that surfeit the fiction market at the present time, to peruse a volume so wholesome, natural, sane, and instructive as "The Destiny of Doris."

LEAVES FROM A LIFE-BOOK OF TO-DAY. By Mrs. Jane Dearborn Mills. Cloth, 317 pp. Price, 50 cents. Germantown, Pa.: The Swedenborg Publishing Association.

One of the chief sources of unhappiness to-day is found in the attempt of many conscientious people to mortify the flesh much after the manner of the ancient ascetics, who in the first years of the Christian Church fled to the deserts and mountains to save their souls by a life of renunciation so extreme as to be unnatural. These people are unhappily proceeding from a false premise to do what they mistakenly conceive to be their highest duty.

In "Leaves from a Life-Book of To-day," the author has handled one of the most serious and important questions of the hour in a sane, wholesome, and normal manner that is beyond praise, and that is only equaled by the delicacy with which the private home relations are touched upon. It is a story that deals largely with the most sacred and holy relations of wedded life, told in pure, simple language, and dis-

playing a deep philosophic and rational insight. I do not know when I have read a work that has impressed me as being more timely or vitally true than this contribution by Mrs. Mills. It is a book that I wish might be read by every parent in the land, as it would clarify the vision of thousands of highly conscientious people, and in so doing would in no small way increase the happiness of many.

THE SHRINE OF SILENCE: A BOOK OF MEDITATIONS. By Henry Frank. Cloth, 274 pp. Price, $1.50. New York: The Abbey Press.

This volume contains over one hundred meditations or soul prayers, in which the higher aspirations of the spirit find expression. Many of these meditations are deeply thoughtful and characterized by great beauty. Some indeed are prose poems. The following, entitled "They That Love Shall Sing *Resurgam*," is a fair example of these soul meditations:

When all the world's a-bloom; when the golden sun rises in the central heavens; when ornaments of rarest flowers bejewel the bosom of the earth; when soft, warm zephyrs call back to life the dormant powers of Nature that have lain nigh unto death through winter's tedious spell; when the moon's yellow lamp lights the paths of heaven with warm and mellow beams, and gilds the rimpling waves of rivulets; when the voices of ten thousand birds are twittering in the boughs, and earth awakes from her snowy tomb, gorgeously garlanded and robed in radiance, 'tis fitting time, indeed, to sing the Anthem of the Resurrection.

And shall we sing *"Resurgam?"*

Shall we rise again?

If so, beyond the grave?

Why wait? Can we not here, each hour, each moment, say *"Resurgam?"*

The Soul, bound behind the prison bars of Ignorance and Error, shall it not now escape and rise into the Light?

The Soul, asleep beneath the cloud and flame of Passion, Lust, Selfishness, Indulgence, shall it not now awake and flee those Demons of the Darkness?

The beautiful Story of the Resurrection told in all religions is an Episode of Human Life.

As the Suffering Savior symbolized humanity, his resurrection symbolizes the rescue of each struggling soul from the gloomy depths of moral ignorance and self-destruction.

Let us trust the Laws of the Universe as implicitly as does every seed and plant and bird.

There is, indeed, but one law in all the world—that *Law* is *Love.*

He that loves is risen.

The Angel of Peace rolls away from his dark tomb the Stone of Error.

He lays aside the gloomy garments of Despair and clothes himself with Hope's "raiment white as snow."

His countenance, once foreboding, now "like lightning" illumines his atmosphere.

He is saved.

Love is the Resurrection Key.

It unbars the gates of every Grave of Sin.
It opens the Doors of Heaven to every ascending soul.
To love is to save and to be saved.

This book is unique and fills a niche peculiar to itself in the rapidly growing literature of liberalism.

THE ORTHODOX PREACHER AND NANCY. By Magee Pratt. Cloth, 191 pp. Price, $1. Hartford: The Connecticut Magazine Company.

This novel, which I imagine is far more a history than a novel, deals in a simple but interesting manner with the life of a young clergyman, in a New England manufacturing town, who strives to live the Christ life and to follow the teachings and example of Jesus. In so doing, as we would naturally expect, with a church so wedded to the world as is the case to-day, he fails. On entering the ministry he encountered a very common condition. A powerful member of the church is the ruling political boss of the town. His income is derived largely from the saloons and halls of vice that enjoy his protection. The public conscience is becoming anesthetized, and corruption is more and more being winked at by church and society. The minister starts a crusade against the corrupt boss and succeeds in temporarily arousing the sense of decency and the conscience of the community. The boss is defeated, to the amazement of every one. But, stung by his defeat, the politician vows vengeance. He begins a systematic attack on not only the minister, but on all the church-members who support the clergyman. The deacon, who owns a large store and has aided the minister, suddenly finds all the friends of the corrupt boss transferring their patronage. Men who have paper out find that in many instances, through the machinations of the boss, it is impossible to get it renewed. Consequently, it is not long before the clergyman finds that those who applauded and aided him a short time ago are now cold, when indeed they do not openly criticize him. The politic church-members advise a compromise. The corrupt politician should be placated, and the minister should be brought to an agreement not to interfere with the morals of the community. This the latter refuses to do, and he is therefore compelled to resign. The church council has no warm feeling for a minister who would do as Jesus did, because to do so is to drive from the church the gamblers, the pharisees, and the corrupt rich who patronize and support the church as the price of the latter's silence. This is the beginning of the trials and martyrdom of this modern minister who has striven to live the life of Jesus and to teach as he taught. It is a very timely contribution to the conscience literature of the time and should be widely circulated among Christians who still believe that Jesus was something more than an impractical dreamer.

FACT AND FANCY IN SPIRITUALISM, THEOSOPHY, AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. By G. G. Hubbell. Cloth, 208 pp. Cincinnati: Robert Clark Co.

This volume contains four chapters, dealing with Madame Blavatsky, Psychical Research, The Bearing of Psychical Research on Modern Materialism, and Some Facts about Spiritualism. It is very conventional work, dealing largely with observations and opinions of others, but lacking the interest and value of a strong presentation of the facts relating to psychic phenomena from a careful thinker who has personally investigated spiritualism and psychical experiences and who bases his conclusions upon a great mass of evidence at first hand. Mr. Hubbell seems to desire to be fair and impartial, but his natural skepticism or his timid conservatism impairs the value of the work for those who have spent many years in careful and painstaking investigation. It seems to me, especially in the light of my personal experience in the investigation of psychical phenomena, that Mr. Hubbell gives far too little weight to the opinions of such profound investigators as Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, Sir William Crookes, and other great scientists who have spoken at length after years of extensive research.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

ONE of the features that make THE ARENA unique among modern reviews is its frequent publication of symposia on leading questions of public thought. Although these may not always embody conflicting opinions, yet the views expressed are different in that they represent the writers' varying standpoints—the usual basis of opposing conclusions arrived at by honest minds.

As an illustration of this dual method of reaching a common goal, we publish this month two articles under the general caption, "Cuba *vs.* the United States." The first presents the position of President Roosevelt, Secretary Root, Governor-General Wood, and all truly enlightened Americans on the moral obligation we have assumed to aid the Cubans to become industrially self-sustaining. The writer, F. B. Thurber, as president of the United States Export Association, knows whereof he speaks, and his article embodies the substance of his recent remarks before the House Committee on Ways and Means. The second paper gives the views of one of the most intelligent men that Cuba has produced, and is an eloquent appeal to the American conscience to rise above the sordid demands of trust-fostered selfishness in our political dealings with our involuntary wards. Señor de Abad is the author of many valuable works on Cuba, and is at present acting as special Cuban commissioner to Washington to secure customs reforms on behalf of his people.

Another symposium of not less vital significance to the ethical and moral welfare of the United States is the discussion of "The Problem of Immigration," in this number. The competitive aggressions of the Chinese upon the labor market of the Pacific coast have created an economic exigency that threatens to compel the early reenactment of the Exclusion law, for which Mr. John Chetwood, a noted lawyer of San Francisco, urges some potent arguments. That this policy, however, is but a palliative measure of doubtful morality, is ably

set forth by our other contributor, the Rev. Robert C. Bryant, who shows conclusively that the cause of the congestion of our cities lies much deeper than mere population totals can suggest—in the monopoly of natural opportunities, or private ownership of the bounties of Nature.

To those who know the power of the pulpit as an opinion-forming agency, when directed along scientific and rational channels, this article on "Chinese Exclusion" and the Rev. Frank D. Bentley's on the "Survival of the Fittest in the Coming Age" will bring much encouragement, as they indicate a belated awakening of the ministerial mind to a realizing sense of its obligations to the increasing mass of the "unchurched."

Two other features of this issue that have a direct bearing on pending questions of current legislation are "Experiments in Colonial Government," by Dr. Felix L. Oswald, and Prof. Frank Parsons's "Conversation" on public ownership and control of our telephone systems. As our Government has not yet taken action on the final disposition of the Philippines, many valuable hints may be gathered by our lawmakers from Dr. Oswald's international study of colony-making. And Prof. Parsons's facts and figures are of interest in view of the recent introduction in the lower house of Congress of a bill to acquire and operate the telegraphs as a part of the Post-Office system.

An interview with Edwin Markham, on "Lights and Shadows of the Present Social Outlook," will form our "Conversation" for the April number, which will also contain a study of this famous poet from the pen of Editor Flower. It will be followed in May with a discussion of "Education and Democracy," by Rabbi Charles Fleischer.

The short-story feature, introduced some time ago, is proving very popular with ARENA readers. This month's "tale of the desert" by Laura M. Dake, the gifted author of "In the Crucible," is one of the best that we have published thus far. The story for April will be entitled "Out of His Element"—a contribution by Evelyn Harvey Roberts.

Theodore F. Seward's essay on "The Unity of Christianity and Judaism," announced for publication this month, is unavoidably crowded out. It will appear, however, in our next issue—together with "An Economic View of Fashion," by Julia Cruikshank; "The New Race Question in the South," by Samuel A. Hamilton; "Maurice Maeterlinck and the Bees," by Axel Emil Gibson; "The Future of the Woman's Club," by Winnifred Harper Cooley, and an excellent paper on "The New Woman," by the Hon. Boyd Winchester.

J. E. M.

HEALTH! :: HARMONY! :: HAPPINESS!

SUBSCRIBE *NOW* FOR

"MIND,"

A Monthly Magazine of Liberal and Advanced Thought,

The Leading Exponent of the New Spiritual Movement.

Edited by JOHN EMERY McLEAN and CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

Contributions from the best-known writers on

Science, Philosophy, Religion, Psychology, Metaphysics, Occultism, Etc.

☞*Now in its Fourth Year.*

$2.00 Per Annum. - - 20 Cents a Copy.

☞See clubbing rate with THE ARENA on another page.

At all news-stands, or mailed by the publishers.

Send 10 cents for SAMPLE COPY and CATALOGUE of new and important BOOKS on the above and kindred subjects. A full line of Advanced Thought works kept constantly on hand.

THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 569 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

A NEW BOOK BY
Harriet B. Bradbury:

THE LIGHT THAT IS IN THEE.

CONTENTS:

I. THE DIVINE PRESENCE.
II. THE LOSING OF SELF.
III. CONCENTRATION.
IV. MEDITATION.
V. REALIZATION.

A series of thoroughly practical essays on the understanding and use of the higher spiritual faculties. It shows how to take the first steps in the realization of true power and inspiration, especially with reference to literary or artistic work, and makes plain the connection between true character and beautiful work in any line.

Handsomely bound in cloth, with an original cover-design by the author.

PRICE, 75 CENTS, POST-PAID.

Issued and For Sale By

THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING CO., 569 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Books by Hannah More Kohaus.

BETWEEN THE LINES. Condensed lessons in the Truth of Being. Uniformly instructive, clear, and practical. Cloth, $1.00; leatherette, 50 cts.

REMEDIES OF THE GREAT PHYSICIAN. A book containing formulas for treating, from a spiritual basis, nearly all the diseases common to humanity. Also self-helps, soul-tonics, and other aids to the realization of true being. Leatherette, 40 cts.

SOUL-FRAGRANCE. Truth in verse. A book of poems, written from the standpoint of Spiritual Science. A book of enduring value to all lovers of divine sentiment in poetic form. Cloth, $1.00; leatherette, 50 cts.

FRUIT FROM THE TREE OF LIFE. A new booklet—the author's latest. Contains three lectures, entitled respectively: "How can we get nearer to God?" "From Incarnation to Christhood." "Vibration—the Force of Forces." The subjects deal with the highest ideals of the New Thought. Some occult topics made clear and practical. Leatherette, 30 cts.

THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

569 Fifth Ave., ... New York, N. Y.

Please mention THE ARENA in writing to advertisers.

THE ARENA.

VOL. XXVII. - - - NO. 4.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY REVIEW OF VITAL THOUGHT.

Editors: { CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.
B. O. FLOWER.
JOHN EMERY McLEAN.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PAGE

EDUCATION IN THE PHILIPPINES . *Antonio Regidor Jurado, LL.D.* Ex Commissioner of Education at Manila 337

THE NEW RACE QUESTION IN THE SOUTH . *Samuel A. Hamilton* 352

THE UNITY OF CHRISTIANITY AND JUDAISM . *Theodore F. Seward* 359

THE ETERNAL FEMININE:

I. The New Woman . . . . . *Hon. Boyd Winchester* 367

II. The Future of the Woman's Club . . *Winnifred Harper Cooley* 373

MAURICE MAETERLINCK AND THE BEES . . . *Axel Emil Gibson* 381

AN ECONOMIC VIEW OF FASHION . . . . . *Julia Cruikshank* 387

EDWIN MARKHAM: A Prophet-Poet of the Fraternal State . *B. O. Flower* 391

A CONVERSATION:

Lights and Shadows of the Present Social Outlook . *Edwin Markham* 412

OUT OF HIS ELEMENT: A Story . . . . *Evelyn Harvey Roberts* 415

TOPICS OF THE TIMES—(*Editorial*) . . . . . *B. O. Flower*

How Cleveland Stamped Out Smallpox—New Zealand in the Van of Progress—Hall Caine on Christianity and Socialism—A Wonderful New System of Wireless Telegraphy, with Earth and Water as Conductors 426-435

BOOKS OF THE DAY . . . . . *Studies and Reviews*

In the World Celestial—Warwick of the Knobs—Books Received . 436-446

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS . . . . . *J. E. M.* 447-448

$2.50 a Year . . . . . 25 Cents a Copy

Foreign Subscriptions, 12 Shillings.

569 5th AVE. THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY. NEW YORK

"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."
—HEINE.

THE ARENA

VOL. XXVII. APRIL, 1902. No. 4.

EDUCATION IN THE PHILIPPINES.*

THE Civil Commission of the Philippines is expending about one million dollars for educational purposes throughout the Archipelago, and the Washington authorities have sent a thousand teachers to the Islands and have shipped tons of text-books and schoolroom accessories to Manila for the free use of the natives. These preparations are for primary grade work, and suggest the criticism that there is a misconception of the educational needs of the Filipinos. This generous effort of the United States to abolish illiteracy does not respond to the necessities of public instruction, for, from the time the Archipelago was conquered by Spain, the natural eagerness of the natives to acquire knowledge has been gratified in elementary subjects. There are, however, certain directions that educational projects may take with advantage, and these are well shown by the history of public instruction in the Philippines.

When Spanish adventurers claimed the Islands for their King of the sixteenth century, the natives were familiar with primitive methods of mining the gold, silver, iron, and other mineral deposits of the Archipelago; they knew how to manufacture them into jewels, swords, and crude agricultural implements, and could also weave cotton, silk, and pine-apple fiber into dress goods. The different tribes spoke different dialects, and their secular and religious education had been neglected by

* An interview for THE ARENA by J. Warren T. Mason, of London.

their Saracen masters, except in Manila, Mindanao, and Sulu, where the tenets of Mohammedanism had been spread.

When the hardy Spanish pioneers set out for the Philippines, the Catholic Church, full of the spirit of proselytism, sent with them the same class of missionaries who followed Columbus and the Cabots to America. At the time the colonization of the Islands began, about the year 1565, Philip II., then King of Spain, was engaged in fighting Protestantism with the weapons of the Inquisition, and, though relentless against his fellow-Christians, he was mild and paternal in his treatment of the Filipinos. He ordered that they be kept in ignorance of Europe's religious wars, and directed that if the Church wished to convert them it must do so by kindness and not by fear.

The missionary friars, to obey the injunction of their King, were thus compelled to instruct the natives in the rudiments of learning, instead of in the proselytizing ability of a torture-chamber. The friars, recognizing the adaptability of the natives, did not stop at making converts, but began a system of training them for the Church, which necessitated much more careful teaching than the restless, warlike natures of the American Indians made possible in the western hemisphere.

To the zeal of the friars came substantial assistance. The first governor-general of the Philippines, Legazpi, authorized the opening of schools, and the first bishop and archbishop of Manila and the first governor of Mindanao bequeathed a considerable part of their fortune in trust for educational purposes, the two clerics leaving also their libraries for popular use. The Jesuits obtained control of the bequest of the governor of Mindanao, and in 1601 erected the University of St. Joseph at Manila, thirty-five years before the first university was founded in America. Collegiate instruction of the natives grew so popular that it became almost a fashionable craze for rich persons to add endowments to St. Joseph, and shortly after its foundation the college grew so wealthy that it abolished all fees and education was free. This liberality of the Spanish residents was more commendatory than the educational system being established about the same time by the Pilgrims in

New England, of which Americans are so proud. The Spaniards voluntarily made careful provision for the instruction of an alien race in whose welfare they had no personal concern, while the Pilgrims founded their schools for the education of their own sons; and it is not on record that many of the native inhabitants were invited into the schoolrooms.

The increasing fame of St. Joseph brought into enviable prominence the Jesuits and strengthened their hold over the natives. This the other orders observed with disquietude. Each friar was ambitious to enhance the fame and wealth of his order, as soldiers desire to add to the honor of their regiments; and, since educational projects were shown to be so valuable an asset to this end, a stimulus was given to the spread of knowledge that probably could not have resulted from any other cause. The Dominicans and Franciscans were particularly covetous of the popularity of the Jesuits, and the Dominican Order in 1619 opened the college of St. Thomas at Manila, seventeen years before there was any provision for higher education in America.

This imitation of the Jesuits did not meet with the approval of the Franciscans, and, instead of compelling the natives to go to Manila for an education, they took the first step in the systematic diffusion of knowledge by founding local schools in different parts of the Islands. Heretofore, primary education had been given by the friars in the course of their missionary labors, and, there being a lack of thoroughness, only the exceptionally bright pupils were able to prepare in this scanty manner for a collegiate course. With the development of the Franciscans' method the elementary grades received much closer attention, and not only did the Franciscans become supreme in popularity among the natives, but, the schools being supported by voluntary contributions, the coffers of the order filled rapidly. The Dominicans and the Jesuits recognized that the ascendency of the Franciscans was due to their primary schools, and they adopted a similar system. Other orders did likewise, until finally a complete network of local educational institutions was spread over the Archipelago.

Gradually the influx of Spaniards to the Philippines forced the natives from the Manila colleges to make room for candidates from the mother country. This encroachment on their rights the Filipinos viewed with alarm; they objected so strongly that the universities were enlarged and the natives were readmitted. The demand, however, for collegiate education increased so rapidly that the universities again became inadequate to provide for all applicants, and the College of St. John of Letran was founded for the exclusive use of the natives. The Spanish Government responded to the call for educational assistance by intrusting huge tracts of land to the different orders, the income from which was to be applied to public instruction, on a plan resembling that employed by the United States Government in setting aside plots in western townships for the support of public schools.

The activity of the friars in their labors of self-appointed schoolmasters, due at first to their missionary efforts and then to the spirit of rivalry among the different orders, owed its ultimate stimulus to greed. The liberality of Spaniards and rich natives in endowing the seats of learning, and the land grants of the government, attracted their cupidity, which was further augmented by the fact that the voluntary offerings of even the poorest Filipinos toward the support of local schools made trifling the tithe contributions demanded by the Church. When the friars first went to the Philippines they were impoverished and almost mendicants. The refusal of Philip II. to allow the introduction of the Inquisition was a barrier to their ordinary method of aggrandizement, so that the desire of the Filipinos to develop their minds was seized as a heaven-sent means for increasing the wealth of the orders. Bequests that were left to the University of St. Thomas, or to the University of St. Joseph, or to the Parish School of Pacsanjan, for instance, immediately passed into the hands of whatever order had charge of that particular institution. These endowments constituted almost the sole capital of the friars, and before long they ceased to regard themselves as school trustees and held that their orders were the direct beneficiaries of the funds.

This claim they still assert. While extolling their virtues for so well guarding the intellectual development of the natives, they used the educational money for whatever purpose the exigency of the moment demanded.

The abuse at last grew so flagrant that the government tried in a measure to stop it by founding the Royal University at Manila for secular instruction by laymen. The friars united in opposing the scheme as hostile to the Church, and their combined influence was so powerful that even the government could not withstand it and the college was closed. The friars put an absolute veto on all educational schemes that barred them from asserting their supremacy. An endowment to provide instruction for the Chinese in the Philippines could not be applied to that purpose because the friars were unable to make converts of the Confucians, and the government ordered the money to be given to the Dominicans for the use of St. Thomas University. Another bequest for the education of Japanese was similarly resultless, and was captured by the Jesuits and applied to St. Joseph College.

The authority of the orders over the natives gradually became sufficiently strong for them to neglect the local schools, though they saw to it that contributions for their maintenance in no way abated. The initial development of scholastic training was in such striking contrast to this retrograde movement that it attracted the attention of the Spanish authorities, and after an investigation the government ordered the opening of a school in every parish in the Archipelago—to be maintained, not by popular subscription, but by government subvention. Two teachers, a man and a woman, were placed in charge of each school—usually the sexton of the local church and his wife. These parochial schools were wholly under the supervision of the friars, and, although the close watch of the government prevented their being closed, it in no way interfered with the course of instruction.

The curriculum of the primary grades consisted of reading, writing, the four rules of arithmetic, and the Catholic doctrine. At the colleges Latin, theology, scholastic philosophy, and civil

and canonical law were the only subjects taught. In the five dioceses into which the Philippines were divided, theological seminaries were founded for special instruction in divinity for those about to enter the Church. In all the schools every subject was forbidden that might give the Filipinos a too comprehensive knowledge of the world and lead them to penetrate the hollow shams of the friars. All the text-books were written by the friars, and the natives were consequently nourished on the doctrine of absolute obedience to ecclesiastical authority. History was barred, because history described the overthrow of despotic rule; geography was proscribed, because geography taught rudimentary principles of astronomy hostile to assertions in the Bible, and pointed out lands where the friars held no sway; a ban was placed on higher mathematics, because higher mathematics led to independent thought and consequent independent action. Scholastic philosophy was carefully inculcated, as a means of inducing the natives to accept with equanimity the rule of the friars. Not satisfied with thus stunting the minds of the natives, the friars taught all their subjects above the elementary grades in Latin. The Spanish language was not used, for books against Catholicism were written in that tongue and might find their way to the Islands to undermine the authority of the Church. The results of this method have not yet been eradicated. But for this early use of Latin the large number of dialects in the Archipelago would have been replaced by the Castilian tongue, and it could not be charged, as it now can be, that very few Filipinos are able to talk pure Spanish.

This system of instruction continued as long as the Philippines remained an isolated part of the world. When, however, sea transport became more general, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, and rich Filipinos began to travel abroad, they discovered in what narrow paths they had been educated. On their return to the Philippines they sought to introduce reforms for the benefit of their children, but their first efforts were futile against the massed strength of the orders. Since proper education could not be obtained at home, rich parents

then began the practise of sending their sons abroad. The idea of a Protestant education could not be borne by families accustomed for generations to regard the Pope with veneration, and the young Filipinos were matriculated only at the universities in Madrid and Mexico and at the Portuguese colleges in Calcutta and Jao. One or two fathers of radical tendencies sent their sons to the United States, where they attended Harvard University. On their return home, however, their Protestantism made them outcasts, and they were reviled and anathematized.

Once the movement of discontent against the educational system of the friars started it could not be crushed. Returning scholars explained to their less fortunate companions the vast difference between the local and foreign collegiate training, and, when under fear of the displeasure of the orders they were silent, their own enlightened minds bore sufficient testimony. Constantly the ranks of the reformers grew larger, and, after two generations of agitation, the Spanish Government, fearing an outbreak, promised improvement. The first act of the government was to open a school at Manila for instruction in seamanship and navigation. As these subjects necessitated the teaching of geography and higher mathematics, the scheme drew the hostility of the friars. They threatened excommunication, and asserted that by studying how to avoid shipwreck the natives were preparing themselves for everlasting damnation; for, as the winds and waves were sent from heaven, human efforts to combat them must be contrary to the Divine Will! This argument advanced fifty years before would have been accepted as final, but it was now received with derision. The government next opened a school of painting and drawing at Manila, which the artistic temperament of the natives caused to be widely popular. Both these secular institutions were much more successful than other educational attempts of the government in founding a school for training for the consular service at Macao, and in establishing a military academy at Manila.

The friars threw every obstacle in the way of a complete

reformation, for they realized their downfall would follow the substitution of secular for ecclesiastical methods of instruction. At last the government appointed a committee unfavorable to the orders to submit a new educational system for the Archipelago. This committee suggested that there be three grades of instruction: (1) primary, for the study of reading, writing, history, geography, and mathematics through ratio and proportion; (2) secondary, for higher studies, including algebra, geometry, and modern languages; and (3) collegiate, for a regular university course. The Spanish Government faithfully carried out these recommendations and appointed municipal school boards as overseers. To supply teachers necessary for the success of the system, a normal college was established at Manila. The work of reform did not stop. A Municipal Athenæum, for secondary instruction, was opened in Manila, and had attached to it an astronomical observatory erected by the parents of the scholars.

This institute, however, ultimately passed under the control of the Jesuits. University education was extended by the founding of colleges in the provinces of Iloilo, Pampanga, and Sibu, and schools of medicine, pharmacy, and midwifery were established in Manila after almost inconceivable hostility on the part of the friars had been overcome. The Jesuits were particularly antagonistic; yet they claimed the schools as part of their personal possessions when the American occupation of the Archipelago led them to believe the true facts were not known to the authorities. America, however, saw how ludicrous was their argument and refused to allow the institutions to pass into their hands.

The fight of the government against the orders tired it out, and few further attempts were made in the work of reform. Spasmodically, a school of practical agriculture was opened and large estates were made over to the natives for experiments in scientific farming; but the government did not intervene when the friars seized both the institute and the lands, and, while ostensibly admitting students, refused to give them instruction and would not permit the cultivation of the estates.

For thirty-six years, to the time of the Aguinaldo revolution of 1896, the farce was maintained of giving a yearly government grant for the maintenance of the agricultural college, though it was well known that all the students had a perpetual vacation. The efforts of the orders to keep the college closed were due to their wish to compel the natives to pursue old-fashioned methods of farming, which by making big harvests impossible forced the Islanders to borrow money from the friars at a high rate of interest. If the natives were taught scientific farming, they must get larger yields from the soil and be financially independent of the orders. After the failure of the agricultural college, the government opened a polytechnic institute at Manila, but the Augustinians seized control of it and taught only crude methods of mining and weaving, and similar manual labor trades with which the natives had been familiar for centuries.

The higher education of girls was for a long time neglected, but with the reforms put in operation by the authorities colleges were opened in Manila, Pasig, and elsewhere, and young women were taught, besides the classics, housekeeping, sewing, cooking, and other necessary subjects. The primary education of girls during the time the friars operated the local schools without government supervision was conducted privately, and often resulted in scandals.

The exodus of young Filipinos to foreign universities was not stopped by the new educational régime; for, despite the intentions of the government to suppress the methods of the orders, there were many subjects that the friars managed to keep out of the college curriculums. I remember, when on being awarded my degree by the University of St. Thomas, I selected, as my thesis, political economy. I informed the rector of the university what subject I had chosen, and he threw up his hands in horror, exclaiming: "Political economy? What, *that?* No, no! It is the science of the Devil;" and he compelled me to substitute an essay on civil law. This was the experience of others, and in consequence rich parents continued to expatriate their sons. From 1872, about two hundred young

Filipinos matriculated yearly at foreign universities, so that at the time of the American invasion there were more than two thousand foreign-educated natives. At first the greater number went to Spain, but the revolutionary movements in the Philippines caused them to be persecuted there, and, returning nearer home, they attended Japanese universities, with a few journeying to England.

One of the chief benefits of the educational reform was to place the local schools in charge of the Filipinos themselves, and from that time to this they have been well managed, except during the periods of interruption due to the progress of the war. The places of the former friar schoolmasters were taken largely by graduates of the Manila Normal School, who were fully competent to teach the elementary classes.

Two grades of instruction have never been allowed to exist in the Philippines—industrial and technical. The friars opposed the introduction of either as a vital attack upon their existence. No member of the orders could teach the subjects, and, as the necessity of importing foreign instructors made probable the planting of heretical doctrines in the minds of the Filipinos, the friars fought fiercely against the innovation. Their opposition was successful, and the natives, except those educated abroad, are consequently ignorant of the first principles of scientific study, and of all trades other than unskilled agriculture, weaving and mining, such as the Augustinians were forced to teach at the Manila Polytechnic.

If the United States desires to benefit the Filipinos, let it establish in the Archipelago such schools as the Boston Institute of Technology, the Cornell University School of Mines, and the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute. Even more important than these, as being of use to the greater number, are industrial schools for teaching such subjects as carpentry, plumbing, masonry, and printing. Mrs. Capron, the special Philippines representative of the Red Cross Society, says that industrial schools are more needed than hospitals, and she appeals to rich Americans for help to found them.

The United States Government is now preparing to teach the

Filipinos what they already know. About seventy per cent. of the natives can read and write or have received a primary education, and with a little more training will be ready to enter college. The methods of the primary schools cannot be changed with benefit, and, while the secondary and collegiate systems need alterations, they can be accomplished by the Filipinos themselves and without any considerable effort. America is sending a thousand teachers to the Islands, and it is reported from Manila that a thousand more will soon be requisitioned. Do the authorities at Washington realize that there are more than enough competent normal graduates among the natives to give instruction in elementary subjects, and that by sending these shiploads of Americans to teach in the Archipelago hundreds of Filipinos must be driven from their positions and made destitute? Salaries averaging a hundred dollars a month are to be paid to these American schoolmasters, while for a quarter of that sum native teachers may be had without number. The United States may say that its purpose in importing its high-salaried instructors is to teach the natives English. Why must English thus be forced on the Filipinos? They will not take kindly to the innovation when they realize that it is at the cost of robbing their companions of their present positions as schoolteachers. With American influences on every side, the English language will be acquired sooner than if compulsory methods are attempted. The invasion of a regiment of American teachers will act as a repressive measure, for the schools will be boycotted. If you use force as a teacher, it will be at the expense of driving sullenness into the Filipinos, for they will imagine your purpose is only to give big-salaried places to innumerable politicians.

Will you compel a boy to relearn his geography and history and mathematics because he can recite his lessons in Spanish and not in English? If you want the Filipinos to speak English, open a class in that subject at the Manila Normal School, and in the course of two or three years the native instructors themselves will be teaching the language to their fellow countrymen. It is foolish to rouse further animosities by sending an invading

force of men and women armed with English text-books to the Islands. It will be exceedingly difficult, anyway, for American schoolmasters, not knowing Spanish, to teach a class of pupils who know nothing of English, while this will be obviated by making English compulsory at the Manila Normal School. The lack of harmony between teacher and pupil, and the real distress that must accompany the carrying out of the present arrangement, can in no other way be avoided.

After establishing industrial and technical schools, the United States should open public libraries throughout the Archipelago. I would suggest to Mr. Carnegie that a big field is there for the continuation of his benevolent work. There are three small libraries in Manila, built by private munificence, but none elsewhere. Even they are hardly public, for the friars have them in their possession and refuse admittance to all hostile to themselves. The Islands possess but two diminutive museums, also in Manila, and like the libraries, though the result of individual bequests, are in the hands of the orders. The friars are fast depleting the libraries and museums of their most valuable possessions, and unless their activity be suppressed they will make the institutions useless. Lately they have robbed the libraries of the writings of the Filipinos before the Spanish conquest, and of the historic records of the Archipelago previous to the European invasion. These books and manuscripts have been sent to Rome, so that the friars may possess them if they are ultimately expelled from the Islands.

If the United States particularly desires to establish primary schools in the Philippines, let it do so for the benefit of the Chinese residents. There are thousands of them, and their mental development has been entirely neglected by the friars and the Spanish Government. While I was school commissioner at Manila, I endeavored to persuade the municipality to provide educational facilities for the Chinese, but was unsuccessful. America should not be laggard in this respect, for the Chinese problem will always be an important one in the Archipelago, and it may be made easier of solution if the Chinamen are treated like human beings and given proper instruction.

There is almost sufficient money in the Philippines bequeathed for educational purposes to carry out the reforms I have indicated. For three hundred years, the total sum has been gradually enlarged until at present, in round numbers, a million and a half dollars should be available annually for school support. Nearly all of this money is in the hands of the friars. I have explained how it got there, and their protestations should not act as a deterrent in wresting it from them. Let the case be tried in any American court of law. I will undertake to prove that the bequests left for educational development were made solely for the benefit of the Filipinos. Why, most of the endowments were made by lifelong foes of the orders, and that by any possibility they could have left their fortunes to the friars is preposterous.

The friars at present are using an ingenious though specious argument to gain control of the property of the Manila universities. The title of each college is prefixed by the phrase, "Royal and Pontifical," to show that the degrees of the university are recognized both by State and Church. The orders, asserting that the title "Royal" is impossible during American sovereignty, have dropped it, and call the colleges simply "Pontifical." They have done this thinking to compel tacit recognition of their claims to ownership, and, strangely enough, Judge Taft is inclined to agree with their argument. The same question arose during the days of the republic in Spain. The rector of St. Thomas University asserted that the designation "Royal" could not be applied to the college with the monarchy overthrown, and he then claimed that, as the only other title was "Pontifical," the college passed entirely under the control of the Pope. The governor-general of the Philippines responded that the term "Royal" was simply a recognition of the national control over the university, and if it were dropped the word "National" must be substituted.

A board of education should be appointed to take charge of the immense educational funds and properties, and apply them as they were meant to be applied. Then, with some slight augmentation to be raised by taxation or otherwise, the Fili-

pinos will be in a position to do for themselves what their racial relatives, the Japanese, have done. They will need some guidance, and, of course, in the technical and industrial schools, must be instructed by Americans; but they are ambitious to do for themselves all they possibly can, and they are certainly able to direct their own primary, secondary, and in a large measure their collegiate education. The Filipinos know what they want, and it is not necessary for America to take upon herself the duty of explaining to them wherein their educational system is lacking. The platform issued by the Hong Kong Junta, in April, 1898, before there was any thought of the United States seizing the Archipelago, contained this plank on education:

"We demand a system of public instruction less ecclesiastical, and more diverse in its teaching of exact and natural sciences, so that women as well as men may be able to extend and develop the industries and wealth proper to the country; those on water as well as those on land, mines, forests and industries of every class.

"We demand a system of instruction gratuitous throughout, and compulsory in the elementary grades. Relinquishing and applying to that object all the property proved to have been bequeathed to defray the expenses of education, and placing the administration of the schools in charge of a Board of Public Instruction, without leaving it an instant longer in the care of the religious orders, who hitherto have taught fanatically and prejudicially, proclaiming, as was done by a rector of the University of Manila, a Dominican friar, that 'medicine and natural sciences are materialistic and impious studies,' and asserting as did another rector that political economy is 'the science of the Devil.'

"We demand a system of public instruction that shall include primary and secondary schools, universities competent to grant degrees, normal colleges, professional schools, schools for the general practise and theory of agriculture, to be connected with model farms and farms for experimental agriculture, institutes of the fine arts, commercial and business colleges, museums, libraries, and meteorological observatories. The educational system now in operation in the Philippines is badly organized and disconnected, costing a large amount for its maintenance, without giving those practical results which it ought, owing to the incompetence of the teachers, the disregard of merit in mak-

ing appointments, and the disproportionate wages granted to those in favor with the authorities."

The United States has made mistakes in the Philippines because it has not cared to ask for advice from Filipinos competent to give it. The Philippine Islands are not inhabited by savages, but, in a large measure, by persons competent to discuss any subject with the broadest-minded men in Washington. Filipinos have filled the highest offices in Spain, from the Premiership down, and the United States will have to realize this fact before it can be successful in its rule over the Archipelago. The matter of education is of as vital importance to the natives as it is to the success of the American colonial policy. Let the United States, then, give a hearing to the Filipinos before continuing its present course, which even if it does not result disastrously will at least prove useless.

ANTONIO REGIDOR JURADO.

London, England.

THE NEW RACE QUESTION IN THE SOUTH.

THE negro has ceased to be a "race problem" in the South. The fact that a majority of the Southern States in which the negroes predominate have passed disfranchisement laws, and that the others are taking steps toward that end, has effectually settled the negro question for many years to come, as without civil rights the negro will be more helpless and more miserable in every way, in the future, than during the so-called "dark days" of slavery.

But the South has a new "race question" to face—one that has approached so insidiously, and from so unexpected a quarter, that few persons have realized in it a danger to existing political and social institutions of the South. The South has from the beginning been dominated, socially, politically, and in every other relation of life, by the so-called aristocracy, or, as they are more generally known, the "high-bred" whites. There has not, until recent years, been any account taken of the poor whites, now almost universally denominated the "Crackers." There was no place for them in the economy of the South previous to the War of the Rebellion, as there was no sphere of action into which they could be fitted. Their labor could not compete with the cheaper labor of the slaves, excepting in a few urban occupations, and, being landless, they could not become an agricultural or producing class; hence, they degenerated from the beginning into a besotted, ignorant, and vicious class, living apart in the dense recesses of the pine woods, which then covered the South, multiplying with the usual fecundity of the poverty-stricken, and by the time the war began they comprised a vast majority of the white people of the central and southern portions of that section of our country known as the South.

The origin of the Crackers is lost in obscurity. That they are a people apart from the educated and intelligent "high-bred" whites of the South, it needs but a glance to assure the intelligent observer; and the typical one, bred in the back-

woods, coming into contact with civilization only by an occasional visit to some cross-roads store for the few necessaries that he cannot pick up in the pine woods, is a sight to impress the observer with the conviction that extreme cases of reversion are possible even to such highly-bred races as the English, Scotch, Irish, and French, whence the Crackers are descended, when any of their members are neglected by civilization for several hundred years.

The most plausible theory as to the origin of the Crackers is that the original ones were the descendants of the "Redemptioners" and convicts, whom Great Britain poured on the shores of the colonies early in their history. No doubt their ranks were from time to time recruited by the addition of large numbers of the criminal and worthless classes, who found congenial surroundings among the lazy Crackers, away from all the restraints of civilization; and there is record of the reversion of people of high culture, who, becoming stranded on the shores of the colonies, gradually drifted away into the woods, only to turn up a century later, in the persons of their descendants, typical Crackers, with family names so degenerated by mispronunciation as to be hardly recognizable.

There has been advanced repeatedly, also, the theory that the two shiploads of Huguenots who were cast away upon the shores of Georgia and Florida, mostly all of whom reached the land in safety but eventually disappeared, were swallowed up in the pine woods and gradually became associated with the mass of the Crackers.

Many of the Crackers (a typical Cracker is one who has not left his home in the pine woods, or been under the influence of education) in these States show unmistakably the *Gallic* cast of features, and many of their family names are but corruptions of names well known in France at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, such as *Gasher* for *Gaché, Delyou* for *de L'Eau, Ganney* for *Gagné,* and many others.

Owing to the fact that the services of the Redemptioners were needed in the Northern, non-slave-holding States, as laborers and artisans, they soon became absorbed in the mass of

the people and lost their identity as a separate class; but in the South, after they had worked out their freedom, they were turned adrift, and there being no employment for them they gradually drifted into the woods. At that time a man with a rifle could keep himself in what was then considered comfort.

As the land became cleared into farms and plantations the squatting Crackers were compelled to retire deeper into the woods, until by the time of the Rebellion they were pretty well congested into the sections of the South whose soil was worthless for plantation purposes.

The Cracker had not been prospering as had his high-bred neighbor, the planter, in the period between the Revolution and the Rebellion. As the clearing of the land enhanced the riches of the slave-holder, in inverse proportion it decreased the prosperity and resources of the Crackers of the pine woods. Game gradually became scarce, and many of them were compelled to clear small patches of scrub-land to enable them to raise a few sacks of corn for meal, instead of trading it for pelts; and instead of the game they had to depend more largely on the flesh of the razor-back hog.

When the Rebellion broke out the Crackers were ripe for rapine and murder. Pushed to the very extremity of want by the aggressions of the high-bred whites, and smarting under the insolence of the negroes, who to this day loathe the Crackers with a feeling such as one pariah race always feels for another, they were on the verge of breaking out when, opportunely, the beginning of the war gave a field for the outpouring of their surplus energies, of which the ruling class was glad to take advantage.

As soldiers in the Confederate armies the Crackers were for the first time put to general use by those who had always shunned and neglected them. They were glad of their services, and every device was used to influence them against the North. They were puffed up with pompous pride—made to feel that they were invincible; and, as a further stimulus to exertion on behalf of their masters, they were deluded into considering themselves as "Southern gentlemen!"

Consider the result of such handling of ignorant, degraded men by those whose cunning has ever been conceded, and we have the state of feeling of the mass of the Confederate troops when they marched to oppose the North. They were screwed up to the highest pitch of cocksureness, and the reaction was correspondingly great when the scales fell from their eyes at Appomattox—and they realized that "one Southern gentleman" (of the Cracker class) is not "equal to six Northern Yankees," as General Jackson puts it in his famous arithmetic.

After Appomattox the North had the chance forever to win the good-will and coöperation of the Crackers of the South. Had the North possessed the gift of prescience and recognized in the Crackers the future rulers of the South, it would have made them its allies, instead of, as it did, taking the surest course to alienate them forever. The Crackers went from the armies back to their homes among the pines of the South, disgusted with the ruling class and disillusioned as to their invincibility. They were in a state of receptivity that should have been taken advantage of by the victors. They were not then bitter against the North—only dazed at the outcome of the struggle, which they had been assured would redound to their credit and profit. They would have welcomed the North as friends, with open arms—as they had not lost anything by the war and had everything to gain in the friendship of the North—had the North gone to them as friends; but instead the latter sent them the "carpet-bagger" and the negro office-holder, with the result that they have come to hate the North, and it was an easy matter for the educated whites to resume their old ascendency over them.

However, this latter state of affairs, in the nature of things, could not last as long as it had before. The breaking up of the plantations into small farms after the war enabled the more thrifty of the Crackers to acquire a local habitation free from the fear of being compelled to move onward at every sound of the lumberman's axe; schools for their children soon sprang up and the Crackers began to feel that they had become the social superiors of the negroes, who had so long looked down

upon them. The increasing use of the ballot taught them the rudiments of political economy and freedom, and they began to believe that they had the same rights as citizens as their old oppressors, the high-bred whites, and they, in a murmur at first, set up a cry for their rights that in some of the more northerly States of the former Confederacy swelled into a volume that carried all before it; and we have, for the first time in the history of the South, the spectacle of two of her most aristocratic States in the hands of the Crackers—the Carolinas.

But these were not all the forces that tended to the uplifting of the Crackers as a class. With the introduction of industrialism in the South there opened a vast field of employment for white labor. Crackers were the only available class, and they were induced in large numbers to forsake the pine woods and settle in the vicinity of the towns and cities in which Northern capital was erecting mills and factories. They soon acquired the tastes and habits of civilization, and their keen wits realized that effort alone wins the battle of life. Their children had better school facilities, and in large numbers took whatever of higher education was afforded, and from which, being white, they could not be debarred. The Cracker is a cunning fellow, and once he gets a modicum of education can readily appreciate how his high-bred fellow-citizen kept in power so long—and he casts longing eyes ahead for the benefit of his children. The grandsons and granddaughters of the Crackers of antebellum days form the mass of what might be called the "middle class" of the South to-day.

They are restless and ambitious. Two hundred years of free, untrammeled life in the pine woods have made them a race as hardy and virile as the heart of an oak, and with a storehouse of vitality that will last them as a class for ages to come. They have come to know their rights. Already the lust of power is blazing from their eyes, and they stand to-day face to face with the aristocrat demanding at least an equal voice in the government of their common country.

What will the high-bred whites of the South, who have held the reins of government since Colonial times, reply to this

demand? This is the present "race question" in the South. If the aristocrat be wise he will gracefully concede a portion of political power to the representatives of the "New South" and assist in the inevitable—the gradual amalgamation of the two classes, a slight unbending of the upper to meet the rapid rise of the lower; but the signs indicate that he will not, for, to those who have made the political and social conditions of the South a study, the air is already full of the din of the coming strife between the whites of the South.

The success of the Populist movement (really a Cracker movement) has emboldened the Crackers of the far South. They have won their first strategic point in the disfranchisement of the negroes.

Contrary to the general impression held at the North, the movement to disfranchise the negro has not been engineered by the high-bred whites. They, as a class, are the more friendly to the negro, as they feel their dependency on them; but with the Cracker class it is different. They have no use for the negroes, but on the other hand consider them as competitors in the industrial field, and resent the social and moral supremacy which the negro has in the past vaunted over them. The advantage to the Cracker in the disfranchisement of the negro lies in the fact that it removes the latter from the field of politics and puts the former in a majority as regards votes.

In a voting contest between the two white classes, the negro would have sided with his old masters, the aristocrats, which would have enabled them to maintain the balance of power, but which they have forfeited by being led to disfranchise their old friends, the negroes. The black man has a genuine regard for the descendants of his old masters of the "old families," but despises the "po' white trash" and his descendants, no matter to what financial or political height they may have risen.

One of the most potent factors in the elevation of the Crackers has been that of intermarriage with the aristocrats. After the war many of the high-bred families were without homes and protectors, and gradually sank, socially, until their descendants met the rising tide of strong, virile Crackers on its

upward way; and many intermarriages took place, resulting in what might be called a class apart, locally known as "half-strainers," which is leading the Crackers by virtue of its forcefulness of character, embodying the mental traits and abilities of the aristocrats and drawing from their Cracker ancestors a generous supply of physical strength stored up for their benefit in the depths of the pine woods of the South.

The struggle is on, and will be a hard one, but its end can be easily foretold by a student of Southern conditions. The Crackers, led by the superior "half-strainers," are bound to win by virtue of their numbers and their vitality. It is this vitality, assisted by Northern capital, that is building up the "New South" about which we have heard so much the last ten years.

It is not the grandson of the antebellum magnate who is running the cotton mill, the turpentine still, and the lumber camp. No! It is the Cracker and his Northern partner who are building up the New South, industrially, while the descendants of the planters and "gentlemen of the old school" are overcrowding the professions, the Army and Navy, and leading that "Southern invasion of the North" which is so evident in our large cities in all ranks of intellectual endeavor.

A modification of social conditions is bound to follow the domination by the Crackers of the political and industrial economies of the South. "Family," as such, will be less and less a factor as education and refinement permeate the mass of the Cracker body; and individual worth, personal effort, and industrial and political preferment will gradually become the *open sesame* to the society of the South, as they are to that of the North.

The results of the education of the Crackers are shown in two United States Senators, nine Representatives in Congress, five Governors of States, and an increasing number of State legislators, while the editorial columns of some of the South's greatest papers are directed by those whose ancestors were numbered among this class.

S. A. HAMILTON.

Roaring Spring, Pa.

THE UNITY OF CHRISTIANITY AND JUDAISM.

THE beginning of the twentieth century is signalized by a Great Discovery. It is not the perception of any single mind, but a truth that is dawning upon the consciousness of *all* enlightened minds, namely, that *the principles of Christianity and the principles of Judaism are not antagonistic. They are in their essence identical and sympathetic. Ideal Christianity and ideal Judaism are one.*

The error arose from confounding principles with personality. "The Jews killed Jesus, our Redeemer." This slogan was sufficient to kindle and keep alive the deepest prejudices and most intense hatred of an age of ignorance and superstition. And one utterance of the mob at Jerusalem has unfortunately confirmed and intensified the antagonism. "His blood be on us and on our children" was the costliest sentence that ever fell from human lips. Christendom has accepted it as a contract to be fulfilled to the letter—a sufficient justification for every form of injustice and savage cruelty.

It is claimed by Jewish historians that the Romans were the real executioners of Jesus. And although the Pharisees desired his death, it cannot be right or just to hold an entire nation forever responsible for the acts of jealous ecclesiastics and the words of an excited mob.

The increased enlightenment of the *renaissance* accomplished little toward bridging the chasm between Christianity and Judaism, for the reason that the cosmic laws that transfer attention from personality to principle were not yet discovered or even suspected. But now that these laws are understood, and religion is being interpreted in terms of biology rather than in terms of scholasticism—as life rather than dogma—the relation of the two phases of spiritual life represented by the Old and the New Testament, or by the terms *Judaism* and *Christianity,* are being reconsidered. Thoughtful minds in and out

of the churches and synagogues are studying and comparing the two with a result that is suggested by the title of this essay.

What has Judaism contributed to the treasures of the world's thought and life? The question may be answered categorically:

1. Monotheism. "The Lord our God is one God."

2. Divine Fatherhood, or the supreme providence of God in human life.

3. Human brotherhood. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

4. The Ten Commandments, embodying a perfect system of ethics.*

This catalogue shows at a glance the impossibility of any real antagonism between the Hebraic and Christian systems of thought and standards of life when rightly understood. A gulf of division has been created where no gulf existed. We are led to wonder how such an error could be perpetuated as it has been for nineteen hundred years. And the marvel becomes all the greater as we study anew the teachings of the Founder of Christianity in order to learn his own thought concerning the question. It is seen that he took the utmost pains to forestall such an error by distinctly stating that he "came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil it." It is a common impression among Christians that the Golden Rule originated with Jesus. Yet in restating the injunction of Moses, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," in the words, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," he was careful to say, "for this is the law and the prophets."

But at that time the Jews had come to a crisis in their history. Their noble religious system had become largely devitalized by forms, ceremonies, and traditions. After escaping from the bondage of Egypt, they had created a new Egypt of materialistic ideas, laws, and maxims. A new spiritual Moses was needed to lead them to a spiritual Canaan where they should be brought back to their own standard of life: "What doth the

* The purposes of this discussion do not call for a consideration of the admirable sociological and sanitary systems instituted by Moses.

Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" (Micah vi. 8.)

But the new leader must be more than a Moses: he must be a Messiah of the Golden Age, introducing a higher type of life, a new stage in the vast process of evolution. One element of the Great Discovery whereof this essay treats is the recognition of a larger concept of the Messianic idea on the part of both the Christian and the Jew. The Jew of nineteen centuries ago, by his materialistic interpretation of prophecy, made the mistake of expecting an external Messiah, a King of resistless power, who would gather the Chosen People together and rule the nations of the earth.

The followers of Jesus who accepted his leadership as *spiritual* introduced a new order of life into the world, and the spiritual stage of evolution was begun. In the centuries since that time the true leavening work of Christianity has been done by the comparatively few who adhered to the spiritual idea.

But after the third and fourth centuries the Christian leaders made a mistake as great as that which had been made by the Jews. As the latter looked for an external, kingly Messiah, so did the former create the dogma of an ecclesiastical Messiah. The latter was no nearer to the true concept of a spiritual Messiahship than the former. Hence, the word *Christian,* as now commonly applied, is a misnomer. The governments of so-called Christendom are not Christian; society is not Christian; business is not Christian; the organized churches are not Christian—if the life and teaching of the Founder of Christianity be accepted as the standard. There are many individual Christians in the churches, in the business world, in society; but the fundamental structure is not Christian in the true sense of that word.

It thus comes to pass that now, at the beginning of the twentieth century, both Jews and Christians of the progressive order are reconstructing their systems of religious thought on the basis of one God, one Humanity, and one Law of Life, which is the eternal law of *Love.* Both Jews and Christians believe in a God who is the Supreme Creator and the Divine Father of

the human race. They are studying the ways and methods of this Supreme Creator and Father in the light of scientific truth as manifested in its latest achievements. The new system of religious thought may be briefly summarized as follows:

The modern concept of God and His relation to the universe is suggested by the laws of electricity, especially as manifested in the recent development of wireless telegraphy. God is the Supreme Source of life in all its expressions of power, beauty, and harmony. Man is a recipient of this life. Faith is a conscious placing of the mind in an attitude of receptivity. The supply is infinite. The only limitation is the lack of receptive power or of a receptive spirit on the part of each individual.

The Supreme Universal Power is Love; hence, it is expressed by the idea of *fatherhood* in the teachings of both Judaism and Christianity. And now comes the voice of science bearing testimony to the Fatherhood of Scriptural revelation. Dr. G. Stanley Hall, president of Worcester University, says: "Out of the research of chemists and biologists there is unfolding something that might as well be called Love as anything else. The word *Love* is the most fitting motto to place in any of our biological laboratories; for the reenforcement of the good old Bible doctrine of Love is coming through the microscope and the laboratory."

But science teaches brotherhood as well as fatherhood. Suppose it were possible for dynamos to store up the electric power and keep it from passing on to the factories and power-houses. What utter confusion and ruin would result! Yet the confusion would scarcely be greater than that which now exists in human affairs.

Love is the dynamic power of the universe. God is its Source, and the supply is unlimited; but it is a force to be *used*, not hoarded. Hoarded blessings are a curse; and this truth is gaining a new recognition. In spite of the apparent dominance of materialism at the present day, two spiritual purposes are influencing humanity as they have never done before: first, the desire to learn how to receive the divine Love-current direct from its supreme Source, and, second, to learn how to pass

the current on to others. In other words, people are trying now as never before to be good and faithful children of the All-Father, and loving and helpful brothers to the rest of the family.

This method of treating the religious question carries the mind of both Jew and Gentile back to the Man of Galilee, the Rabbi of rabbis, who was the Redeemer of the race because he showed mankind how to live and work in accordance with the processes of the universe. What if Middle-Age ecclesiastics obscured the brightness of his image with their sacerdotalism and scholasticism? He has now only to be rediscovered and reinterpreted in the light of his own words—freed from the man-made theories of the centuries. And in rediscovering Jesus, the Christ, the eternal Truth, which is the Messiah for all ages,* Christians and Jews are rediscovering one another. They are finding that the Christianity of persecution was not the Christianity of Jesus. He was the Elder Brother of the whole human race. He was the Brother of all, not only because of his equal love for all, but because he revealed in its fulness, and in its practical application to all the ways of life, the meaning of Infinite Fatherhood.

Now that the theological mist is rising, and the smoke of controversy is clearing away, the Messianic Principle (which is simply Love revealed and manifested) is beginning to be recognized as something distinct from ritualism on the one side and from theological formulations on the other. Hence, many of the Jews are beginning to say, with Rabbi Kaufman Kohler, of New York City: "The beautiful tales about the things that happened around the lake of Galilee show that there was a spiritual daybreak in that dark corner of Judea of which official Judaism had failed to take sufficient cognizance. 'The stone that the builders rejected has become the cornerstone' of a new world." Zangwill, the eminent Jewish novelist and critic, being asked his opinion regarding this statement of Dr. Kohler, replied, "Not a daybreak, but a burst of sunshine."

* "Before Abraham was, I am," said Jesus to the disbelieving Jews.

The persistent division and mutual misunderstanding for nineteen centuries of two classes of people, holding the same fundamental religious principles, are the most astounding facts of history. There is a cleft in the earth's surface, extending a thousand miles from Antioch in Syria southward through Palestine to the Gulf of Akaba on the east side of Arabia, which Humboldt declared to be the most remarkable geological feature to be found anywhere on the globe. It would seem as if this chasm, or "fault," as it is technically termed by the geologists, had somehow reproduced itself in the realm of thought and had thrust itself between the Jews and Christians, and for nineteen hundred years they have moved along parallel lines on opposite sides of this chasm. Both have done noble work for humanity, in literature, in philosophy, in art, in an ever-widening philanthropy; yet each remained practically oblivious to the achievements of the other. There could be but one end to such a history. The time would surely come when a mutual awakening would occur. The hidden bond of sympathy would be discovered, each would recognize the value of the other's work, and the intellectual and spiritual force of both would be combined for the benefit of mankind.

The signs are unmistakable that the hour for such a *denouement* is near. Words and acts of sympathy and comity between churches and synagogues are becoming common. A Presbyterian minister, writing on the subject, says: "I have often spoken against the anti-Jewish spirit. We are more indebted to them than to any other race. Jesus said, 'Salvation is of the Jews.'" A Christian publishing house is bringing out at vast expense a Jewish Encyclopedia, which will not only have a great historic value but will serve as a bond of mutual respect between the Jew and the Christian.

This *entente cordiale* between religious and social forces, which have heretofore been divided and more or less antagonistic, is most timely. In fact, it is fast becoming an absolute necessity for the preservation of our social fabric. The problems of life have become so complex and the adjustment of the social order so difficult under modern conditions that there

is but one hope for a favorable solution, namely, through a combination of the best men and women irrespective of race or creed, working in sympathy and harmony for the uplifting of mankind. Such a combination or coalition is now in a more or less conscious process of formation. And the basis of the alliance is a recognition of the Golden Rule as the only basis of a true civilization. This is to be the rallying cry hereafter of the advocates of "liberty, equality, and fraternity." It indicates the new stage of evolution. Professor Drummond called attention to the change by showing that the "struggle for life" must give way to the higher principle of "struggle for the life of others." Society is an organism. No man liveth or can live to himself alone. One cannot receive an injury or be kept from his rights without injury to all.

This is a topic that does not call for elaboration in the present discussion, which has the single purpose of emphasizing and encouraging the growing sympathy between two bodies of co-religionists who should now ignore all elements of difference and dissension and become one in purpose and effort. Let the gulf that now divides them be filled, and let each see in the other not an enemy or rival, but a counterpart, a source of strength, a sympathetic association in all noble aspiration and effort. That the two belong together, not apart, is clearly shown by the eminent Jewish writer, Dr. Moritz Friedlander, of Vienna. He says:

"The synagogue of primitive Christianity was the direct offspring of the Jewish synagogue. Here, too, the center of sublime, divine service, which powerfully influenced the simple and pious souls, was Moses and the prophets, hallowed, in addition, by the splendor of the invisibly ruling Messiah.

"In this synagogue originated a new Israel, which silently and noiselessly prospered beside 'the burden of the law,' which killed the spirit of the Mosaic doctrine and prepared the ossification and dwarfing of Judaism.

"This synagogue was a true house of God, which made all those who entered it enthusiastic for a pure Mosaism, whose principal doctrine was the love of God and the love of man. Here every one, through teaching and learning, invigorated himself, and even the most simple-minded visitor left the house

as an enthusiastic apostle. In short, it was a synagogue to which, if it existed to-day, all hearts would be drawn and around which the entire enlightened Judaism of to-day would gather. And Jesus himself, who was the starting-point of the synagogue of the Messianic community, who fertilized and rejuvenated it by the sublime Messianic idea, was proclaimed as divine Redeemer because of this rejuvenation, as well as because of the redemption undertaken by him, on the Palestinian soil, from the 'insupportable burdens' which the Pharisee teachers imposed on the people (Matt. xxii. 4).

"Always higher, on to unapproachableness, grew his personality, including all that is beautiful, lofty, sublime, and divine, and forcing every one to adoration and self-nobilization. This divine 'Son of Man' became the world-ideal, and this sublime ideal originated in Judaism, which will ever be remembered as having been predestined by Providence to bring forth such a creation."

Speaking from the Christian side, the Rev. I. K. Funk, D.D., says:

"Will the Christian Church permit a friendly exhortation? You have tried everything to get the Jewish people to understand Jesus of Nazareth except one thing—*love*. Try that, for they believe in love, and you believe in love. Let both Jew and Christian get on this common ground and have respect for the honest convictions of each other, and then both may clasp hands and look into each other's eyes and repeat the words uttered alike by Moses and by Jesus: *'The Lord our God is one God. And thou shalt love Him with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'* The lightnings from Mount Sinai and the rays of light and heat from Mount Calvary are one, and will yet fuse into brotherhood all peoples of the earth."

It is beyond question that the century-old antagonism between Christianity and Judaism cannot exist in the atmosphere of the modern spirit.

THEODORE F. SEWARD.

New York.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

I. The New Woman.

IN few respects has mankind made a greater advance than in the position of woman—legal, social, and educational. From the darkness of ignorance and servitude woman has passed into the open light of equal freedom. The happiness and progress of society are regarded as depending not more upon the ability of its sons to direct the wheels of prosperous enterprise than upon the intelligence of its daughters to safeguard the very sources of social and household life. By slow but sure and permanent advances has come the recognition of the right of woman to her own development—the right of individuals to know, to learn, to perfect themselves to the utmost of their ability, irrespective of sex.

The energetic, independent woman of culture is frequently caricatured as the "New Woman." The change that has led to the development of this type may be summed up as the improved mental and physical development of the girl, necessarily accompanied by and leading to a different ideal for the woman. There is not a more unmanly cry than that in fashion against "strong-minded women." Either the phrase is an irony which repetition has turned into a serious fallacy—and what is meant is that the so-called "strong-minded women" are *not* strong-minded, and that analogous specimens of men would be regarded as weak-minded—or the phrase is cruel and mean. No woman yet but was better, nobler, and essentially more womanly, in precise proportion as her natural abilities had received all the education of which they were capable. The key-note of her character is self-reliance and power of initiation. She often earns her own living. She aims at being in direct contact with reality and at forming her own judgment upon it. This is an attitude which, of course, is capable of

gross exaggeration and misuse, and when carried so far has afforded some justification for the caricature.

Conceding and commending the proper equilibrium of the sexes must not be confused with the doctrine that, with an equal opportunity, woman should prove herself as much of a *man* as anybody. Emancipation from servitude and ignorance does not mean emancipation from womanliness, or what that keen-eyed, patient, steadfast watcher of life, Goethe, calls the "ever womanly"—the eternal feminine, as embodying the tender, loving, self-sacrificing, altruistic side of human nature, which is shown in the redeemed soul of *Marguerite* to hold the spiritual power of drawing upward and onward. Every right-minded man will rejoice in woman's attainment of her just rights and opportunities, and will dissent from the utterance of a distinguished Boston minister that "the moment a woman becomes erudite, as she does after the average college course, she becomes a bluestocking and apart from the rest of society, and consequently she does not accomplish the good which she might otherwise."

However, every one who cherishes the slightest regard for the rare virtues and qualities of sweet womanhood must resent and abhor the too manifest tendency of modern social, industrial, and educational innovations to unsex and abase our young women. The passing away of mere amiable weakness and sentimental delicacy, timid gentleness and submissive dependence, need not bring in an impairment of woman's refinement and domesticity. True sweetness, true goodness, and true love come not from naïvete or feebleness, but of intelligence and personal force. True learning, like true taste, is modest and unostentatious, and must shed a cheering light over the imaginative sympathy and moral susceptibility which constitute so large a part of woman's genius.

Let woman honor her own distinctive nature, and claim for herself all the culture that will best equip her for her own work—her own sphere. But she must bear in mind that in becoming a sound classicist, a brilliant mathematician, a sharp critic, a faultless grammarian, she may do so at the expense of

that ready sympathy, modesty, noble self-control, gentleness, personal tact and temper, so essential for the best type of womanhood and the most exalted standard of female excellence. It would not be for the good of the world were the sentiment and tenderness of woman to be lost in philosophic calmness and materialistic indifference.

Thought is masculine; sentiment is feminine. Both must be found, more or less, in every human being. In a manly character the one will prevail—in a womanly character the other. No measure of sentiment that leaves thought sovereign detracts from manliness. No vigor of intellect that does not dispute the empire of sentiment diminishes the grace of woman. All that masculine power accomplishes the feminine resources of the soul render possible. The Muses are feminine, and, in making them so, the subtle imagination of Greece found its way to the fact that the *woman* in humanity is that from which the music of human thought proceeds. A man judges, but it is Themis that inspires the judges. A man philosophizes, but wisdom itself is Athene. Therefore, making sentiment distinctively feminine implies no inferiority in woman. In her it is so quick, so subtle, and so untraceable that we can give it no other name than *feeling*. The eye of her perception is like a divining rod, having its power in the difference of her nature from that of man—the grace of concealment and reserve, a charm that defies analysis, a delicacy that treads untraceable paths and works more finely than explicit thought.

After all, the essential quality of female excellence and charm is *femininеness*. Woman's heart, her mind, her person, to be pleasant, must be feminine. This is, above all else, what we love in woman. It is here that we meet the distinction between what will suffice for such a friendship as we entertain for a man and such a love as we entertain for a woman. "The things we love in a young lady," says Goethe, "are something very different from the understanding. We love in her beauty, youth, playfulness, confidingness—her character, with all her faults and caprices, and God knows what other inexpressible charms. But we do not love her understanding; we

respect it when it is brilliant, and it may greatly elevate her in our opinion—nay, worse, it may also serve to fix our attentions where we already love, but it is not that which fires our hearts and inflames our passions."

As in the half-opened rosebud, at once displaying and concealing its beauty, there is a fascination wanting to the full-blown flower, so in a certain undefinable but exalted reserve of woman lurks the finest resource of the race—the inspiration and the reward of our labor. What a beautiful truth is embodied in the Rabbinical application of the Psalmist's words! —"The glory of the king's daughter is within his palace."

Woman's title to power comes not from self-consciousness and mannish assertion. Nature secures it. Authority radiates from her like light from a star. She breathes queenliness, and commands in proportion as she is womanly, and masculine strength bows loyally to her sway. But she bears a veiled scepter, and with every man of fine nature it is indeed rendered irresistible by that subtle and tender concealment. Beautiful in the spirit of self-abandonment, in the strength of her mighty love, acting the highest philosophy of self-renunciation, woman pours the fervent tide of all her trustful nature into the stronger and deeper current of a true and manly heart. Man loves only what pleases him. The heart makes itself heard above the claims of work, above the intellect, demanding for life a recompense, a goal.

Firstly, in a woman, let us have a pure, earnest, loving heart; then, passing over her mind, let her form and features be as graceful as possible. Men want mind and heart—women heart and person. A beautiful person is far from being indifferent at the same time in a man; in the same manner an intelligent and highly cultured mind is an ornament and a treasure of precious worth in a woman. It is only mentioned as subordinate, just as in a piece of music the feelings and senses are perhaps to be more touched than the faculties pertaining to the understanding or the intellect.

With us Americans there is a respect for woman such as is found in no other country and among no other people. In the

absence of the ancient caste and throne, womanhood is our pet aristocracy. A deep and religious reverence for woman is infused into the whole system of our institutions and manners; not by artificial and insulting restrictions, but by a manly and volutary homage, by all the sanctions of opinion and all the obligations of religion. With us the words of Ruskin are fully realized: "She wields the power of the scepter and shield, the power of the royal hand that heals in touching, the throne that is founded on the rock of justice and descended from only by the steps of mercy: *Rex et Regina, Roi et Reine* —queen to your lover, queen to your husband and children, queen you must always be."

The true and full recognition of the dignity and worth of woman is to be found especially in the conjugal relation as it exists in our country—a relation that is essentially the ideal state, the crown of womanhood, and the only sphere that affords adequate competence, happiness, unlimited influence, and unbounded resources for the free exercise and supreme cultivation of her highest and most blessed faculties and attributes. The man of our time and country wants in his wife an intelligent companion, a moral helpmate, an equal "taken from his side," and not a plaything or a slave to follow behind. She takes complete possession of the home life, and, recognizing that she has what we lack, let her excel us, enlighten us, encourage us.

Woman in the United States is what elsewhere she is allowed to be only when she has a coronet upon her brow or scepter of power in her hand. She is not only a supreme power in the silence of the home, but she has come to a degree of knowledge and breadth of intellect, to an influence and grandeur, an authority and eminence, such as the Greeks would have rejected as impracticable and the Romans struggled in vain to obtain. In her progress to this proud eminence the American woman has triumphed and withstood, in all her softer features, that destructive influence of wealth and luxury which corrupted her illustrious prototype, the Roman matron, losing none of her charms and retaining all of her virtues: demonstrating that

a woman may be childlike as well as impassioned, tender as well as strong; that she may glow with all love's fire, and yet be delicately obedient to the lightest whisper of honor.

It is not necessary for families of unmarried girls to loiter wearily on into old age, waiting for some one to invite them to take up the duties of life. Our girls are no longer taught that all instincts and ambitions must be crushed that seek outside the seclusion of home life spheres in which their lives may become useful or significant; but they are encouraged to make a life for themselves, that they may become a source of strength and sweetness to their surroundings. And if in this attempt a few mistake their way and fall into mere singularity, it is only a misfortune incident to all pioneers.

Silently, slowly, but irresistibly, an enduring principle has, by Divine ordinance, made its way into man's social and political existence, by the decree that elevated one-half of the human race to its just individual sphere of duty and responsibility and spiritual equality with the other half. When the dignity of her equal birthright was thus divinely proclaimed, woman as the helpmeet and companion of man—no longer the mere toy of passion, or the unequal and degraded victim of polygamy—was assigned to her just and original place in the law of creation: then, and not until then, the names of wife, mother, and daughter began to bear their true significance, and the tie of marriage was placed above all others. Upon this equal union the institution of the family is founded. Home and its relations, the care and education of her children, endowed the wife and mother with powers, duties, and responsibilities but little known before. Increased confidence was followed by increased affection and respect, and the assured legitimacy of offspring induced industry and the acquisition of property, from the sense of reliance upon its transmission and inheritance.

The typical American wife and mother is worthy to have applied to her the old formal term, with all of its sweet original significance, "spinster," as it told how the clothing of the entire household came from the active industry and economy of

woman; and still more of the Saxon phrase, "Freodowebbe," the weaver of peace, expressing the subtle influence distilled by gentleness and love and trust, which color the web of life with the hues of heaven.

BOYD WINCHESTER.

Louisville, Ky.

II. THE FUTURE OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB.

THE amazing fact is that women's clubs ever came into being. Civilization awaits the first daring path-breaker, and those who follow in the beaten road marvel that it took so long for the first dauntless one to mark it out.

That woman—the weak, the despised, the priest-ridden; believed to be the original sinner, the ruin of the human race; an unclean thing, a beast of burden, unworthy of education; forbidden perusal of the Scriptures, veiled in a harem, burned upon her husband's funeral pyre, considered cursed in giving birth to mankind (or, in medieval times, worshiped for her maternity, yet still man's inferior, his chattel, his toy); at best and last, esteemed merely for motherhood—that this being should timidly venture forth into the arena of intellectual and civil life, gently wrest from man, one by one, his preëmpted prerogatives, and persuasively, insidiously, assume his education and professions: this is the marvel of the ages!

A century ago a "liberal education" was by no means "the birthright of every American citizen." In the early days of even *our* new country, girls picked up crumbs of learning upon half-holidays when the schoolroom was not needed by their brothers, or not at all. Fifty years ago women's colleges were almost unknown; thirty years ago co-education was a venture; scarcely half a century ago the first faltering woman's organization was born.

The school is mother to the club, as the college is to university extension. Those fortunate enough to be educated wish to keep their intellectual activities in practise, and those not so

situated desire a post-youthful education. The first women's clubs were timid affectations. They were but a step removed from afternoon teas; yet in that step lay all the embryonic genius of feminine organization. The first club, then, was an extended tea-party; the twentieth-century club is an organic factor in social life, federated for the progress of the world. The first "lady speaker" was a frightened apology; the modern woman is an orator and a parliamentarian.

The first woman's literary society on record in America was founded by the noble pioneer, Lucinda Stone, Kalamazoo, Mich., in 1852. A Philadelphia society, the New England Woman's Club of Boston, and Sorosis of New York followed in 1868; the last two are the first famous ones. Mrs. Stone, the mother of women's clubs, lived to see their marvelous progeny; for they have multiplied like the fish of the sea, until to-day they encompass the earth, and are too numerous perhaps to attain the highest degree of effectiveness. (Some New England towns with a small proportion of educated women boast as many as nineteen women's clubs!)

The growth of America's clubs since the Ladies' Literary Association of Kalamazoo, in 1852, has been phenomenal. Every village has its attempt at a club, more or less imposing, while every city swarms with societies, in which the same women are apt to be duplicated and reduplicated. The National Federation has 3,358 clubs, including a membership of 220,000, and of course but a portion of the existing clubs are federated. Besides the federation of literary clubs, there is the National Council of Women, the broadest conception thus far embodied, as its scope is nothing less than the union of all *national* bodies of women, of which there are in this country about one hundred. Already the National Council comprises about twenty-four organizations, each of which is national (such as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union), of which the Federation of 4,000 clubs, should it join, would be but one. The Council of the United States numbers over 1,000,000 women. There are now fifteen countries that have National Councils of Women modeled upon our own, and all of these, in

1888, at the instigation of an American woman, united to form an International Council of Women, which is larger and more comprehensive in its scope than any organization of men in the world. Its president, Mrs. May Wright Sewall, a brilliant educator and one of the finest organizers and parliamentarians in this country, ranks among the great feminine powers of the world. The International Council now represents several million women.

This brief summary of federations of vast women's organizations is necessary in order to give some idea of the numerical greatness of the organized efforts of modern women. The scope of these is as extensive as the needs of humanity are numerous. Only the uninformed or undiscriminating praise or condemn women's clubs as if of one class, devoted to the pursuit of a single object or branch of knowledge. The aims of the modern clubs are far greater than at first would seem possible, considering that women are active also in domestic life, church work, and dozens of philanthropies, such as organized charities, humane societies, etc., in coöperation with men. The subject of this article concerns the activity of women's clubs only. Besides every possible variety of literary club, from Shakespeare to the faddists', there are art and music clubs, ethical societies, kindergarten associations and mothers' congresses, and historical institutions (Daughters of the Revolution, Colonial Dames, Daughters of the Confederacy); there are women's village improvement societies, street-cleaning bands, civic clubs, woman suffrage societies, and associations of collegiate alumnæ. Then there are the infinite philanthropic enterprises, whose missions are as varied as are the requirements of the submerged classes. There are study clubs in parliamentary law, in economic and social conditions, in penology, charities and corrections; also in industrial conditions and home and foreign missionary work in connection with every religious denomination. There are secret lodges and fraternities, insurance corporations (such as the Ladies of the Maccabees), temperance and social purity unions; likewise a women's relief corps, a universal peace society, a national body of Jewish

women and of colored women, a federation of American business women, a national association of nurses, and many political organizations.

The comprehensiveness of each of these is vaster than can be described in a superficial review. Some of the philanthropic clubs furnish the basis of the life-work of many individuals. Every large, well-organized club in these days has its departments of finance, of education, of literature, reforms, civics, arts and sciences; also, its committees to investigate State institutions, industrial conditions, and laws concerning women and children. Although, speaking generally, women are financially dependent, the great Woman's Club of Chicago raised $200,000 for girls' dormitories at Chicago University. Here and there, clubs concentrate their efforts upon practical humane measures—such as having police matrons placed in jails where women and children are confined, women physicians in insane asylums, and women placed upon school boards and library committees—and render similar valuable services to the unfortunates of their sex. The scope, then, is extensive and varied.

One sometimes speculates as to the result of the psychological action of the club upon the individual woman, in the past and the future. We have only to review what the *club idea* has done for women, in order to foretell its infinite possibilities. It has made them more democratic—less narrow and exclusive. It has heightened their plane of thinking; it has taught them habits of concentrated study; it has multiplied their available topics of conversation and eliminated the constant personal note therefrom; it has lifted them bodily from the pettiness and restraint of domestic drudgery. No one can question the benefit to the home and to society of broadening and deepening the life and experiences of the "home maker." Women, through club work, are learning the value of coöperation, the sacredness of friendship, the necessity for tolerance and charity, of magnanimity and considerateness. The club develops not merely a clever and versatile, but an expansive and harmonious, a well-rounded individual.

Having traced the development, scope, and benefit of the clubs of American women, and witnessed their attainments in organization and their achievements along definite and numerous lines of labor, we naturally speculate upon the destination of this mighty new current that has swept aside all former conservative estimates of feminine possibilities,—enlarging woman's "sphere" until it is coexistent with the globe that limits the activities of mankind,—and we venture to prophesy optimistically of the work of women in the twentieth century.

The prophet must be a student of history. With knowledge of the past, he feels the pulse of the present and predicts the future. He knows he will be crucified for suggesting innovations that we, in our blind clinging to traditions, fight against, yet are sure must come. But it is not given all to prophesy truly. We lack sufficient imagination to conceive the wonderful possibilities that in each age exceed the wildest dreams of the preceding one. Who, in 1852, could have foretold that the little band of "ladies" in Kalamazoo would be the nucleus of national and international organizations of women, whose ideals would permeate the whole civilized world and whose scope would include all human and social activities? What has any other class of people—what have men *as such*—accomplished during the last half century that can compare with the rapid advancement of women?

There are those who suggest reaction—who believe that the woman's club has fulfilled its mission and accomplished its work. To a certain extent this reactionary movement is wholesome. We are club-ridden to-day; we are sociomaniacs. Women especially scatter and diffuse themselves, with the tendency to be superficial. There are large numbers of us for whom a "little knowledge" has proved a "dangerous thing"; yet surely a little is better than *no* knowledge, and we must correct the fault by finding our "Pierian spring" and "drinking deep!" As Lowell said, "the cure for too much freedom is—more freedom!"

We have seen that women's clubs no longer are merely literary: Emerson, Ruskin, Browning gave them inspiration in

their formative periods, but now they must act upon the divine impulses and work out the race-salvation; for nothing is accomplished by generating emotion unless it express itself in action. The future woman will not need to look to clubs for education; she will enter the arena fully equipped with a thorough education, and her post-college cravings will be satisfied by individual study and the ever-multiplying popular lectures, through which she may have the best the world affords. What need for amateurs when she will have ever-increasing opportunities to hear professionals? We have witnessed the rise and fall of private theatricals; we are seeing the substitution of the great musician on the one hand, and the pianola on the other, for the once ubiquitous maiden piano-player in every household. The newspaper syndicate with its corps of writers does away with every village contributor to the Sunday local papers. Thus, in our future crowded life, the professional lecturer, the educated minister, perhaps, may efface the multitudinous writers of club essays of cyclopedic source.

It is true, then, in a sense, that clubs have accomplished their work—in the peculiar lines formerly followed. But there is still the gigantic problem before them of a semi-barbarous world crying to be civilized. The poor we have always with us; likewise the ignorant and the criminal (in and *out* of jail). Our morals still spring largely from policy, and our religion from superstition. Men slaughter for sport, and women array themselves in the dead bodies of birds and animals. Our social system is a rough compromise blocked out by our ancestors who groped for wisdom and settled on the highest plane at the time accessible—but one inadequate to *our* growing needs. Our government is the best experiment yet attempted, but it is even now feeling the "growing pains" of evolution, and our politics, thus young, is seriously diseased.

Organization is one of the highest achievements of modern life, and the anarchist is densely ignorant who would demolish system because it sometimes is put to base uses. Organization is effectiveness. It is the secret of success. It made the Catholic Church a world force; it has given the Standard Oil Com-

pany and the Steel Trust their Titanic power. Women now are more or less perfectly organized throughout the world. Organization implies responsibility. The machinery is awaiting women; it would be immoral waste to allow it to rust. Through it must be worked out many of the social and industrial problems of the future. The woman's club will be in the broadest sense a civic club, because civil life is only less vital than home life, which is its foundation. City government is only housekeeping upon a large scale. *Economy,* from the Greek, means "law of the house," and political economy is the law of the household carried into the community. Women have the training of the ages back of them in domestic economics: what class is better fitted to undertake the problems of our cities?

Of course, women can never work with absolute effectiveness until they are enfranchised. A person can do some things with his hands tied, but is better able to work when free. The eternal feminine has expressed itself through indirect channels long enough. It has been the power behind the throne and ruled nations—by playing upon the passions of one man. But in democratic times and countries we believe in expressing ourselves frankly and honestly, with each individual free to act and to choose for the good of the whole. Women desire no vicarious labor or sacrifices. Political and industrial freedom is but a means to an end—the perfecting of human society through the individual; and for this alone do the schools, the churches, and the clubs exist.

The future club will be eminently practical. It will influence legislation and give especial thought to the improvement of industrial and social conditions. This program is broad enough to last a century.

Last but most important, the women's clubs of the future will not be women's clubs, merely, but clubs of *men* and women. The clubs have enabled women to catch up with their husbands in education, but now the women are tending to go beyond them. The statistics of colleges, even of high schools, show a preponderance of girls, which to many seems alarming.

American men are money-mad, and have no time for culture. To a certain extent the average woman (especially the modern wife, who has no industrial life and whose domestic duties are lighter than ever before in the world) has more time for culture and the philanthropies than her husband, who is the bread-winner. But men must not fall behind in the art of living because they are struggling for the means of livelihood; and one of the future problems is a new social adjustment that will give more leisure to the overburdened and more labor to the drones.

There is no ideal life that does not include both men and women. While certain lodges and clubs, as certain colleges, may preserve the one-sex limitation, it is safe and pleasant to predict that most of the future clubs will combine the complementary efforts of both men and women. If there is differentiation in the masculine and feminine intellect, then surely man needs the chastening sweetness of the feminine and woman the stimulating strength of the masculine. As we approach perfection we come nearer together, and nothing ever is lost in a constant social and intellectual companionship between men and women. Rational association of girls and boys from the cradle to the grave always has proved that such conditions make purer men and nobler women, and to do this must be the purpose and ultimate result of the future club.

In the coming years women's clubs will not be so numerous, but they will be more thoroughly organized. They will concentrate, not diffuse their activities. They will work along the lines of the most progressive ones of this day: their programs being practical, and their efforts the solving of economic and social problems, the improving of legislation, and the systematizing of philanthropies. They will be perfectly federated, realizing that the most efficient results are attained through organized and concentrated efforts. And they will combine the ideals and labors of both men and women, working together for the betterment of humanity.

WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK AND THE BEES.

MAURICE Maeterlinck, the author of many strangely-named books and dramas—the philosopher, dreamer, and mystic, who loved to plunge into the unfathomable deeps of the soul and lay before the gaze of a fascinated world the shining pearls of wisdom, power, and beauty brought to light by his genius; the man whose authorship constitutes the most soulful, most original manifestation of modern literature—has recently published a volume entitled *La Vie des Abeilles* ("The Life of the Bees"). Presented in the same unique, fascinating style and exhibiting the same wonderful soul and nature analysis that characterizes his preceding works, "Le Tresor des Humbles" and "Sagesse et Destinèe," this latest of his productions, by combining into a perfect whole the accurateness of the scientist, the sincerity of the moralist, and the charm of the literary artist, enchants the reader by introducing him into a new world—an unknown continent—with a commonwealth displaying all the complex features of intersocial interests promoted by individual force.

The leading purpose of this work seems to be to make evident, through a most sagacious and interesting comparison, the striking similarity exhibited between the life habits of these insignificant insects and those of human society itself. With untiring zeal the gifted observer walks between the bee-hive and the human hive, disclosing with a calm, unwavering, loving analysis the awe-inspiring humanity apparent in the ways in which the bees discharge their individual and social duties.

Of course, it is not to be understood that Maeterlinck poses as the first author who has made the puzzling instincts of the bee the subject of inquiry. According to his own statement, more than seventy writers, from Aristotle down to modern times, have devoted time and energy to studies of the bee. Almost as far back as the data of science can take us, the life of this insect, living in the mystic darkness of the hive and subject to the most complexly operating rules of government,

has aroused the deepest curiosity and interest in the minds of thinkers. Aristotle, Cato, Pliny, and Paladius were devotees of this study, and the philosopher Aristomachus—according to Pliny—spent fifty-eight years among the bees; while Phyliscis-cus from Thases became a hermit in order to give his entire life to the unraveling of the mystery of the bee-hive. Most of the results obtained by these ancient investigators have been recorded in the fourth song of the "Georgics" of Virgil.

But it is in more recent times that, under the scientifically conducted methods of Sammardome, Reamur, Büchner, and Darwin, the authentic history of the bee begins. None, however, seem to have carried this study to such depths as the famous Swiss, Francis Huber, the father of the modern bee industry. Blind from his earliest youth, he found in the assistance of a faithful servant a means by which he was able to devote his entire life to a study of the bee. Living in darkness himself, he succeeded, through unexampled sagacity and perseverance, in entering into the dark mysteries of the hive and revealing the stupendous fact of an evolutionary process in which Nature, in pursuing her object, seems to have given to mere instinct a touch of highest reason.

The ruling motive of Maeterlinck's book is to call the attention of mankind to one of the greatest enigmas of life—one of which we see so much, yet observe so little. Prompted at once by love for his subject and for humanity, he takes the reader by the hand and ushers him into Nature's inner workshop, to place him face to face with a manifestation that, while mathematically demonstrable, nevertheless as intelligent force continues to escape the grasp of human comprehension.

The scenes he discloses are indeed wonderful—one might say at once horrifying and beautiful in the manner they present the different phases of an invincible law, in whose iron grip the entire situation is held. He shows us a commonwealth that, even in its minutest details, expresses the presence of an unyielding, all-conquering force—the condition and means for the perpetuation of the bee society. He makes us acquainted with a system of life in which the individuals are prompted by a

single impulse—the *collective will* of the commonwealth, to which every bee submits with an intensity that knows no fear. If sacrifice be required, the individual insect rushes into self-annihilation with utter disregard for its own existence, being moved by but one instinct, one impulse, one sole, perpetuated life-tendency—the maintenance of the commonwealth through the destruction of everything interfering with its execution. Enjoyment, suffering, sexual instinct, struggle for existence—all the master-springs of self-preservation are heedlessly thrown aside, or sacrificed on the altar of the collective welfare.

The principle on which this marvelous system is built—unparalleled in the processes of natural evolution—is expressed in the supreme and unconditional surrender of every individual life-impulse to the maintenance of the hive. In this unique order, an inner, all-pervading mystic will-impulse is at work and obeyed implicitly by every bee. The *queen*—the great mother—after having experienced an instant of vanishing felicity in the embrace of love, spends the rest of her life in the darkness of the hive: a slave to a fecundity that ceases only with her death. The *drones*—that host of idle existences, which come into being only to yield one single elect (the strongest of thousands), who enjoys a momentary triumph in fructifying the great mother, and then together with his fellows is mercilessly put to death—and the virginal *working bee*, the executor and supporting factor of the commonwealth, are moved toward life or death, in common with the queen, by the same magic force that compels the execution of the least mandate of this inexorable collective will. In this queen-republic, the *present* by a miraculous unit-impulse is continually sacrificed for the *future*.

With increasing interest, the author goes on to acquaint us with the wonders of the hive—with the labor, intelligence, skill, and calculation involved in the construction and maintenance of its complex vital machinery. The description of the cell, its measurements and characteristics, is especially interesting and instructive. This honey-comb, so common a feature, is in reality a perfect marvel of architectural ingenuity and mathe-

matical reckoning. The cells are so connected and arranged as to combine the greatest possible solidity and endurance with the greatest possible economy in labor, material, and available space. It has been made possible, through a quite involved mathematical calculation, to demonstrate that the angle in which the base of the cell stands to its walls possesses an obliqueness combining in one figure the smallest possible space with the largest possible holding capacity. According to Maeterlinck, the nicety of the measurements exhibited in the hive are as yet unparalleled by anything accomplished by human intelligence.

This description of the anatomy of the hive and the vital force-centers employed in its construction and maintenance is a true epopee—a drama of heroic sports and adventures, full of sun, fragrance, and restless activity throughout. Yet the drama is not without its deep, mystic undertone of tragic necessity—its stirring incidents of shadow-wrapt and bloody engagements, fatal tournaments, and merciless massacres. When spring-time arrives and imparts to Nature its magic touch of life, the inmates of the hive awaken from their long winter slumber to engage in dazzling exhibitions of industry. Honey is gathered and stored up for the use of future generations. Then comes the swarming—that extraordinary feat of heroic self-sacrifice of the older bees. Headed by their queen, the tried pioneers leave their old home with its well-filled stores of provisions to "strike out" upon an adventurous and unknown future.

The new queen is born in the old home, and her first act of maturity is to murder all her rivals to the throne while they are yet slumbering in their cradles; for the iron law of the hive permits the existence of only one queen, and it is to the first-born that this supreme dignity attaches. The next great event is the wedding-flight, when the queen has a momentary embrace in the blue ether with her ephemeral consort, who dies immediately after the fructification. Then follows her return to the hive, where under the spell of an unceasing fecundity she proceeds to give birth to future generations. But, after the cyclic round of twelve months has passed, it becomes her turn once

more to see the sun, when at the head of the swarm she leads the exodus in the search for a new home. Incidental to the migration is the massacre of the useless drones, after which bloody feat the queen, with her ministers and executors, settles down in some appropriate location and at once proceeds to garner provision for the oncoming winter.

Yet there is one phase of the bee community and its analogy to human society that Maeterlinck fails to touch upon. He does not speak of the evolutionary *standstill* of the bee, whose complex and elaborate community represents undoubtedly a state of arrested development. Having gained an evolutionary eminence unattained by any other entity of the animal world, the bee seems to have exhausted its resources of growth and thereby rendered itself incapable of further advance. The bee may not be a descending entity, but, so far as modern biologic researches have been able to disclose, it is not an ascending one. A force alien to progress has been generated in the heart of the bee community and is introducing an insurmountable barrier to the sweep of the evolutionary wave.

Perhaps the cause of this phenomenon is, after all, not so difficult to find. We may, if we observe closely, find traces of a similar tendency manifesting even in human society. Certain conditions, if persisted in, lead to certain inevitable results. As a basis for our argument we hold that a society or government derives its integrity and progressive power from the vigilance, freedom, and personal responsibility accorded its several subjects. Any form of government that tends to arrest the play of healthy individualism will close its avenues of civilizatory advance by paying the penalty of its mistake in stagnation and decay. Centralization of power in a commonwealth carries with it a corresponding weakening of the peripheral energies. If the blood is retained by the heart the extremities of the body are left inactive and frigid. The forces that make for evolution are dual in their nature, manifesting the principles of diastole and systole—action and reaction. The pulsations of growth proceed from within outwardly, but are perpetuated only through the ensuing reaction from without inwardly. Indi-

vidual experiences, failures, or successes must form elements in the deliberations and mandates of the central power if the latter shall ever be able to send out reactions of progressive life.

The bee community illustrates a condition where the idea of State Socialism is developed to its fullest concrete and consummate expression. Individuality and individualism are here reduced to their lowest ebb. The struggle for existence, with all its mighty well-springs of generative power, has been transferred from the individual to the State; and the consequent failure of the individual to originate new impulses in the life of the commonwealth is followed by the inability of the latter to react progressively on the several individuals. For all growth is incidental to *reaction,* and the latter is possible only where *action* has preceded. Progress of the State is impossible without individual progress, and this again is the result of personal freedom in exercising judgment and personal responsibility for the issues thereof. And so the bee may serve as a warning to human society by presenting the great lesson of life, based upon a practical demonstration of the dangers threatening any government, whether it be State Socialism or State despotism, in which the individual is reduced to a mere mechanical factor in the social system.

These reflections, however, need not and should not detract from the value of Maeterlinck's great book. Presented by a writer who is at once poet, philosopher, and scientist, the descriptions found in *"La Vie des Abeilles"* are equally suggestive and interesting. The temptation to cite a few passages of the book is great; but, as a translation into English will soon be forthcoming, such citations would do injustice both to author and reader. No student will ever regret the time spent on this book, which is vastly more interesting than any novel and infinitely more instructive and useful. Maeterlinck's aim is to awaken in mankind an interest in Nature, knowing that a profound study of her manifestations should fill the investigator with wonder, reverence, and holiness.

Axel Emil Gibson.

Los Angeles, Cal.

AN ECONOMIC VIEW OF FASHION.

BY reading the many current articles on dress reform—notably the one in the December ARENA—one is led to believe that fashion is a matter resting on woman's vanity alone. Women are so easily influenced and led that if one among them would arise influential and eloquent they would forsake their evil ways, wear short skirts and common-sense shoes, and dress in a sensible and economical manner!

Pathetic appeals are made to those in high social position to "set a good example." These are based upon the idea that if the President's wife or the Princess of Wales would only dress plainly, and not cater to the caprices of fashion, all women would follow her example, the sex would be emancipated, and peace and plenty would reign.

If great evils could be so easily vanquished, I am convinced they would disappear. I have sufficient faith in the character of these august personages to believe that if, by their good example, they could work such beneficial results, they would wear divided skirts, or anything else that would lead their countrywomen along the path of economy in dress.

Rapid changes of fashion are undoubtedly a great evil. Money is foolishly squandered and time is wasted in keeping one's wardrobe in the prevailing "style." Most women would face death more easily than they would wear in a public assembly a costume very much out of date. If this were confined to the leisure class, the harm would be comparatively small; but let Fashion issue a mysterious edict from some unknown quarter, and all classes hasten to obey, from the shopgirl on four dollars a week to the woman with unlimited money at her disposal—all are actuated by the same impulse; all are united in chasing the phantom "style."

Man's belief in the frivolity of woman is thus apparently justified. Many expedients have been proposed to change this

dreadful state of things. High ideals have been held before us. The more hopeful spirits have attributed this feminine shortcoming to our lack of interest in wider issues. Open the colleges; give women the advantages of men—all this weakness will soon disappear! We will have woman free and noble, fit to take her place beside man in the law courts, in politics, in the dissecting-room!

Well, the colleges have been thrown open: we are supposed to be educated; but the whirligigs of fashion follow one another more rapidly than before. In vain did Ruskin and Morris tell how a woman should dress. The short skirts appear; there are signs of jubilant rejoicing—at last women have grown sensible! We are encouraged, and told we are fulfilling our high destiny—to become better wives and mothers. No more do we sweep up the deadly microbe, carrying death in our train. Alas! in spite of all this—in the face of most noble encomiums—the vain, foolish, frivolous, irresponsible creature called woman returns to her long skirts, made longer and costlier than ever. She will not listen to the woman reformer clad in garments above reproach, nor to the physician with his harrowing tales of the microbe. Truly, we are hopeless. There is no health in us. We are past saving either by example or precept. There certainly would be no hope for woman if, after all these years, with all this instruction and advice, vanity were still our motive in submitting to the caprice of the god Fashion. But the cause lies deeper.

Women are fond of *pleasing*, and so long as they are economically dependent upon men they will do all in their power to please them. This cannot be otherwise, and no doubt it accounts for much time and labor spent upon dress; but if this were the only reason, woman would cling to beautiful fashions—invent them, if necessary. Instead, we often see her change a beautiful and comfortable costume for one both ugly and uncomfortable. And, such is the power of fashion, men will admire the last state of the woman as much as the first.

If women were to do what men (and some women unversed in economic questions) wish them to do—throw off the tyranny

of fashion—there would undoubtedly be a revolution; but not such a reign of peace and plenty as they are pleased to fancy would ensue. As my dressmaker said, when I remarked upon the folly of altering a perfectly good gown into the prevailing mode, "What would become of us if there were no changes of fashion?" And if women would refrain from change, for any appreciable length of time, "What would become of us?" would be the cry that would go up from the manufacturers and their thousands of employees all over the world. Whole armies of men and women would be thrown out of work—into the ranks of the unemployed.

Rapid changes of fashion are caused by the self-interest of the vast industrial and economic organization upon whose existence the army of workers depend. Everything is done to stimulate and allure the customer. Costly advertisements and beautiful fabrics displayed in attractive forms tempt women everywhere. These things are forced upon their notice by the powerful machinery of modern industrial production.

Take the shirt-waist, for example—a fashion so comfortable that women will not discard it. What is the consequence? Manufacturers exhaust their ingenuity to invent new models; and, although the field is limited by making them of thick material one year and thin the next, starched cuffs and collars one season and limp the next, yokes some years and no yokes other years, they contrive that the woman who wears a last year's shirt-waist shall know it. Worse than all, her husband, her brother, her lover knows it.

I am well aware of the argument usually advanced by the old school of economists to expose the alleged fallacy of this contention. It is something like this: If a man is employed in useless labor (and surely these absurd demands of fashion are useless), let him be prevented from thus wasting time and material. Straightway he will turn himself to some useful form of production—make two blades of grass grow where one grew before, or raise wheat for the hungry. Under some circumstances this would be true; but, owing to the development of machinery and the consequent improvement in the

methods of production, only a small portion of the available labor is needed to produce the necessary clothes and food for the world. No one can doubt that by further utilizing the material forces, together with more concentration of capital, still fewer men would be required, and we would have more men and women out of work. At present a portion of this labor, being shut off from useful production, finds employment in producing articles of useless luxury for the rich—pandering to artificial appetites. So true is this that, if in any town or city a man would invent something to tickle either the fancy or the palate, he could organize what would be called a profitable industry, and receive the thanks of his fellow-citizens as an "employer of labor."

Sexual attraction and woman's vanity play their part; but behind these are the great forces of modern industrial competition and production. Women are not the fools they appear to be on the surface. True, our dry-goods establishments are filled with useless articles, but woman's folly alone is not the cause. So long as the present industrial system continues we will have rapid changes of fashion—and men and women idle. On one side, the possessors of wealth, looking idly around for something to spend their surplus revenue upon; on the other side, men doing all in their power to invent new channels to divert this surplus.

Not the least of the Socialists' claim upon our attention is the fact that they propose to release both men and women from the tyranny of fashion.

JULIA CRUIKSHANK.

Fort Erie, Ontario, Canada.

EDWIN MARKHAM: A PROPHET-POET OF THE FRATERNAL STATE.

I.

"Ah, Poet! Ah, Milton! Ah, Juvenal! So you keep up resistance! you perpetuate disinterestedness! you bring together those two firebrands, faith and will, in order to draw flame from them! So there is something of the Vestal in you! . . So you have an altar—your country! you have a tripod—the ideal! you believe in the rights of man, in emancipation, in the future, in progress, in the beautiful, in the just, in what is great! . . .

"The poet is necessarily at once poet, historian, and philosopher. Herodotus and Thales are included in Homer. Shakespeare, likewise, is this triple man. He is, besides a painter, a painter upon a colossal scale. The poet in reality does more than relate: he exhibits. Poets have in them a reflector, observation, and a condenser, emotion; thence those grand, luminous specters which issue from their brain, and which go on shining forever against the murky human wall."—"WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE," *by Victor Hugo.*

THE master poets have been at once the interpreters and the prophets in every great epoch. Their capital theme has been life in its multitudinous representations and relations —life, embracing the profound problems that envelop being. From Job to Homer, from Virgil to Dante, from Shakespeare to Milton, the master theme in song and verse has pertained to man in his relation to the Infinite, to his kind, and to the environment that enmeshes him.

Among the great poets, the prophets and spiritual leaders belong to a distinct class. From the spiritual Himalayas they have peered backward into the night and chaos that prevailed ere the august fiat, "Be light!" transformed the void. They have followed the law of life beyond its objective manifestations. They have sought to lift the veil of futurity and to question the sphinx upon the threshold of eternity. They have mounted upon the eagle wings of genius to the highest spheres of philosophic thought. They have scanned the ever-broadening horizon of life and have sounded the profoundest depths of feeling with the plummet of the imagination. Their feet have rested upon the red earth, while their brows have been bathed

in the light of heaven. They have felt the heart-aches and the gladness; they have experienced the hopes, the aspirations, and the dreams of the children of men: while above the babel of earth's confusing cries they have heard the voice of Infinity proclaiming the Law of laws. They have caught a glimpse of the supreme truth that, in spite of all apparent contradictions, the moral order rests upon Love as the physical order upon Gravitation. Thus they at once reflect the dominant notes in the swift undercurrent of their time, while flashing forth the eternal truths that light up the pathway of enduring progress. Dante became the articulate voice of the deepest spiritual and patriotic convictions of the Italy of his time, and Milton's muse reflected the spiritual awakening, the conscience force of the great Protestant Reformation; while both these colossal sons of song were prophets and teachers no less than reflectors of the religious thought of their periods.

In precisely the same manner Edwin Markham, whose imaginative flights and elevated diction more than the work of any other singer of our time suggest John Milton, is the reflector of the mighty spiritual undercurrent of our age. As Milton shadowed forth the ideals of Puritanism, Markham represents the new conscience and the broadening spiritual ideals that prophesy the advent of the Fraternal State, in which, to use the thought of the Quaker poet, man shall become—

> More precious than the gold of Ophir,
> Sacred, inviolate, unto whom all things
> Shall minister as outward types and signs
> Of the eternal beauty which fulfils
> The one great purpose of creation, love,
> The sole necessity of earth and heaven.

True, Edwin Markham has not yet given the world a "Prometheus Bound," a "Divina Commedia," or a "Paradise Lost"; but in his "Lincoln," his "Man with the Hoe," "The Sower," "The Leader," and other creations we have the common elements that are the sign manual of the greatest prophet-poets and philosophers of the ages. In the wealth of imagination that marks poetic genius, in breadth and depth of philo-

sophic thought, in spiritual elevation, in simplicity and dignity of language, in loyalty to the ideal or faithfulness to the message given him by the Infinite, our great poet ranks with the noble few of the ages whose almost every line suggests a colossal picture or an awe-inspiring truth, and who above all are the servants of God and the light-bearers of their age and time—sincere, unselfish, conscience-guided souls singing in a world of self-absorption and expediency.

II.

Edwin Markham was born in Oregon City, Oregon, in 1852. Those who believe that moral tendencies are transmitted will find confirmation of their theory in the life of the poet, whose ancestors on both sides were sturdy colonists who did valiant service in laying the foundations for a new civilization in the Western world and in defending the principles of freedom and justice. One ancestor, Colonel William Markham, was the first cousin of William Penn, and enjoyed to a marked degree the confidence and affection of the great Quaker. For many years Colonel Markham was the confidential secretary of Governor Penn, and during the absence of the latter in England he served as acting governor of Pennsylvania. Though a strong churchman, he was no less a champion of non-resistance than was William Penn, and he was one of the most outspoken advocates of the rights of the masses.

On his mother's side the poet's ancestors were New England Puritans who fled to the New World that they might enjoy religious freedom; and when the clock of the ages sounded the hour for the advent of popular government, the offspring of this sturdy stock was quick to respond to Liberty's call, as is seen from the fact that twenty members of the family enrolled in the Continental army. These facts, though interesting to students of life, would hardly be the subject of especial pride to the poet, who, I imagine, holds with Bulwer that "not to the past but to the future looks true nobility, and finds its blazon in Posterity."

When yet a small boy Edwin lost the fostering care of his

father, and the mother shortly after this calamity moved to one of the most rugged and beautiful valleys of central California. Here hard toil, severe hardships, and the privations common to pioneer life fell to the lot of all members of the little family. The meager advantages of the poor frontier country schools were reenforced by a mother's loving help; and thus the child, who from his mother's knee had evinced a passion for knowledge, early learned to read and write. Happily, two circumstances favored the boy: he gained access to the writings of many of the greatest masters in the world of literature, and it fell to his lot to herd cattle in the valleys of the Suissun Hills. Homer and Byron were his first two masters. Yet, according to the poet Joaquin Miller, who for many years was a near neighbor of Mr. Markham, the country lad was an omnivorous reader. "It is written," observes Mr. Miller in one of his delightful reminiscent papers, "that only a good man can live alone and be happy. But here was a mere lad who lived alone with his horse and herds for whole summers, and far back in the mountains. It is said that when he would come in to get supplies he would not take back much to eat, but would pillage the mountain camp and mining town of every book or paper he could buy, beg, or borrow."

So, laden with his literary wealth, the future singer returned to the solitude of his mountain valleys and the companionship of his herds. It may be that the grandeur and simple dignity of Nature had something to do toward stimulating in this youth a strong preference for those great men of genius whose imaginations soared into the Infinite and whose works stud with glory the darkness of the past.

In his mountain home the youth held double converse. Nature, the mother of giants, and the geniuses of the past communed with the boy. Day by day under the shadow of the rocks or in the shade of the trees, with flowers blooming at his feet and the wind crooning in the branches overhead, he would turn with wistful eyes from the mountains to his books. How in keeping with the emotions awakened by the grandeur of Nature were the stately verse of Homer and the lofty dream of

Milton; and how naturally did the youth turn from contemplation of the greatest children of song to the life and teachings of that One whose name will ever be "The Wonderful, the Counselor!" How stately was that simple life—that supreme incarnation of Love! The boy, as he bent over the marvelous flowers that carpeted the mountain side, often wondered if the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley were as fair as the wild blossoms of the Sierras. He remembered how Jesus loved the flowers of Palestine—how to him the lily was more beautiful than Solomon in all his glory; and he often pictured the great Prophet journeying alone into the silent recesses of the mountains to commune with his Father. Was not God also in the Sierras? Might it not be that in moments when he felt a strange exaltation he too came in contact with the Infinite? He loved to think of the Great Nazarene when on the mountain side of old Galilee he delivered that Sermon which embodies the loftiest ethics ever given to the world. Long he pondered the Golden Rule. How simple the word!—yet empearled in that magic message lay the hope of civilization: the secret of man's redemption. He who would know the meaning of happiness must weave that law of conduct into his daily life. He who would bless his race and help to further the knowledge of God must not cry, "Lord, Lord!" while serving self. No! He must make Brotherhood the key-note of life. He must work for the realization of the "Fraternal State." Was not life, then, as Mazzini held, a mission—a sacred mission? Could any escape its profound obligations and be guiltless? Such thoughts as these were sometimes borne into the brain of the boy. They came as haunting dreams, as strains of distant music, as visions that pass to give place to hopes of other kinds, to cares of the present, to the labors of the hour, and to contemplation of Nature and life in other aspects.

As day by day the boy stood beneath the blue dome of heaven, walled in by rugged, age-scarred mountains and enthralled by the solemn, ceaseless roar of the distant waterfalls, or the mysterious whisperings of the pines as the wind caressed their graceful plumes and the sun called forth their incense

tribute of rich, health-giving exhalations, while enveloped in the wonder and beauty of Nature, whose aspects ever changed, but whose glory never lost its witching charm, little did the boy imagine that God himself was storing his youthful mind with treasures not gained in man-made schools.

Time and again the boy lingered in the early morn, with face toward the east, enrapt by the transformation scene of dawn. The sentinel stars of the morning waned and disappeared, while a soft pink glow, delicate as the blush upon the opening blossom of the peach, suffused the east. And then, as by magic, the pink deepened into a warm red glow that lent new charm to rock and tree, while the soft haze that hid the distant mountains suddenly became a bridal veil, mantling the peaks that first greeted the day. And then the red was lost in the glory of light, and the sun's radiance lit up the western heights while yet the valley lay in shade.

Sometimes at evening, when the herd was headed for the corral and the distant tinkling of the leader's bell and the pounding of many hoofs on the rocky pathway came as an accompaniment to Nature's subdued strains, young Markham was overmastered by the sea of glory that filled the western sky and witnessed anew to Nature's delight in gorgeous colorings. Here, sometimes with flaming scarlet, sometimes with crimson, gold, orange, and lemon for a background, clouds rolled together in mighty billows, momentarily taking on new tints as luminous and multitudinous as were their shapes varied and suggestive. Sometimes royal purple predominated, and then beaten gold, with here and there a cloud that glistened with that dazzling whiteness which we associate with the robes of those whose purity of heart has admitted them into the audience chamber of the Eternal; and all the while the earth answered back to the glow of the sky. The red, the green, the gray, and the purple tints of the rocks took on vivid hues that vied with the splendor of autumn; while the peaceful valley, where it had not come under the shadow of the rocks, was glorious in emerald and russet, and the mountain brook, so lately a ribbon of silver, now caught up and reflected the beauty

of the sky, becoming a serpentine stream of molten gold. And there were nights such as are known only to those environed by Nature in her majestic moods—nights when the stars refused to yield their glory to the moon, and the deep blue firmament was studded with diamond dust, while below rose the sable, gloomy, and solemn Sierras, seamed and riven by the travail of Nature, eloquent in their sphinx-like silence—age-long watchers gravely noting the rise and fall of races and the coming and going of generations.

And so in this great university of Nature, amid scenes where sublimity touched hands with beauty, the imagination of the boy was fed and his vision expanded. God spoke to the soul of the youth as surely as in olden times he spoke to the child Samuel, and, though the physical ear was not yet attuned to catch the vibrations of the Infinite, the spirit received the message with awe and wonder and pondered its lessons. The prophets of ancient Israel were no more truly prepared by God to deliver their message to the children of men than was this child of the Sierras, whose pure imagination was flooded by the wonderful wealth of lofty imagery and whose thought-world was tinged and colored by the beauty, simplicity, and dignity of Nature. Something of the witching spell that came over him in those early days is found in these stanzas from a beautiful little reminiscent waif entitled "A Mendocino Memory," which appears in Mr. Markham's new volume of poems:

> Once in my lonely, eager youth I rode,
> With jingling spur, into the clouds' abode—
> Rode northward lightly as the high crane goes—
> Rode into the hills in the month of the frail wild rose,
> To find the soft-eyed heifers in the herds,
> Strayed north along the trail of nesting birds,
> Following the slow march of the springing grass,
> From range to range, from pass to flowering pass.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> I climbed the canyon to a river-head,
> And looking backward saw a splendor spread,
> Miles beyond miles, of every kingly hue
> And trembling tint the looms of Arras knew—
> A flowery pomp as of the dying day,
> A splendor where a god might take his way.

And farther on, the wide plains under me,
I watched the light-foot winds of morning go,
Soft shading over wheat-fields far and free,
To keep their old appointment with the sea.
And farther yet, dim in the distant glow,
Hung on the east a line of ghostly snow.

* * * * * *

It was the brink of night, and everywhere
Tall redwoods spread their filmy tops in air;
Huge trunks, like shadows upon shadow cast,
Pillared the under twilight, vague and vast.
And one had fallen across the mountain way,
A tree hurled down by hurricane to lie
With torn-out roots pronged-up against the sky
And clutching still their little dole of clay.

Lightly I broke green branches for a bed,
And gathered ferns, a pillow for my head.

I have dwelt at length upon these wonderful years of boyhood because they embrace the formative period of life, during which destiny stamped the poet's character and in which his hopes, aspirations, and ideals took on form, color, and the elements of permanency.

III.

From early youth Edwin gained the reputation of being a learned boy, and his wide reading, his love of knowledge, and his desire to impart information to others admirably fitted him for teaching. When yet on the threshold of early manhood he was appointed to the position of superintendent of schools in one of the first mountain counties of his adopted State. He, however, was not satisfied with his reading. He desired to obtain a collegiate education, and so for years he wrought and saved his earnings, until, at the age of eighteen, he entered the State Normal School at San Jose, and his college education was finished at Christian College, Santa Rosa, California. Scholastic schooling, however, failed to give him that sense of independence he desired to experience. He felt that industrial schooling should be an integral part of modern education; that the man who was the master of a trade, even the lowliest, was

far more truly a free man than the finished scholar who was ignorant of handicraft. In this respect he shared the views of William Morris, and, being more than a theorist, he mastered blacksmithing and wrought at the forge with that conscientious determination to excel that has marked all his life work. As Robert Burns sang the songs of the people as he toiled with them, so did Edwin Markham labor simply, unostentatiously, and faithfully with his hands, while his brain was teeming with great thoughts and visions of a nobler to-morrow. He demonstrated that a man may toil with his hands and yet steadily advance in intellectual and spiritual knowledge.

His wide reading no less than his success as a teacher resulted in many calls for one so amply qualified to aid in furthering the educational work of the State. The University of California, ever on the alert for men of superior ability, called him to her service and appointed him head master of the Tompkins Observation School of Oakland, a position that he held until removing to the nation's metropolis.

IV.

"It is always safer," said a sage counselor, "not to inquire too closely into the personal life and character of a great man;" and unfortunately the frailties of men of genius are frequently such that it is well to act on this advice. But of Edwin Markham it can be said in all truth and sincerity that his life has ever been sweet and pure as it has been simple and dignified. In his daily conduct as in his noble muse, those who know him best have detected no false note or seen aught that would cast unworthy reflections on the earnest, unostentatious follower of the great Prophet of Galilee. As a man of conscience no less than of imagination, he has ever striven to incorporate his high, fine creed into his daily life and at all times to be true to his ideal. It is no small thing to be able to say, as of him it may be said in all truth, that from youth he has been true, in life as well as in teachings, to these noble admonitions, which we find in his latest book, addressed "To Young America":

In spite of the stare of the wise and the world's derision,
Dare travel the star-blazed road, dare follow the Vision.

It breaks as a hush on the soul in the wonder of youth;
And the lyrical dream of the boy is the kingly truth.

The world is a vapor, and only the Vision is real—
Yea, nothing can hold against Hell but the Wingéd Ideal.

V.

In Mr. Markham's latest volume of verse, "Lincoln and Other Poems," there are several distinctly great creations relating to life in its broader aspects, embracing the purpose, progress, and destiny of humanity and man's relation to the Social State. These poems are the mountains of song that reflect the power, breadth, and sweep of the poet's imagination; but there are verses of another kind—sweet heart-songs, which are as valleys between the noble rugged peaks and which delight the reader with their beauty, affording a contrast at once pleasing and restful. One such song is "A Mendocino Memory," to which I have referred; and here are three others that well typify the different poems of this class. The first is a father's love-lay to his little boy. It is called "Kyka." Now, Kyka is the pet name of the poet's little son—a name that the child, when he began to talk, invariably applied to himself. I know not in the wide range of poetry a sweeter offering of the kind than the following:

Child-heart!
Wild heart!
What can I bring you,
What can I sing you,
You who have come from a glory afar,
Called into Time from a secret star?

* * * * * * *

Strong child!
Song child!
Who can unravel
All your long travel
Out of the Mystery, birth after birth—
Out of the dim worlds deeper than Earth?

Mad thing!
Glad thing!
How will Life tame you?
How will God name you?
All that I know is that you are to me
Wind over water, star on the sea.

Dear heart!
Near heart!
Long is the journey,
Hard is the tourney:
Would I could be by your side when you fall—
Would that my own heart could suffer it all!

From the child the poet turns to the joyous bird building beneath his eaves:

I dwell near a murmur of leaves,
And my labor is sweeter than rest;
For over my head in the shade of the eaves
A throstle is building his nest.

And he teaches me gospels of joy,
As he gurgles and shouts in his toil:
It is brimming with rapture, his wild employ,
Bearing a straw for spoil.

So I know 'twas a joyous God
Who stretched out the splendor of things,
And gave to my bird the cool green sod,
A sky, and a venture of wings.

But why are my brothers so still?
They are building a lordly hall—
They are building a palace there on the hill,
But there's never a song in it all!

More distinctly ethical, and yet belonging to the minor lays and illustrative of many similar verses, is the following, entitled "A Creed":

There is a destiny that makes us brothers:
None goes his way alone:
All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own.

I care not what his temples or his creeds,
One thing holds firm and fast—
That into his fateful heap of days and deeds
The soul of a man is cast.

There are also several narrative verses, many of them dealing with passages in the life of Jesus, and all told with the noble simplicity that is one of the greatest charms of Mr. Markham's verse. Perhaps the most notable of this group are the stanzas entitled "The Ascension." There are also some beautiful sermons in song, as for example the following, entitled "Inasmuch," a simple poem that is a worthy companion piece to James Russell Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal":

Wild tempest swirled on Moscow's castled height;
Wild sleet shot slanting down the wind of night;
Quick snarling mouths from out the darkness sprang
To strike you in the face with tooth and fang.

Javelins of ice hung on the roofs of all;
The very stones were aching in the wall,
Where Ivan stood a watchman on his hour,
Guarding the Kremlin by the northern tower,
When, lo! a half-bare beggar tottered past,
Shrunk up and stiffened in the bitter blast.
A heap of misery he drifted by,
And from the heap came out a broken cry.

At this the watchman straightened with a start;
A tender grief was tugging at his heart,
The thought of his dead father, bent and old
And lying lonesome in the ground so cold.
Then cried the watchman starting from his post:
"Little father, this is yours; you need it most!"
And tearing off his hairy coat, he ran
And wrapt it warm around the beggar man.

That night the piling snows began to fall,
And the good watchman died beside the wall.
But waking in the Better Land that lies
Beyond the reaches of these cooping skies,
Behold, the Lord came out to greet him home,
Wearing the coat he gave by Moscow's dome—
Wearing the hairy heavy coat he gave
By Moscow's tower before he felt the grave!

And Ivan, by the old Earth-memory stirred,
Cried softly with a wonder in his word:
"And where, dear Lord, found you this coat of mine,
A thing unfit for glory such as Thine?"
Then the Lord answered with a look of light:
"This coat, My son, you gave to Me last night."

The group of great life poems reveal at once the genius, power, and spirit of Mr. Markham's muse. Here, amid a wealth of rich poetic imagery and lofty flights of imagination, we also see the profound philosopher, whose clear and consistent view of life may be thus briefly summarized:

God the Father reigns. Progress is the watchword of Eternity. All things are subject to Law. With Browning he holds that—

> "This world's no blot for us, nor blank;
> It means intensely, and means good."

Man is slowly rising. He has scarcely crossed the threshold of youth. His progress has been retarded and at times arrested, not by God, but by his own refusal to conform to the great basic law that conditions happiness and advancement—the law of love, which includes justice and recognizes the solidarity of life and its implied obligations. *Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he eventually reap* is a fundamental truth that applies to nations, races, and civilizations no less than to the individual. Choice is given to men and peoples. Sometimes to the individual, to the State, and to civilization come great crucial or destiny-shaping moments, when conscience and the ideal war with short-sighted self-desire, and an upward or a downward circle is taken on the spiral way.

Edwin Markham is above all a true optimist, which is saying that he is the reverse of the shallow, time-serving pseudo-optimist, who, with religion on his lips and materialism in his heart, refuses to rebuke the greed and selfishness that are eating into the heart of our civilization; who is ever ready with apologies for the wrongs, the injustice, the artificiality and hypocrisy of conventional life, and who is crying, "All is well!" while thousands starve within cannon-shot of lordly palaces that have risen as the result of privilege and plunder. He is a *true* optimist; and because he has faith in humanity, because he believes that the sunrise is before and not behind the race, he has the courage that has ever marked the great prophets of progress—that courage which braves ridicule, sneers, and even persecution in defense of justice and truth. He realizes that the

advancement of humanity has been carried forward by the great conscience voices who from time to time have dared to become the witnesses for God's great Law. The trend of life is upward, but it is a solemn and melancholy fact that the rise has been over the graves of successive civilizations that refused to choose aright—civilizations that committed suicide by putting aside the eternal demands of love and justice for selfish gain and material advancement. This great thought, which is emphasized in several poems, is boldly brought out in the following stanzas, entitled "The Witness of the Dust":

Voices are crying from the dust of Tyre,
From Baalbec and the stones of Babylon—
"We raised our pillars upon Self-Desire,
And perished from the large gaze of the sun."

Eternity was on the pyramid,
And immortality on Greece and Rome;
But in them all the ancient Traitor hid,
And so they tottered like unstable foam.

There was no substance in their soaring hopes:
The voice of Thebes is now a desert cry;
A spider bars the road with filmy ropes
Where once the feet of Carthage thundered by.

A bittern booms where once fair Helen laughed;
A thistle nods where once the Forum poured;
A lizard lifts and listens on a shaft
Where once of old the Colosseum roared.

No house can stand, no kingdom can endure
Built on the crumbling rock of Self-Desire:
Nothing is Living Stone, nothing is sure,
That is not whitened in the Social Fire.

The above solemn and warning words embrace the history of every civilization that has exalted the materialism of the market as the creed of life. But for America our poet dreams of a happier fate. He believes that she will have the wisdom to be true to her sacred trust—the holiest mission ever undertaken by a great free people. In a strong poem, entitled "The Errand Imperious," Mr. Markham, after characterizing England, Russia, Germany, and the "kingdoms by the Midland

Sea," turns to our Republic with this lofty vision and passionate appeal:

> But hearken, my America, my own,
> Great Mother, with the hill-flower in your hair!
> Diviner is that light you bear alone,
> That dream that keeps your face forever fair.
>
> Imperious is your errand and sublime,
> And that which binds you is Orion's band.
> For some large Purpose, since the youth of Time,
> You were kept hidden in the Lord's right hand.
>
> You were kept hidden in a secret place,
> With white Sierras, white Niagaras—
> Hid under stalwart stars in this far space,
> Ages ere Tadmor or the man of Uz.
>
> 'Tis yours to bear the World-State in your dream,
> To strike down Mammon and his brazen breed,
> To build the Brother-Future, beam on beam;
> Yours, mighty one, to shape the Mighty Deed.
>
> The armèd heavens lean down to hear your fame,
> America: rise to your high-born part!
> The thunders of the sea are in your name,
> The splendors and the terrors in your heart.

With these words in mind, the reader will be prepared to enter into *rapport* with the poet as in the master-poem of the volume he depicts America's greatest commoner, Abraham Lincoln. In the wide range of personal poems I know of no characterization that at once displays the power and genius of poet and philosopher as does this magnificent picture of the great Emancipator:

> When the Norn-Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour,
> Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
> She bent the strenuous Heavens and came down
> To make a man to meet the mortal need.
> She took the tried clay of the common road—
> Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
> Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
> Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
> * * * * * *
> The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
> The tang and odor of the primal things—
> The rectitude and patience of the rocks;

The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving-kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

And so he came.
From prairie cabin up to Capitol,
One fair Ideal led our chieftain on.
Forevermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
* * * * * *
He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

Before the passing of Lincoln the cause of chattel slavery went down. America had vindicated her right to be a leader in the van of civilization. But—

"New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth."

The overthrow of chattel slavery was a distinct victory for civilization. It lifted the Republic to a higher plane in her forward march, and from that new eminence new duties were revealed. One form of slavery was destroyed, but another form remained. In the sweat-shops of our great cities, in the coal and iron mines of the mountains, and elsewhere was to be found wage slavery, crushing the joy and growth out of life. Throughout all lands civilization's onward movement had been retarded by the unjust oppression of the many, born of the

avarice, greed, or ambition of the strong. In contemplating Millet's "Man with the Hoe," Edwin Markham, with the eye of a poet-prophet, saw a tangible embodiment of the disinherited ones—those whose development had been retarded and in some instances positively arrested and turned back through the persistent refusal of the masters to admit the claims of brotherhood. It was this deadly sin—this peril that strikes at the heart of civilization—that Mr. Markham saw and felt when he launched his thunderbolt; and in ringing tones, suggestive of the mighty prophets of olden days, demanded—

> Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
> Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
> Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?
> Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
> To have dominion over sea and land;
> To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
> To feel the passion of Eternity?
> Is this the Dream he dreamed who shaped the suns
> And marked their ways upon the ancient deep?
> * * * * * *
> O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
> How will the Future reckon with this Man?
> How answer his brute question in that hour
> When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
> How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
> With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
> When this dumb Terror shall reply to God
> After the silence of the centuries?

As no member of the body can be injured without all members suffering, so our poet holds that an injustice done to one injures all; and, looking forth, he sees the creators of wealth frequently reaping little of what they sow, while those who work not, through privilege or craft, appropriate that which they fail to create. Here again the great fundamental of justice and brotherhood is being ignored. Here the basic law of spiritual life—love—is being pushed aside by self-desire. Hence, a new and an august duty confronts men and women of conscience. "The Sower" of Millet suggests a pregnant lesson to the poet. In him he sees another type:

He is the stone rejected, yet the stone
Whereon is built metropolis and throne.
Out of his toil come all their pompous shows,
Their purple luxury and plush repose!
The grime of this bruised hand keeps tender white
The hands that never labor, day nor night.
His feet that know only the field's rough floors
Send lordly steps down echoing corridors.

* * * * * *

Not his the lurching of an aimless clod,
For with the august gesture of a god—
A gesture that is question and command—
He hurls the bread of nations from his hands;
And in the passion of the gesture flings
His fierce resentment in the face of kings.
This is the Earth-god of the latter day,
Treading with solemn joy the upward way;
A lusty god that in some crowning hour
Will hurl gray Privilege from the place of power.
These are the inevitable steps that make
Unreason tremble and Tradition shake.
This is the World-Will climbing to its goal,
The climb of the unconquerable Soul—
Democracy, whose sure insurgent stride
Jars kingdoms to their ultimate stone of pride.

To the poet the present is big with possibilities—with imperious demands and solemn obligations. The horizon is broader to-day than ever before, and the new social evangel is in essence the gospel that Jesus taught as it relates to the life of to-day. It is attuned to the Golden Rule, and it demands that the fratricidal spirit shall give place to the fraternal spirit; that coöperation of all for all shall take the place of death-dealing competition on the one hand, and of the combination of the few for the exploitation of the many on the other. It insists, in the words of Hugo, that "the hour has struck for hoisting the standard, 'All for all.'" This glorious message of social righteousness, this twentieth-century creed, rings forth clear and strong from many of Mr. Markham's noblest verses. Notably is it embodied in the two poems, "The Muse of Brotherhood" and "The Muse of Labor." In the former the muse, in speaking, says:

I make an end of life's stupendous jest—
The merry waste of fortunes by the Few,
While the thin faces of the poor are pressed
Against the panes—a hungry whirlwind crew.

I come to lift the soul-destroying weight,
To heal the hurt, to end the foolish loss,
To take the toiler from his brutal fate—
The toiler hanging on the Labor Cross.
* * * * * *
My love is higher than heavens where Taurus wheels,
My love is deeper than the pillared skies:
High as that peak in Heaven where Milton kneels,
Deep as that grave in Hell where Cæsar lies.

Still hope for man: my star is on the way!
Great Hugo saw it from his prison isle;
It lit the mighty dream of Lamennais;
It led the ocean thunders of Carlyle.

Wise Greeley saw the star of my desire,
Wise Lincoln knelt before my hidden flame:
It was from me they drew their sacred fire—
I am Religion by her deeper name.

In the second poem, the Muse of Labor speaks thus:

I look upon the ages from a tower;
I am the Muse of the Fraternal State;
No hand can hold me from my crowning hour;
My song is Freedom and my step is Fate.

The toilers go on broken at the heart;
They send the spell of beauty on all lands;
But what avail? the builders have no part—
No share in all the glory of their hands.

I have descended from Alcyone;
I am the Muse of Labor and of Mirth;
I come to break the chain of infamy,
That Greed's blind hammers forge about the earth.
* * * * * *
I stand by Him, the Hero of the Cross,
To hurl down traitors that misspend His bread;
I touch the star of mystery and loss
To shake the kingdoms of the living dead.

Our poet is too much of a philosopher to look lightly upon the great problems that confront all civilized nations to-day, and which as a people our Republic must face. He is too much a man of faith, too much an optimist, to believe that after we

have gone so far upon the road we will fall back into the night, recreant to the holiest trust ever vouchsafed a nation. He believes that the great need of the present will call forth another great leader, as in our other supreme hour it raised up Lincoln. In these fine lines he sings of the new problem and the coming leader:

Swung in the Purpose of the upper sphere,
We sweep on to the century anear.
But something makes the heart of man forebode:
There is a new Sphinx watching by the road!
Its name is Labor, and the world must hear—
Must hear and answer its dread Question—yea,
Or perish as the tribes of yesterday.
Thunder and Earthquake crouch beyond the gate;
But fear not: man is greater than his fate.
For one will come with Answer—with a word
Wherein the whole world's gladness shall be heard;
One who will feel the grief in every breast,
The heart-cry of humanity for rest.

So we await the Leader to appear,
Lover of men, thinker and doer and seer.
* * * * * *
Thrilled by the Cosmic Oneness he will rise,
Youth in his heart and morning in his eyes;
While glory fallen from the far-off goal
Will send mysterious splendor on his soul.
* * * * * *
Though every leaf were a tongue to cry, "Thou must!"
He will not say the unjust thing is just.
Not all the fiends that curse in the eclipse
Shall shake his heart or hush his lyric lips.
His cry for justice, it will stir the stones
From Hell's black granite to the seraph thrones!
Earth listens for the coming of his feet;
The hushed Fates lean expectant from their seat.
He will be calm and reverent and strong,
And, carrying in his words the fire of song,
Will send a hope upon these weary men,
A hope to make the heart grow young again,
A cry to comrades scattered and afar:
Be constellated, star by circling star;
Give to all mortals justice and forgive:
License must die that liberty may live.
Let Love shine through the fabric of the State—
Love deathless, Love whose other name is Fate.

Fear not: we cannot fail—
The Vision will prevail.
Truth is the Oath of God, and, sure and fast,
Through Death and Hell holds onward to the last.

There are many other fine poems in this notable group dealing with the larger problems of life, which I have not the space even to mention; but the lines quoted above will serve to illustrate the noble consistency, the profound faith, and the well-considered philosophy of life that mark the poetry of Edwin Markham. In describing the true function of the poet, Victor Hugo, after giving a vivid picture of the sufferings of the weak and poor through the oppressions of the strong and the privileged classes, notes the almost inarticulate cry of the burdened ones as they grope toward the light. In the presence of their mournful misery "the poet," he tells us, "listens, and he hears, and he looks, and he sees; and he bends lower and lower, and he weeps; and then, growing with a strange growth, drawing from all the darkness his own transfiguration, he stands erect, terrible and tender, above all these wretched ones—those of high place as well as those of low—with flaming eyes. And with a loud voice he demands a reckoning. And he says, Here is the effect! And he says, Here is the cause! Light is the remedy. He is like a great vase full of humanity shaken by the hand within the cloud, from which should fall to earth great drops—fire for the oppressors, dew for the oppressed. Ah! you deem that an evil? Well, we, for our part, approve it. It seems to us right that some one should speak when all are suffering. The ignorant who enjoy and the ignorant who suffer have equal need of instruction. The law of fraternity is derived from the law of labor. The practise of killing one another has had its day; the hour has come for loving one another. It is to promulgate these truths that the poet is good. For that, he must be of the people."

Edwin Markham, more than any other great living poet in the English-speaking world, meets the measure of the great Frenchman's demands.

B. O. Flower.

Boston, Mass.

A CONVERSATION

WITH

EDWIN MARKHAM

ON

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE PRESENT SOCIAL OUTLOOK.

Q. Mr. Markham, as a representative thinker who is deeply interested in the cause of human progress, and who understands that our happiness and progress alike depend upon the expression of the principle underlying the Golden Rule in the social organism as well as in individual life, I desire to obtain your views on the social outlook. Do you see in the rapid concentration of capital now taking place more of promise than of menace to the cause of human progress?

A. I see both a promise and a menace in our rapid concentration of capital—a menace if this concentration goes on unchecked to its logical end, the rich becoming richer and the poor poorer. We are growing wealthy as a nation, and yet the hovels are thickening as fast as the palaces. On the other hand, I see, in the concentration of capital, a promise of better things; for this concentration is making the people think. They are beginning to question the old order, and are beginning to ask whether the World of Wealth and the World of Want are founded in the nature of things—are inevitable; whether, indeed, they are based on the granite of the moral law. The modern man stands facing a great fact of the past and a great problem of the future.

Q. Is it not true that wealth concentrated in the hands of a few has ever been a menace to freedom and to the best expression of life on the part of the multitude?

A. Yes; concentrated wealth is to the public body what congestion is to the human body. An even and constant circulation of riches is the condition of social health.

Q. If this is the case, is there not great peril to free institutions and the cause of human brotherhood in the power being wielded by small groups of men who control, among other things, the natural monopolies of the nation, who are strongly intrenched in the administrative and legislative branches of government, whose influence over the great opinion-forming agencies of the land is very marked, and who, by virtue of their monopolistic power, hold in the hollow of their hand to a large degree the labor of America as well as the control of the price of life's necessities?

A. Yes; whoever controls the work of a man controls his bread and butter, and so controls the man. A man so controlled cannot properly be said to be free. All private monopoly and special privilege is a perpetual menace to freedom.

Q. Do you believe that the practical demonstration of the immense saving possible under combination, and the fact that a few heads can manage and direct the largest and most varied enterprises, overmatch the peril of the present by giving the world the tangible object-lesson necessary to overthrow the deep-rooted prejudice of the people born of age-long competitive theories?

A. Yes; the trust brings us more good than evil; for the trust is serving as a schoolmaster to destroy the outworn and fast-crumbling ideal of competition. The old saw, "Competition is the life of trade," is an epigram that hereafter ought to be found nowhere, save only on the tombstones of extinct economic philosophies. The trust is teaching us that *Coöperation* is the life of trade. The trust, on the side of business, is what the machine is on the side of production—a labor-saving device. The trust can be destroyed no more than the machine can be destroyed.

Q. Do you think that coöperative experiments, such as the Rochdale movement in England, and, still better, the more truly coöperative system inaugurated by Mr. Bradford Peck in

Lewiston, Maine, afford a quicker solution to the great labor problem than does the program of the Socialists?

A. I am not prepared to say that Mr. Peck's experiment in industrial coöperation affords the quickest solution of the great labor problem; but I am convinced that the undertaking is of very high importance, and that it affords the only opportunity I know of to do something practical and permanent for the workers, here and now. The enterprise ought to be looked into by every earnest man, touched at heart by the social sympathies. All honor to Bradford Peck in his resolute endeavor to do something worth while in the world!

OUT OF HIS ELEMENT.

A Story.

BY EVELYN HARVEY ROBERTS.

I.

"Souvenirs for the carnival! Souvenirs for the carnival!" The voice—a man's voice it was, cheery and sweet-toned—seemed strangely familiar to Ray Hollingsworth, as he stopped elbowing his way through the mass of people who had gathered to see the parade; and, turning in the direction of the voice, he saw a young man of delicate form and features, who was working his way along the edge of the crowd where it had surged out into the street, while he called out his bright little button souvenirs in so friendly a way that many bought from sheer good will called forth by the man's own spirit.

"It's Sunny, sure enough!" exclaimed Hollingsworth; and for a full moment he studied the familiar face, which in spite of its cheerfulness gave proof in the pinched look about the mouth that it was a brave spirit, not simply a happy one, that dwelt within. Then, too, the pretty, delicate color of the cheeks shaded off strangely into an ashy tint near the ears and jaw; and the clear blue eyes, even though glancing brightly into the faces around, nevertheless gave signs, to those who could read, that the man was not a stranger to suffering.

As Hollingsworth stood there for that brief moment there was time enough for two very distinct emotions to possess him—a mixture of pity and admiration for the man whom one short year ago he had merely endured as he had endured all the others with whom his lot had been cast, and a very unusual yet keen dissatisfaction with himself.

A masterful pushing aside of the intervening people—and he had grasped the other's hand.

"Stewart, old man! How are you?"

Hollingsworth was even more surprised at his own cordiality than was Stewart himself; but in a moment the embarrassment had been forgotten in the interest each felt for the other.

"Why, Hollingsworth, you back here again? Hope it's only to see the sights of the carnival, and not for your health? Oh, well (Stewart had seen the truth in the look of bitterness that swept over the dark face), you're looking so well it can't be *much* the matter. And besides, this is a pretty fine place *to have* to come to, now ain't it? Just look at those mountains!"

There was very little to be seen from their point of view, just a glimpse of brilliant blue peaks above the houses near by; but Stewart had touched the right chord, for the one thing that had made his previous stay in the North Woods little short of a purgatorial penance to Hollingsworth was the great natural beauty of the region, a beauty to which he was keenly sensitive.

"Oh, yes," came the rejoinder in a listless voice; and for a moment the spoiled child of Fortune, absorbed in the thought of his own trouble, stamped out a series of footprints in the snow, while the one who had struggled all his life against heavy odds walked a few paces down the line, calling out persuasively, "Souvenirs for the carnival! Souvenirs for the carnival!"

As Stewart worked his way back to where Hollingsworth stood musing, the cry struck Ray in a new light.

"By the way, Stewart, s'pose I'll have to have some of those things to send away as mementoes of this grand affair." The cynical expression was followed by a softer light in the eyes as he added: "Let's have a dozen of 'em. Hey? Not so many left? Been doing well, have you? Well, yes; five 'll do just as well. But how are you, Sunny, anyway?" The word would come out in spite of him, it suited so perfectly.

"Oh, pretty fair. Yes, I'm all right—now."

Hollingsworth learned later that Stewart had risen from a sick-bed that very day in order to sell his wares, so as to eke out his "living," as it is called.

Just then the approaching pageant came in sight, and all further talk was limited to comments on the decorated sleighs and floats, suggestive of camp life and North Woods industries. By the time the parade had passed the intense cold made every one eager for shelter; and so, with a mere "Good-by" to Stewart, Hollingsworth had jumped into the 'bus, which was soon climbing the road to the Sanitarium where, as he had expressed it that very morning, he "was doomed to another incarceration."

But as the horses turned into the grounds at dusk and the brilliant lights from the twenty cottages streamed out across the deep snow, giving the heavily-laden trees an added beauty, the restfulness and good cheer of the place crept even into the discontented heart of the newcomer; and as he stepped on to the wide piazza of the main building, he stood for a moment half conscious of the general air of comradeship and gaiety, yet thinking this time, not of self, but of the man he had left in the village.

What were his surroundings? A meager room tucked up under the roof in a second or third rate boarding-house, most probably.

"By Jove," exclaimed Hollingsworth aloud, "he doesn't look strong enough to climb a single flight of stairs, and that's a fact!"

As 'bus after 'bus of the returning sight-seers drew up at the steps and yielded up its load of apparently happy-hearted young folks, who stood chatting in groups or strolled up and down the wide veranda while waiting for the bell to summon them to supper, Hollingsworth felt a growing desire to be one with them. Despite the intense cold of midwinter and the white-robed earth, the place—with its colonnaded piazza well supplied with electric lights, its gay throng of young folks, its laughter and happy voices—was suggestive of a summer hotel, though far richer than such resorts in the elements of

fellowship and freedom; and the quiet observer who had withdrawn into the shadow by the door now warmed as much toward these people as he had formerly shrunk from them. A hunger for companionship possessed him, and as he passed into the great hall and thence into the office to report his arrival he was conscious of feeling almost glad to be there. Life somehow seemed richer and fuller than it had any time since that dark hour when he had lost his fortune and his health almost simultaneously.

The bell sent forth its good news of a waiting supper, and Hollingsworth passed with the rest into the large and pleasantly lighted dining-room, where he found himself seated by the "little woman in white," as some called her, Miss Rutherford, who was at that time the only trained nurse in the place.

As he had formerly been under her charge (not so much because of his physical condition as because he imagined he needed all the peculiar advantages that came with a room in the Infirmary), they were soon chatting pleasantly.

"And how is your mother, Mr. Hollingsworth?" asked Miss Rutherford, in her low, sweet voice. "How favored you are to have her come up here so often!"

"I'm not so sure about that—that is, I mean," explained Hollingsworth, hastily, "of course, it was awfully good of my mother to come, and all that, you know; but I'm not sure but it hurt me in a way. I'm beginning to think I missed something when I was here before."

The Sanitarium, although thoroughly well appointed in every respect and unusually pleasant as regards surroundings and general plan, is nevertheless conducted in such a way as to allow wage-earners and people of very limited means to receive its benefits. It was in fact founded with that end in view, its originator and father being a man of wide and deep sympathies and one whose love for his brothers always blossoms in works of practical helpfulness. But it was just because the patients came mainly from the class of breadwinners that Hollingsworth had held aloof; for although obliged through the loss of his fortune to avail himself of its moderate

charges, he nevertheless had done so in a spirit of rebellious protest and exclusiveness. His mother, too, had encouraged him in his feeling of superiority; and while, because of her anxiety over his health she had urged him to remain in the Sanitarium, she had nevertheless increased his dissatisfaction by constantly bemoaning the fact that he was so entirely "out of his element."

Having lived like a king all his life, Hollingsworth found it impossible to associate with the patients except in a spirit of condescension; and this attitude of his had made the self-respecting, independent men and women give him a wide berth. So that his first stay there had been a most gloomy one; and, failing to derive any pronounced benefit, he had left the place confident that he would now find more congenial surroundings. But though he could leave the place, which had failed to please him, the spirit of dissatisfaction was not so easily disposed of. Wherever he went in quest of health his limited means threw him in contact with people who were in the same or harder circumstances, so that his surroundings were in no way bettered, and inwardly there was always the same haughty rebellion against fate—the same feeling of exclusiveness.

After each new move, resulting as it invariably did in a strengthening of his proud consciousness that he was not able to find enjoyment with the common herd,—that he was in fact a stranger in a strange land,—his thoughts had reverted more and more to the place he had left in scorn. The range of mountains on which he had feasted his eyes, day in and day out, would come before him, now robed in their rich blue tints or again wearing their gorgeous hues of the sunset hour, and his heart yearned for those quiet, faithful friends that had ministered so gently, so unobtrusively to his need.

Then again there would come some reminiscence of the good times which the patients all around him were having, and which he had watched more than he had been aware of at the time. As he looked back at it, the general air of the place drew him irresistibly—the freedom of it all, the comradeship and unconventionality; and he realized at last how singularly free

the institution was from any marked element of invalidism. "Why," he exclaimed, in surprise, as he ran over the various patients in his mind, "hardly one of them looked even delicate! And what good times they had together playing games, reading, roaming the woods and hills, both summer and winter!" Hollingsworth's heart fairly hungered for the happy companionship that he now knew might have been his. So at last he had yielded to his longing and had voluntarily gone back, only to indulge in his bitter remarks about "incarceration" to the first old acquaintance he had met.

But this was owing as much to his rebellion at the loss of his health as to the surroundings, for he had not yet been able to reconcile himself to his reverses. That one who had formerly had everything—that a favorite of Fortune—should lose both health and wealth was incomprehensible to him. Surely, blame must rest somewhere! And yet as that first day in the mountains had worn on and Hollingsworth had seen the one who had rightly earned the name of "Sunny"—a *man* in very truth—he had been shamed into a new frame of mind. For the first time in his life he actually felt grateful that he was what he was. To his surprise he had awakened to the fact that in most respects he was a strong and vigorous man. His was not a frail, almost girlish physique, like the brave young Stewart's.

Hollingsworth had squared his shoulders and walked a few paces in the crowd while the parade was passing, just to feel his vigor: just a little weakness in the region of the chest, a little shortness of breath, but fine muscles, good hard flesh, and a brain clear and active. A strong will? Why, yes, of course! And he laughed at the mere suggestion that he, the masterful one, should be lacking in will power.

"Well, what then? Could I meet cheerfully what that man over there——"

"But then, of course," came the thought, "he's used to that sort of thing. He's *always* had to make his way in life—he's right in his element; whereas I——"

A scowl settled slowly into the dark eyes, and when the dis-

play of floats had passed Hollingsworth had merely called a "Good-by" to Stewart as he jumped into the 'bus, which was starting for the Sanitarium two miles out of the village.

This night, as he sat chatting with Miss Rutherford, a sudden resolve took shape in his mind. A strain of some popular air had floated in from the parlor, where many of the patients are wont to gather after supper, and half in pride, half in generosity, he walked out of the dining-room through the large hall and straight up to the piano, where a young man of very ordinary musical talents was regaling himself—if no one else. As he finished the piece Hollingsworth asked him for a selection which he knew to be far beyond the young man's power, and in a moment the schemer of mixed motives had acquiesced in the request that came from those around him that he should play the selection himself.

This was but the beginning. From that hour Ray Hollingsworth became to the music-lovers of the place a godsend in very truth; and gradually through this one bond his sympathy opened toward many of the patients, and almost imperceptibly life became sweeter and richer through the fellowship that soon was his.

II.

"Dust to dust, ashes to ashes!" The time-worn words uttered perfunctorily at the open grave fell upon deaf ears as far as Hollingsworth was concerned; for the poor, frail, worn-out body that had been lowered to its quiet resting-place had passed entirely from Ray's mind. To him it had actually ceased to be. He could not even think of it.

Look where he would, whether at the endless surfaces of whitest snow made all the whiter by the shadows of intensest blue, which lay on the earth's cool breast, or whether his glance rested on the encircling mountains clothed in the deep, deep blues thrown out the more impressively by the great belt of dark-green pines on their lower slopes, or if he gazed up into the sapphire heavens, everywhere, in all things, he saw the bright light of eyes that looked out patiently and fearlessly—

nay, was it not joyfully?—into the eternal presence of the great encompassing Life.

The little group of human forms gathered there in the bitter cold to express the love and honor called into being by one brave, unpretentious soul were as if they were not to Hollingsworth; for his eyes saw more than form that day, and it was not until the black-robed mouthpiece of ancient thought became a man and spoke his own words that there was aught in the service for Ray.

When Mr. Gray, the rector, had finished the stereotyped words, his face suddenly shone with the glory of real life, and in spite of the extreme cold he removed his hat, saying, in a tone that thrilled with feeling:

"Friends, I cannot refrain from giving my personal testimony in honor of him whose poor body we have laid to rest but whose spirit has passed on triumphantly into the larger life. To meet one such hero as our brother is the privilege of a life-time. He often used to ask me to come to see him, and it was my delight to do so; for never did I look into his brave face without receiving an impulse toward a nobler, a more heroic life. It would seem as if nothing could quench his sunny spirit, nothing could daunt his courage. Born though he had been in the lower part of New York City; brought up amidst surroundings that are not supposed to refine; deprived of all that is called the higher education, and dependent entirely from early youth upon his own exertions; afflicted at last, while still a young man, by a fell disease, this brave spirit nevertheless shone forth upon his more privileged brothers with a light so pure, so constant, that one could not help believing in a life superior to the body. Never did I see that man without learning a lesson in patience and courage. It would seem as if the less he had in outward circumstances to encourage the more did he call up from within a spirit of cheerful resolution. I have known that poor, weak body to be brought low by an attack so severe that it was a marvel how life still dwelt within, and yet as I entered the room the eyes of the man would flash forth the message of good cheer

that his tongue, for the time, could not speak. Truly, it seemed as if he was never so much in his element as when laid low and stripped of all outward support. Adversity never conquered, but rather served grandly *to reveal the conqueror.* God help us each and all to be better men and women for having known a moral hero!"

The rector's simple but heart-felt words touched Hollingsworth as no sermon had ever done, and turning on his heel he strode off up the road to the Sanitarium, a conflict of emotions surging within him.

On reaching his cottage he found the place far too small for his present mood, and fastening on his snow-shoes he started up the mountain, at first wandering aimlessly through the great maple-bush, but finally striking the trail that leads to the top; this he followed, covering the ground with great strides until fairly out of breath and then stopping for a moment to gaze on the sunset glory that was beginning to flood the skies. The trail leads southward, rising for the most part gradually and keeping always to the highest ridge or backbone of the mountain, so that on either side Hollingsworth could see the horizon through the naked branches of the great trees of the forest.

Momentarily the western sky increased in vividness of coloring till it glowed as if on fire, while to the east glimmered the more delicate yet equally beautiful tints of pink and lilac that were thrown off by the range of mountains across the river valley. It was a carnival of color, and so cold was it that resounding reports came from all sides as if wood-sprites were pelting small rocks at larger ones.

When within a short distance of the mountain-top Hollingsworth stopped, this time from sheer joy at the radiant beauty that enveloped him; yet, after all, it served simply as a background to the vision of moral beauty on which his inner eyes were resting. With the rapidity of lightning the last two months passed before him. Now he was sitting up all night in the little stuffy room where Stewart lay prostrated by repeated hemorrhages, so that he could neither speak nor move;

now he was watching the "little woman in white" whose gentle ways and unselfish devotion to her "Sunny" had all unconsciously spoken volumes to the haughty rebel against Fortune's fickle ways.

As he stood there on the mountain side, the glistening snow, catching the sky's bright mood and sparkling with rainbow lights, spoke eloquently to him of that white-robed woman, shining so daintily yet brilliantly with the glory of a self-renouncing love.

Day after day had she spent in the service of one who could repay her only in the spirit's coin, while all the time she attended night after night to her duties in the Sanitarium, while other friends took turns at Stewart's bedside.

Then finally, her natural diffidence being overcome by her desire to make the sufferer as comfortable as possible, Miss Rutherford had asked that he might be brought to the Infirmary, not as a patient (for his case would not admit of that), but as her friend.

How vividly did it all stand out before Hollingsworth!—the look of perfect happiness on Sunny's face as he lay in the dainty room of his faithful friend; the alternating moods of playfulness and quiet endurance when bodily weakness dominated, and those last two days when exhaustion compelled silence and robbed the blue eyes for a while of their light; then the crowning hours when spirit conquered once more, and the light of life shone forth in all its glory—radiant yet calm, masterful yet gentle, to the last.

"Never a word of moralizing," mused Hollingsworth, pushing on up the mountain, seeing now naught of the outward beauty but only the glory that had shone forth from the man's blue eyes. "He did not need to preach; he *lived.*"

As he climbed the last steep ascent Ray's feet emphasized each word: "Sunny, Sunny Stewart, you did not need to preach; *you lived!* Ray Hollingsworth, you coward!—whining like a child about being out of your element. Bah! I blush for you!"

He had reached the top, and, with a dash up over the little

citadel of rocks to the very highest point, he stood spellbound at the magnificent panorama before him.

To the right the sun, a ball of fire, rested on the crest of mountains black as night, while all around hung dark masses of clouds showing brilliant shades of orange and red between. But the eye could not be held exclusively to where the sun-king on his throne of ebony was holding court so majestically, for all the wide heavens were declaring the glory of God. Streaming out from the glowing west and spreading all around the horizon, brilliant rose and violet vied with each other for supremacy. Yet, strive as they might to mount the heavens, the great blue vault above remained untouched save to pour forth its sapphire light with more than queenly confidence and power. So clear, so cold was it that the air visibly vibrated, and the lone spectator, seeing as it were the inner vision objectified, trembled for very joy.

Silently he gazed at Beauty—westward at the sinking sun, southward and eastward at the great ranges of mountains reflecting the glory of the west, and so on around toward the northern sky where delicacy reigned supreme; and then the words came softly: "The beauty of holiness! It is the beauty of holiness!"

Thus gazing steadfastly into the heart of things—or was it into the clear blue eyes of Sunny?—the man was transformed; the hard lines of dissatisfaction melted away and a quiet smile rested on his lips and in his eyes.

"Out of your element, Ray Hollingsworth; out of your element, did you say? Yes, truly, while you were dodging and cringing before adversity. But henceforth, no! Adversity, I take you for my friend, and I will let you make of me the man I admire!"

Glancing down miles away to the little snow-clad cemetery, then raising his eyes quickly to the shimmering blue above as if in protest to his momentary thought of death, and stretching out his arms, he cried: "Thou brave and sunny one, thou who hast conquered gloriously, teach me the way of life that I may never again be out of my element!"

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

By B. O. Flower.

HOW CLEVELAND STAMPED OUT SMALLPOX.

Mayor Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland, Ohio, is unquestionably the bravest, strongest, most sanely progressive, and fearlessly true municipal chief in America to-day. He has achieved victories for honest economic and social government in the face of the most powerful and determined opposition, and the only reason that his victories have not been more sweeping and State-wide in influence has been due to the almost invincible influence of corrupt interests long intrenched in power and waxing great through injustice and at the expense of the people. The true statesmanlike qualities that mark Mr. Johnson's public work are as conspicuously illustrated in his wisdom in selecting men to assist him in municipal duties as in his magnificent personal fight made in the interests of juster social and economic conditions, and in his effort to call American citizens back to the old democratic ideals that are the hope of free government.

A striking illustration of this keen discernment in the selection of men charged with the most weighty responsibilities is seen in his choice of a head for the health office of Cleveland. Through the happy selection of Dr. Martin Friedrich, Cleveland to-day enjoys an immunity from smallpox, while other cities are filled with the dreaded disease, and armies of physicians and boards of health are vainly trying to cope with it through vaccination. It would be difficult to overestimate the importance of Dr. Friedrich's victory. He has opened the way for the stamping out of this scourge without running the risk of sowing the seeds of disease or corrupting the blood and endangering the life of the people. His method is strictly scientific and in perfect alignment with twentieth-century thought, and, if promptly acted upon by other municipalities, not only will smallpox be controlled, but there will be a marked diminu-

tion in the ravages of other "germ diseases." So significant is the victory for science, so important and far-reaching is its promise for cities threatened with smallpox epidemics, that, in conformity with the settled policy of THE ARENA to keep abreast with the best progressive thought of the period, we requested Dr. Friedrich to furnish us with full and authentic data as to his method of procedure and the results that have followed its inauguration. In reply he has kindly prepared the following important statement for THE ARENA:

"It affords me great pleasure to state that the house-to-house disinfection freed Cleveland from smallpox. Since August 23, 1901, to this very hour of writing, not a single case has originated in this city, but seven cases were imported. The disease raged here uninterruptedly since 1898. We relied upon vaccination and quarantine as the most effective weapons to combat it, but in spite of all our efforts it doubled itself every year and was in a fair way of repeating the record of last year, as in 1900 we had 993 cases, and from January 1st to July 21, 1901, the number amounted to 1,223. On this date I was called to take charge of the health office, with seventeen cases on hand. I had been in the city's employ ever since 1899, and it had fallen to my lot to investigate and diagnose most of the cases of smallpox that occurred in Cleveland. During that time I observed that, after disinfection with formaldehyde of a house in which we had found smallpox, never another case could be traced to this house. On the other hand, vaccination had given us many untoward symptoms. Frequently it did not 'take' at all. One-fourth of all cases developed sepsis instead of vaccinia. Some arms swelled clear down to the wrist joint, with pieces of flesh as big as a silver dollar and twice as thick dropping right out, leaving an ugly, suppurating wound, which to heal took in many cases over three months. Finally, four cases of tetanus developed after vaccination, so that the people became alarmed, and rightly so.

"I laid these facts before Mayor Johnson and proposed to stop vaccination entirely and instead of it disinfect thoroughly with formaldehyde every section of the city where smallpox had made its appearance; also to give the city a general cleaning up. The Mayor not only consented to my plan, but also gave me all aid needed. I formed two squads of disinfectors, preferring medical students for the work. Each squad consisted of twenty men, with a regular sanitary patrolman at their head, and each man was provided with a formaldehyde generator. Thus equipped they started out to disinfect every section of the city where the disease had shown its head, and every house in this section, no matter if smallpox had been within or not, and every room, nook and corner of the house, special attention being paid to winter clothes that had been stored away, presumably laden with germs. It took over three months to do the work, but the result was most gratifying. After July 23d seven more cases developed, the last one August 23d.

"In order to give you an adequate idea of what we did here to get rid of smallpox, I have to mention the investigation department, consisting of physicians who were thoroughly familiar with every phase of the disease. They were day and night at the disposal of the health department. They had to investigate every suspicious case in town, and whenever they found a case of smallpox they asked the patient the following questions:

"Who visited you during the last two weeks?

"Whom have you visited during the last two weeks?

"Have you been at any public meeting during that time, and who was present, to your knowledge?

"Where do you work?

"Where do the children attend school?

"Where does your family attend divine worship?

"This information obtained, they started out to all the indicated addresses. They asked the foreman, preacher, and teacher for all absentees during the last month from shop, church, or school, and then visited the house of every one of them. They 'phoned their findings to the health office, and disinfectors with formaldehyde generators were kept ready to follow the step of the investigators and disinfect where there was the slightest suspicion of an exposure to smallpox. Along with this the regular sanitary police force was given orders to make a house-to-house canvass to tell the public to clean up their yards, barns, and outhouses, and abate all nuisances that could be found. As a result of it Cleveland is now free from smallpox, and from the worst infected city it has become the cleanest."

The results of Dr. Friedrich's campaign of disinfection confirm the recent observations of Dr. H. Valentine Knaggs, M.R.C.S., of London, England, who in a recent number of the *Medical Brief* says: "Smallpox is generally conceded to be a filth disease, propagated by a definite microbe, which, like the microbe of tuberculosis, typhoid fever, and diphtheria, flourishes and spreads in unsanitary, overcrowded areas. Any treatment to be effectual would have to be preventive as well as curative."

Dr. Knaggs, although he has for many years practised vaccination, inclines to the belief that the wedding of the profession to vaccination has proved unfortunate in that it has served to prevent the same concentration of thought, by experts and scientific physicians, on smallpox that has been given to diphtheria, typhoid fever, "and other analogous scourges of mankind for which vaccination is not an accepted form of treatment." This physician has great faith in the efficacy of sulphur in time of smallpox contagion. He makes the very significant observation that "it is known to be absolutely impossible to

vaccinate a person successfully who is taking sulphur, or even onions—a vegetable that is very rich in sulphur constituents."

If persons taking sulphur are immune from the effect of vaccine virus, might not this powerful enemy of germ diseases also fortify them against the germs of smallpox? This certainly is a thought worthy of consideration, especially in the light of further evidence that Dr. Knaggs advances from numerous recognized authoritative sources in England, Scotland, Canada, and elsewhere, where sulphur, administered externally in ointment and internally, first in glycerine and later as sulphurous lemonade, has proved most effective in drying up the smallpox pustules and causing them to fall away without a particle of pitting, while its administration has also greatly modified the severity of the disease.

The observations of the English scientist and the practical demonstration of the American physician suggest a method of attack that we believe will prove effective in controlling if not in entirely stamping out smallpox during the next few decades. Both aim at attacking the disease by eradicating the microbe with powerful germ destroyers; and, moreover, the procedure is strictly rational, scientific, and in harmony with the best progressive thought of the age. Dr. Friedrich has done far more than deliver Cleveland from the scourge of smallpox: he has given the world one of the most important object-lessons in the practical value of sanitation to be found in the history of modern science.

* * *

NEW ZEALAND IN THE VAN OF PROGRESS.

In his last annual address the prime minister of New Zealand put to confusion the reactionary and capitalistic economists in England and America who have so recklessly attacked the socialistic government of the island, and who, either in the interests of ancient and outgrown ideas and prejudices or in the service of corporations and individuals who exploit the many for the enrichment of the few, have declared not only that the reform measures had brought New Zealand to the verge of financial ruin but that even Premier Seddon, the head and front of the radical party, had admitted the grave conditions that threatened the colony with financial embarrassment.

The alarmist report so industriously circulated by capitalistic

journals, like so much of the alleged economic news appearing in ultra-conservative publications and inspired by interested parties, is wholly without legitimate foundation. Prime Minister Seddon not only did not say that the government was embarrassed, but in his latest report he proves conclusively that it is in a remarkably healthy condition.

There is, of course, one fact that should be considered in all comparisons between New Zealand and lands where natural monopolies are owned and operated by the few largely at the expense of the many. The government of New Zealand builds, owns, and operates her own railroads, telegraphs, and other great public utilities. She also has condemned and purchased large tracts of land once held by speculators, in order that actual settlers might build and own homes, and she has advanced money to her people. All this, while it represents large sums of money borrowed by the government, unlike money spent in wars is not thrown away, but rather is secured to the people, while at the same time it represents expenditures that cannot fail rapidly to augment the real wealth of the realm. It also promotes the development of the individual and society under conditions far more favorable than obtain in any other civilized land.

The fact that, owing to the great cost of development of public utilities, the increase in the government debt of $300 per family seems large affords jugglers with figures, who depend on presenting partial facts only and instituting comparisons entirely unwarranted, the opportunity for the absurd statements which have been made and which on their face seemed fair and convincing. The servants of capitalism did not state that at least three-fourths of the debt of New Zealand represents government investments in railroads, telegraphs, land settlements, and similar expenditures, which are not only wise and safe but are investments that favor future national prosperity, the happiness and comfort of the people, and the augmentation of the wealth of the island.

Another fact that ingenious economists were careful to omit, when discoursing on the volume of the national debt, is that the three-fourths of the debt, to which I have referred, annually earns $300,000 more than the amount necessary to meet the interest on the bonds it represents.

While the United States and England are conducting enormously expensive and essentially unjust wars of subjugation, New Zealand, with no war debt, has been expending money to

develop the resources of the nation, and to help all her citizens to become prosperous, independent, and happy; and furthermore, she has had the wisdom to guard against the debauching of the morals of the nation by the fostering of trusts, monopolies, and capitalistic organizations such as are the supreme menace of our government to-day.

Nor is this all. The facts brought out by the prime minister not only confute the false statements of the economic servants of capitalistic interests, but they reveal a prosperous condition highly gratifying to all friends of progressive democracy and governmental fraternalism.

Ten years ago the wealth per family in New Zealand was $5,700; to-day it is $7,400, while the population has increased 19 per cent., the exports 40 per cent., and bank deposits 60 per cent. In this land there are no small groups of millionaires becoming a menace to the government and a burden to the people through special privileges, nor are there the extremes of poverty found elsewhere. The motto, "From each man according to his ability; to each man according to his need," seems to be the actuating spirit of this government; and as a result the land is prosperous and the people are becoming independent and happy.

During the last year the government reduced the railroad fares over six per cent., in accordance with its settled policy to reduce fares and charges whenever conditions warranted it, so that the people should have the benefit of their great roads, and not, as in this country, have to bear "all the traffic will stand" in order further to enrich a few over-wealthy capitalists. Many alarmists predicted that the cut in the fares would embarrass the government, but they proved false prophets, as the increase in travel was so great that the government returns were larger than ever.

It is well to remember that under the present radical or socialistic rule New Zealand owns and operates her railroads, telegraphs, and telephones. She provides government insurance, old-age pensions, employment for the unemployed, and is rapidly moving toward nationalization of land, as will be seen from the following observations of Mr. Henry D. Lloyd in his admirable work, "Newest England":

"Both in the land and fiscal policy of New Zealand, since 1891, there has been this ruling purpose—to put an end to 'private ownership' of land in the old sense and with the old immunity from social control, and to replace it by a 'private

ownership' of the tenant under the State with social control for social advantage. The New Zealanders are well on the way to the realization of what no people have yet had—an inalienable fatherland."

In many respects this island realm is the most truly democratic and enlightened government of the present time.

* * *

HALL CAINE ON CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIALISM.

Mr. Hall Caine recently delivered an address at the Industrial Bazaar held under the auspices of the Labor Council of Manchester, England, in which he placed himself unequivocally on the side of those who represent the great world movement that insists upon coöperation of all for all taking the place of combinations of the few for the exploitation of the many.

Mr. Caine, unlike many of the master minds of the new crusade, did not base his argument primarily upon the absolute justice, on the far-sighted wisdom, or on the necessity of the new ideal being accepted in order that civilization may escape the eclipse of all peoples who have permitted combinations of capital in the hands of the few, and the demoralization and obscuring of the moral vision that invariably accompany this injustice. He insisted upon the acceptance of the demands of the social reformers because they represent the heart and soul of the message of the Gospel so far as it relates to man in his social relations. In this address, while insisting that "the Gospel is a great social message," the novelist calls attention to the Lord's Prayer. "The only prayer," he observes, "which Christ taught His people, the prayer into which, presumably, He gathered up (from whatever sources) the whole sum of His teachings, all His parables and sermons, is a social message of overwhelming force. Look at it clause by clause. It begins with the words, 'Our Father.' Could anything more plainly indicate the equality of all men? If God is our Father, all men are our brothers."

And again he continues:

"The Lord's Prayer says, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' Could anything indicate more clearly the desire for relief from economic distress, or doom to more absolute condemnation the laws of land and capital which permit one man to live in boundless luxury while they require another to linger in the misery of want? The Lord's Prayer

says, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.' Could anything speak plainer on the true relation of man to organized society, and the duty of nation to nation, or condemn more absolutely the barbarous methods of settling international disputes by recourse to arms? Above all, the Lord's Prayer says, 'Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven,' and surely nothing could more completely discountenance the conduct of the churches, which, recognizing in all ages the frightful injustices of the existing order, have counseled resignation on the ground that the worst evils of the world, the crying inequalities of the classes, the awful extravagances of the rich, and the fearful privations of the poor, are a part of the divine ordinance, and—paradoxically enough—evils only to be remedied in another and better sphere.

"Can there be a more direct message to the living world than this message of the Gospel? You may call it unpractical and Utopian and out of harmony with the progress of civilization; you may say that Christ is an anarchist, and that Christianity is a useless dream; but you cannot say that the Gospel is not profoundly concerned with the social and economic problems of the world in which we live.

"The labor program is a profoundly religious and Christian propaganda, whoever and whatever its leaders may be, and the powers that are against it are profoundly irreligious and pagan whosoever and whatsoever their advocates are.

"What is the pagan concept of government? The pagan concept of government is authority, and that alone justifies the unconstituted rights, the inequalities, the barbarities, and the miseries that civilization has for two thousand years been striving to break down.

"The Christian concept of government is right, and that asserts the value of the individual soul, the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of men, and all that these imply in uniting mankind into one family."

If Jesus were here to-day he would be found, not on the side of self-seeking commercialism or indifferent and arrogant authority, any more than he was on the side of Herod or the Pharisees when he taught in Galilee. No; he would be found with those who, regardless of the sneers, abuse, and ridicule of smug respectability and conventionalism, are making an effort to relieve the hard lot of the poor and to encourage the advent of peace and justice on earth.

In closing his address, Mr. Caine said:

"Let us adhere to this claim, no matter what opposition we meet with. Whatever they call us—Democrats, Socialists, even Anarchists if they please—let us continue to claim the Gospel for our charter, and the teaching of Christ as the basis of our social message. With this message, as it expresses itself from time to time in the problems we are called to consider, let us meet all our difficulties, knowing that our ap-

peal is to the conscience of man, that the conscience of man is the true expression of the Divine, and that sooner or later, in God's good time, the Divine must prevail."

This voice is only one of many that have recently been added to the growing choir of progress born of a realization that the uncontrollable current and sweep of all that is best in civilization—all that is impelling society upward—is inseparably bound up in the great world dream of coöperation of all for all in opposition to the materialistic and anarchistic ideas now rampant in society, which are seeking through the benefits of combination to reap fabulous fortunes, through a double crime, by exploiting labor and levying unjust tributes upon the consuming public.

In the war of these two great world ideas the conscience force of the world is squarely pitted against a short-sighted, gold-crazed multitude. On which side in this mighty Titanic conflict will the Church range itself?

* * *

A WONDERFUL NEW SYSTEM OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY, WITH EARTH AND WATER AS CONDUCTORS.

Public attention has been so largely centered on Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy that another invention for telegraphing without wires, which in many respects promises to be of greater utility than the discovery of the Italian genius, has attracted comparatively little attention. This is a wireless system of telegraphy, invented by Axel Orling, a young Swede, and J. T. Armstrong, an Englishman, which threatens to revolutionize the telegraphy of the world and by which messages can be perfectly transmitted over a distance of twenty miles with a current of from 4 to 8 volts pressure.

The invention was patented long before that of Marconi, but Messrs. Orling and Armstrong preferred to perfect their invention before bringing it to the attention of the public. The experiments recently made in Great Britain are said to have been as satisfactory as they were astonishing to those that witnessed them.

The Armorl System of Wireless Telegraphy, as the new discovery is christened, is radically unlike the invention of Marconi. The latter utilizes the air, and requires very high

potential currents; while with the former the earth and water are employed as conductors and a very low pressure is necessary. The inventors claim for the Armorl system simplicity of construction, ease in operation, and cheapness of installation and operation. If the claims of the inventors, which in the light of experiments seem well grounded, be realized, it is highly probable that the days of unsightly telegraph poles and wires, and of enormous expense in telegraphing, are well-nigh numbered.

One remarkable feature of the new system is that the messages are only received and transmitted by instruments keyed to the same pitch as that of the transmitter. This has been proved by numerous tests, when instruments tuned to slightly varying keys did not respond to the electric impulses that were promptly answered by the instrument in proper tune.

The inventors claim to have clearly proved that, by sinking small instruments, costing but a few dollars, in the earth at intervals of twenty miles, the message from the first transmitter is taken up and repeated in succession by the instruments to twenty, forty, sixty, eighty, and one hundred miles, and at intervals of twenty miles indefinitely. The electric impulse, it is claimed, is repeated from instrument to instrument with the distinctness of the first message, regardless of the distance from the original transmitter.

If these claims prove true, the days of the overhead wires and the cumbersome paraphernalia of the present system are well-nigh numbered—unless the great telegraph companies can succeed in buying up the new invention and pigeon-holing it, as has been the case with numbers of inventions of great potential value to the public, which monopolies have secured and kept from the people.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

REVIEWED BY B. O. FLOWER.*

LIFE AFTER DEATH AS OUTLINED BY THE SPIRITUALISTIC PHILOSOPHY.

IN THE WORLD CELESTIAL. By T. A. Bland, M.D. With introduction by the Rev. H. W. Thomas, D.D. Cloth, 160 pp. Price, $1.00. New York: The Alliance Publishing Company.

A Book Study.

I.

Three things make this little work remarkable: its authorship, the astounding claims put forth by the writer, and the philosophy and revelation of a future life that it embodies. The author, Dr. T. A. Bland, is widely known throughout America, and especially well known in the city of Washington, where he has long resided. I think all who know him will bear me out in saying that he is one of the most honest, sincere, fearless, and thoughtful men of our time. And, more than this, for the last forty years he has bravely and ably championed almost every just cause that has come before the public. He has been a fearless and indefatigable advocate of the Indian, and indeed of all who have suffered from the injustice and indifference of the strong and the powerful. His pen has wrought great good in the cause of human emancipation and progress, and his works, notably the "Reign of Monopoly," "Farming as a Profession," and "How to Get Well and Keep Well," have enjoyed wide circulation. The latter volume is the result of a long and remarkably successful practise of medicine, for Dr. Bland has been one of the ablest and most scholarly of the liberal medical practitioners of our time. His vigorous mentality has always been the servant of an enlightened conscience, and there has never been a time when he has not unhesitatingly spurned wealth, fortune, and popular applause, when right or the best interests of the people lay in the opposite direction. The sturdy character of the old Puritans, without their intolerance, narrowness, or harshness of spirit, has ever marked his life. Such is the man who has written this work.

II.

Of the character of the volume Dr. Bland observes: "This is a story of exceptionally wonderful experiences, told in a series of con-

* Books intended for review in THE ARENA should be addressed to B. O. Flower, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

versations by a well-known and popular author to his friend, who, by his permission, gives it to the public, veiling the name of the real author under the *nom de plume* of Paul. The writer of the book vouches for the integrity of Paul, and assures the reader that the story is true in its essential facts." And these facts purport circumstantially to describe the heavens or spheres of life across the Great Divide.

At the outset it is only fair to the reader to say that did this work emanate from a less trustworthy source, or did it deal with a less daring and fascinating problem, it would hardly attract much attention, because from a literary point of view it cannot be said to be particularly striking or clever. Dr. Bland, like many of us who are essayists, teachers, and debaters rather than story-writers, is stilted in his style when he comes to narration. His characters lack something of the life and *verve* with which the poets and novelists invest their imaginary creations and which make conversation convincing and pleasing in its effect upon the reader. Moreover, he lacks the wealth of language that we are wont to expect in a story; hence, those who buy the book merely in order to enjoy a captivating romance will, I think, be disappointed in it. Had the author given the contents of this work in the form of essays, eliminating all the story features, it would, I think, have been much more interesting and have compassed more good. Doubtless he would reply that inasmuch as it concerned actual characters in two worlds, and the hero and heroine were personalities rather than abstractions, this would have been no easy matter—a difficulty that, however, might have been easily obviated by condensing the narrative portion into a few pages and giving the observations and arguments in essay form later in the work.

III.

The chief interest in this volume is found in the ethical philosophy it embodies and in the definite revelation it unfolds concerning the heaven or state that awaits the soul of man. The facts presented are in agreement with the uniform testimony of the recognized leaders or exponents of Modern Spiritualism—such men as the late eminent educational and medical authority, Professor Joseph Rodes Buchanan, M.D., Professor Stainton Moses, Professor Henry Kiddle, Professor William Denton, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, William and Mary Howitt, and, among the living, Alfred Russel Wallace, Sir William Crookes, and Gerald Massey. Hence, the teachings of the work are thoroughly representative of the convictions of a large number of highly intelligent and thoughtful people, and as such they are entitled to respectful consideration, even though the reader be not prepared to accept the views set forth, especially since the ethics advanced are inspiring and uplifting.

All earnest truth-seekers among men and women of the twentieth century should be ready and anxious to hear with minds open to conviction the messages of all sincere and thoughtful people concern-

ing the most momentous problem of life, even though the ideas promulgated may fail to appeal to the reason. All such presentations of thought add to the general intelligence and culture and tend to broaden the view of life. No position is so utterly indefensible, unscientific, and hopeless as that of refusing to listen to the views of those conversant with psychic phenomena, to reason upon their conclusions, and above all to search and investigate. On this point Victor Hugo offered some sane and sage advice to shallow pseudo-scientists who ridiculed psychic phenomena without investigating it. In his remarkable work entitled "William Shakespeare," the great Frenchman observes:

"For our part, we think that the strict duty of Science is to test all phenomena. Science is ignorant, and has no right to laugh; a *savant* who laughs at the possible is very near being an idiot. The unexpected ought always to be expected by Science. . . All human knowledge is but picking and culling. The circumstance that the false is mingled with the true furnishes no excuse for rejecting the whole mass. When was the tare an excuse for refusing the corn? Hoe out the weed error, but reap the fact and place it beside others. Science is the sheaf of facts.

"The mission of Science is to study and sound everything. All of us, according to our degree, are the creditors of investigation; we are its debtors also. It is due to us, and we owe it to others. To evade a phenomenon, to refuse to pay it that attention to which it has a right, to bow it out, to show it the door, to turn our back on it laughing, is to make truth a bankrupt and to leave the signature of Science to be protested. The phenomenon . . . of the table of to-day is entitled, like anything else, to investigation. Psychic science will gain by it, without doubt. Let us add that to abandon phenomena to credulity is to commit treason against human reason."

Dr. Bland, in his thoughtful preface, observes:

"Science is no longer limited to the cognition of physical facts, but is extending its explorations into the realm of the occult. The question of the ancient Persian sage, 'If a man die shall he live again?' is now answered in the affirmative by modern savants. The natural and the supernatural are found to belong to the two kingdoms designated the physical and the spiritual. Religion and science are finding a common basis of facts. The one recognizes the universal reign of natural law, and the other the superiority of spiritual forces over physical. The law of etheric vibration explains organic life, not only on the planets, but in the interstellar spaces also. That Nature abhors a vacuum is an old adage of science; yet the vast space between the planets has, till very recently, been regarded as a vacuum, or at least an unexplored region. When it is considered that this vast realm occupies space so great that in comparison the suns and planets are as insignificant as the motes that float in the air we breathe, the question, What does it all contain? becomes of immense importance. That question is answered in this book. . . Paul, the greatest of the Christian writers, says he visited the third heaven on one occasion. Emanuel Swedenborg gave the world a most interesting account of his personal observations in the heavens and the hells of the spirit world. His eminence as a scientist and philosopher and his unimpeachable character for veracity compelled the learned men of all classes to give respectful attention to Swedenborg's account of what he saw and heard in that world where dwell the so-called dead.

. . In all ages prophets and priests have kept the heart of humanity from sinking under earthly burdens and sorrows by stories of a better world which lies beyond the tomb."

The subject dealt with in this book is worthy of serious consideration; and, inasmuch as it is continually made the subject of misrepresentation by prominent thinkers who know little of the philosophy they assail, it is but fair that its leading exponents should be heard in a presentation of exactly what its disciples believe and teach. In his volume on "Christianity in the Nineteenth Century," the Rev. George C. Lorimer departs from his usual broad, temperate, and just attitude and makes a severe arraignment of Spiritualism, Christian Science, and other philosophic concepts which he classes as "isms and schisms." In referring to Spiritualism he makes this statement, which to those conversant with the rich and deeply thoughtful literature of Modern Spiritualism is truly amazing, and indicates a strange ignorance on the part of one who assumes to speak for those who believe in this philosophy. He tells us that, "from the countless alleged communications from the invisible world received since 1849, no ray of light has been thrown on the vexed problems which have for ages troubled mankind. We know no more of God, or the soul, or redemption, or destiny than we did before." And again he says: "Spiritualism, whatever else it does, has never illuminated. There is no light in it. As a religion it is a religion without a message."

On the other hand, the Rev. Minot J. Savage, after an exhaustive study of Spiritualistic literature, observes in his helpful work entitled "Life Beyond Death": "The ethics of Spiritualism, as published by its best representatives, are as high and fine as you can find connected with any religion on the face of the earth." And again, in speaking of its literature, he says:

"There is a whole library of the noblest moral and spiritual teaching that I am acquainted with. I know one book, for example, the author of which was an Oxford graduate, who during a large part of his life was connected with the School Board of the city of London, a member of the Church of England when he began, and afterward a clergyman in that Church, who became a Spiritualist and a medium. His book was written automatically, as he tells us, through his own hand. Sometimes, in order to divert his thoughts from what he was writing, he would sit and read Plato in the original Greek, while his hand was at work on its own account. And this book, contrary to what people ordinarily believe, went squarely against his own religious creeds, and converted him before he got through; and it contains some of the noblest ethical and spiritual teachings to be found in any Bible in all the world."

Complementing Dr. Savage's observations and answering Dr. Lorimer's assertions, as well as giving a brief summary of Spiritualistic beliefs, let me quote from one of the greatest living scientists, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the co-discoverer with Darwin of the evolutionary theory. In his able work entitled "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," the great savant observes:

"The hypothesis of Spiritualism not only accounts for all the facts (and is the only one that does so), but it is further remarkable as being associated with a theory of a future state of existence which is the only one yet given to the world that can at all commend itself to the modern philosophical mind. There is a general agreement and tone of harmony in the mass of facts and communications termed 'spiritual,' which has led to the growth of a new literature and to the establishment of a new religion. The main doctrines of this religion are: That after death man's spirit survives in an ethereal body, gifted with new powers, but mentally and morally the same individual as when clothed in flesh. That he commences from that moment a course of apparently endless progression, which is rapid just in proportion as his mental and moral faculties have been exercised and cultivated while on earth. That his comparative happiness or misery will depend entirely on himself. Just in proportion as his higher human faculties have taken part in all his pleasures here will he find himself contented and happy in a state of existence in which they will have the fullest exercise; while he who has depended more on the body than on the mind for his pleasures will, when that body is no more, feel a grievous want, and must slowly and painfully develop his intellectual and moral nature till its exercise shall become easy and pleasurable. Neither punishments nor rewards are meted out by an external power, but each one's condition is the natural and inevitable sequence of his condition here. He starts again from the level of moral and intellectual development to which he raised himself while on earth.

"Now, here again we have a striking supplement to the doctrines of modern science. The organic world has been carried on to a high state of development, and has ever been kept in harmony with the forces of external Nature, by the grand law of 'survival of the fittest' acting upon ever-varying organizations. In the spiritual world, the law of the 'progression of the fittest' takes place, and carries on in unbroken continuity that development of the human mind which has been commenced here. . . .

"It may be thought, perhaps, that I am here giving merely my own ideal of a future state, but it is not so. Every statement I have made is derived from those despised sources, the rapping table, the writing hand, and the entranced speaker."

Dr. Wallace also quotes the following from the gifted trance medium, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, touching the conditions that prevail in Hades and in Heaven, or in the spheres next to earth and those above:

"Of the nature of those spheres and their inhabitants we have spoken from the knowledge of the spirits, dwellers still in Hades. Would you receive some immediate definition of your own condition, and learn how *you* shall dwell, and what your garments shall be, what your mansion, scenery, likeness, occupations? Turn your eyes within, and ask what you have learned, and what you have done in this, the schoolhouse for the spheres of spirit-land. There—there is an aristocracy, and even royal rank and varying degree; but the aristocracy is one of merit, and the royalty of soul. It is only the truly wise who govern, and as the wisest soul is he that is best, as the truest wisdom is the highest love, so the royalty of soul is truth and love. And within the spirit-world all knowledge of this earth, all forms of science, all revelations of art, all mysteries of space must be understood. The exalted soul that is then fully ready for his departure to a higher state than Hades must know all that earth can

teach, and have practised all that Heaven requires. The spirit never quits the spheres of earth until he is fully possessed of all the life and knowledge of this planet and its spheres. And though the progress may be here commenced, and not one jot of what you learn, or think, or strive for here is lost, yet all achievements must be ultimated there, and no soul can wing its flight to that which you call, in view of its perfection, Heaven, till you have passed through Earth and Hades, and stand ready in your fully completed pilgrimage to enter on the new and unspeakable glories of the celestial realms beyond."

To this the great scientist adds: "Could the philosopher or the man of science picture to himself a more perfect ideal of a future state than this? Does it not commend itself to him as what he could wish, if he could by his wish form the future for himself? Yet this is the teaching of that which he scouts as an imposture or a delusion—as the trickery of knaves or the ravings of madmen—Modern Spiritualism."

Dr. Bland's work is chiefly concerned with a circumstantial description and record of the experiences of a well-known writer while in a trance or cataleptic state extending over several days, and during which the spirit of the sleeper is said to have visited the three spheres of spiritual life above earth, together with facts relating to earth and spirit life as given him by denizens of the earth. When his spirit was projected into space he found the earth girded by zones, spheres, or heavens and hells. Of his experiences on awakening in the spirit sphere the sleeper says:

"There are celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial," says the great apostle, who spoke from personal knowledge; for he had visited the celestial world—so he informs us in one of his epistles.

He says that he was not quite sure whether he took his physical body with him or left it on earth. And, after my interesting visit to the same sphere which he visited, I do not wonder that he was in some doubt on that subject, for I found myself in a body the exact counterpart of the body I occupied on earth, a body to my celestial sense of sight as substantial as my physical body. But, lest you find it difficult to believe on the testimony of two witnesses a fact so out of the common order, I beg leave to call a few others to the stand. Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John—each in turn tells us that, after he had arisen out of his earthly body, Jesus appeared in his heavenly body to quite a number of his friends; that He walked with them and talked with them. That it was His celestial body, and not His physical body, is proved by the fact that he could enter a room when the doors were closed and securely locked, and vanish from their sight instantly; and that, in the presence of quite a large number of men and women, He arose in the air and disappeared from mortal sight, the heavens having opened to receive Him.

The world at large regards these facts as exceptional, miraculous; but you, my friend, do not. You are obliged to discredit them altogether, or else believe that they occurred in accordance with the operations of natural law, and that under similar conditions they could be duplicated.

Most of the time that the sleeper was absent from his body was spent in the third heaven, and much of the book is given to the explanation and philosophy enunciated by the wise spirits who are steadily progressing. Here are some statements which may prove of

interest to our readers, whether they are interested in psychical research or not, because as purely speculative philosophy the following extracts hold a peculiar fascination:

"Each of the planets is surrounded by seven belts of ether, and a still finer fluid which your scientists call argon. These belts are spheres of spirit life. The first includes the earth's surface and its atmosphere, the second begins where the first ends, and ends where the third begins, and so on, to the seventh, which extends to the outer limit of space allotted to the planet. Thus all space is occupied by the planets and their spirit spheres. The ether and argon are gases, and they are heavier in the sphere immediately surrounding a planet than in the next higher, and so on, to the seventh, by reason of the fact that the rate of vibration is higher in each succeeding sphere. People whose intellectual, moral, and spiritual faculties are not very much developed on earth, but who have lived sensuous lives there, pass at death into the first sphere, where they remain until they are fitted for the next sphere. Such persons cannot enter the second sphere until fitted for it. But those in the higher spheres can visit the lower at will, and mingle with their inhabitants freely, and spirits from all the spheres can visit the planet from which they came, but they cannot make their presence known to those in their physical bodies except through the agency of persons endowed with some sort of medial gift, for the reason that the vibration is so low on earth that the sight, hearing, and other senses of its inhabitants are not attuned to the higher rate under which celestial bodies are organized and controlled. . . .

"Spirit is matter in its highest form of organization, and the celestial bodies we wear in the supermundane spheres differ from your earthly bodies in no essential particular; they are finer simply and solely because they are formed of matter which is subject to a higher rate of vibration. You are all familiar with the scientific fact that different colors are produced by different rates of vibration of the universal element called ether, and that when a certain limit in the vibratory scale is passed the invisible color is produced. It may interest you to know that earthly vibrations seem to cease where celestial phenomena begin. I say, *seem* to cease, for it is only seeming. The reason why you cannot see your friends after they arise out of their earthly bodies is because their celestial bodies are formed and controlled by a rate of vibration so high that they cannot make an impression upon your optic nerve filaments, which are adapted to receive impressions from things formed by a lower rate of vibration."

Of the first sphere around the earth, which the sleeper found densely populated, he has much to say. The following extracts, however, will serve to give an intelligent glimpse of the hell of Swedenborg, or the purgatory through which the selfish and undeveloped souls pass ere the heavens are gained:

In his epic poem, "A Tale of Eternity," Gerald Massey makes the dead murderer, in reply to the question, "Where do you dwell?" use these terrible words:

> "I, the doomed murderer, doth dwell
> In heaven's vast shadows, which the good call hell."

On visiting that Plutonian realm I was strongly impressed with the truth of that answer.

The light of the second sphere is much less brilliant than that of the third, and when we passed into the first the landscape seemed

to lie in shadow or under cloud, through which the rays of light struggled feebly. The air seemed heavy and a sense of gloom pervaded all things. The trees, the grass, and the flowers were comparatively inferior—in fact very little, if any, better than those of earth. The buildings, both in town and country, many of them, were mere hovels. The costumes of the people differed greatly; some were what on earth would be styled elegant, some very coarse, and others mean to the last degree. On inquiry I learned that, as a rule, those who were rich on earth are poor here. There are exceptions, but they are not numerous. The great majority of those who were poor on earth are still poor, their condition not being improved by getting out of their earthly bodies. Those only, whether rich or poor, who tried to do their full duty by their fellows according to the best light they had, are in comfortable circumstances here, while all, both rich and poor, who were selfish, sordid, mean, ignorant, and vicious on earth, are poor, miserable wretches here. Those who by shrewd and unjust methods became very rich on earth are paupers or tramps here, and objects of pity. Many who were classed as aristocrats on earth are here lower in the social scale than were the beggars they spurned on the streets or ordered from their doors, through their liveried lackeys; lower than the burglars and thieves who were driven into crime by stress of poverty. . . .

This is purgatory, a place where sin-sick souls remain until, like the Prodigal Son, they come to a realization of their true condition, and through repentance and a desire to reform they find their way into the Father's house. Those who live here are free to go anywhere within the limits of the earth's atmosphere, but many of them do not get very far from the scenes of their earthly lives for many years. They have acquired no interest in the higher spheres, have no treasure laid up in heaven, so they haunt their former earthly homes and places of business and pleasure. They sit silent and unseen in the family circle, yearning for recognition, but unable to make their presence known to their loved ones. They hear themselves spoken of as dead, in tones of sadness, and see the tears of sorrow fill the eyes of wife and children at thought of widowhood and orphanage, and anguish wrings their hearts as in vain they strive to make their weeping ones realize that they are not dead, nor gone far away, but that they still live and love them.

The business man, whose life was devoted to the accumulation of earthly riches, haunts the store, bank, or factory, and worries over his inability to continue in control of it and receive the profits. He finds himself deprived of his wealth, which had cost him a life of labor and sacrifice, and sees it, perhaps, recklessly squandered by his heirs, while he is a bankrupt, a pauper, a tramp.

The politician, the gambler, the saloon-keeper, and others who lived lives of selfishness have similar experiences.

* * * * * * * *

"There are in the first sphere churches representing the various sects of earth, in which preachers who still hold to the doctrine they preached on earth continue their work along the same line they pursued on earth. Those preachers regard the missionaries as heretical intruders at first, but most of them soon become converted and join the missionaries in their work, leaving their pulpits to be filled by preachers less advanced. The membership of the churches is constantly changing, new arrivals taking the place of those who accept the broader views of the missionaries. Converts to the higher faith are more numerous than on earth, for two reasons: The population is vastly greater and the preachers in the spirit world get no salaries."

"I beg your pardon, but do you mean me to understand that there

are more people within the atmosphere of this planet than there are on its surface?"

"Yes, more than a thousand to one, the vast majority of people remaining in the first sphere for a great while—many of them centuries—while the average length of life on earth is about forty years. . . .

"I have said that the purgatories are in the first sphere. Swedenborg calls them hells, and he was correct in saying that there are a great many of them, and that they are graded up from conditions of intense misery to states of comparative comfort. I use the word conditions, for heaven and hell are not so much dependent upon localities as upon conditions. Heaven is a condition of positive happiness. Hell is a condition of unrest, discontent, misery. Envy, hate, revenge, and other selfish passions are elements of hell. They feed its fires. In case they lead to murder, tyranny, or other horrible crimes, remorse takes possession of the guilty soul soon or late, plunging it still deeper into purgatory, from which there is no escape save through the door of contrition, repentance, reform, and reparation."

* * * * * * * *

In the spirit spheres men and women stand revealed to each other, and to themselves; and in the electric light of truth reputations count for naught, character for everything. Good deeds, prompted by pure motives, done on earth, are the treasures in heaven referred to by Jesus, and good motives which, for lack of opportunity, failed to blossom into deeds of kindness or heroism, count for something. The earnest desire to relieve suffering, or better the world, enriches the soul. . . .

Only those can be truly said to be in hell who, being endowed with great talents, used them to rob and oppress their fellows. Such persons realize their condition and deplore their crimes, yet their arrogant pride stands in the way of their reformation. . . .

The process of redemption is in such cases slow and tedious. It is a process of soul growth, moral unfoldment at first, to be followed by genuine repentance, which involves reformation of character, not only, but reparation full and complete. . . Those who occupied the highest positions on earth and used their power selfishly are obliged to perform the most humble services here, not from compulsion but voluntarily. This the law of compensation inexorably requires, not vindictively, but as a *sine qua non* to soul development and final redemption.

The philosophy given the sleeper by the spirits of the higher spheres is of the loftiest character. It is in perfect alignment with that taught by other authoritative leaders of Modern Spiritualism as coming from advanced spirits, and affords an excellent reply to Dr. Lorimer's assertion quoted in the early part of this criticism. Here are a few brief but typical passages, which well illustrate these noble teachings:

Love is not only the greatest dynamic power in the universe, but it is the only creative and sustaining force in existence. All else is transient; love is eternal. All of us have the germ of love as an essential element of our nature. To develop that divine element until it pervades the whole being is to become a true child of God, a citizen of the kingdom of heaven, an heir of eternal life, the possessor of perfect peace, rapturous joy, and happiness supernal. "Perfect love casteth out fear," said Paul. Love is a holy flame that consumes all selfishness, purifies the heart, and lifts us to a plane of life so exalted as to fit us for angelic companionship.

Do you ask, "How can I develop the love element in my nature?"

I answer, Cease to do evil and learn to do good, not only, but cease to have evil thoughts, and entertain good thoughts. "Pray without ceasing" is Paul's advice to you, the literal meaning of which is that you shall earnestly desire and strive to live a true, pure, noble, loving, and useful life. . . Offer your enemy anything but love and he will suspect your motive, but love disarms suspicion, conquers hate, overcomes evil, and transforms enemies into friends. Mercy is love in action; be ye, therefore, merciful.

As I have before observed, the philosophy and description of another life outlined in this work, which came to a thoughtful, truth-loving, and conscientious man while in a profound trance, are in perfect alignment with that which has been given by the leaders of Modern Spiritualism, and which has purported to come from beyond the veil. One may or may not believe in the verity of the vision, as he may accept or reject the vast volume of psychic phenomena that has been thrust upon the consciousness of millions of people during the last half century; but no one can truthfully say that Spiritualism is "a religion without a message," or that "there is no light in it." Moreover, its ethics are noble, and its explanations of the life beyond death do not do violence to reason; while it is the only religion that to-day seeks to carry out the injunction of the Apostle John when he says, "Try the spirits," or which seeks to meet with proof positive the critical modern scientific spirit; and for these reasons it is entitled to the thoughtful consideration of all truth-loving men and women.

WARWICK OF THE KNOBS. By John Uri Lloyd. Illustrated, cloth, 306 pp. Price, $1.50. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

This strong, virile history of the common life in Kentucky during the most tragic period of our history is an admirable companion to "Stringtown on the Pike." What Mary Wilkins has done for New England, what Hamlin Garland is doing for the Northwest and West, Professor Lloyd is doing for northeastern Kentucky. From the fact that the latter deals with colossal yet typical characters, and wisely selects the stirring days of the civil war as the period of action, his works hold a peculiar interest for the reader.

All the principal characters in "Warwick" are typical. At least two of them are distinctly great creations—the old-school Baptist preacher, Warwick, and the uncouth, unlearned, but great-hearted and noble-souled lad, Joshua. No one can read the book and fail to have these images impressed upon the mental retina.

The story opens near Covington, Kentucky, in the days of the great civil war. The stern, austere old Baptist clergyman, an intense Southerner, has two sons under General Morgan, and a daughter and a son at home. Warwick is a man of great strength of character—an old-time Calvinist, who with all his heart and soul believes the hideous doctrine of predestination. The dark shadow thrown by the master mind of the sage of Geneva was never more vividly portrayed than

in the unfolding of this story. The minister should have been one of Cromwell's Ironsides. He was born out of season; and yet, with all the sternness, all the narrowness, all the severity born of a whole-hearted belief in a God who was essentially an arch-fiend, we cannot fail to admire the austere man, who, though blinded and bound by the tenets of a frightful theology, strove to do in all things what he conceived to be right.

The daughter, with her strange dream in which the dead mother came to her and pictured the future—poor little Mary, who vainly strove to tell the dream to her father which would, if heard and heeded, have averted the shame and ruin that came upon the home—she, too, is a type of thousands of girls who are in one way or another psychologized and lured to ruin because they have been neglected in the home, because the wealth of their love-nature has not been rightly directed, and because they believe that the faith and honor of those they love are as great as their own.

And Joshua, the big-hearted brother, is a colossal character, drawn by a master hand; a creation worthy of Dickens, faithful, loving, and brave—too brave to kill the one who ruined his own sister when the pleading faces of the mother and sister of the seducer were before his mind and the entreaties of his own wronged sister rang in his ears. He was the bravest soul of all, and never so brave as when he believed himself a coward.

In some respects "Warwick of the Knobs" is a greater book than "Stringtown on the Pike." It is another distinctly American novel worthy a permanent place in the literature of the New World.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Beyond the Black Ocean: A Story of Social Revolution." By the Rev. T. McGrady. Cloth, 304 pp. Price, $1. Terre Haute, Ind.: The Standard Pub. Co.

"Selected Poems of Henry Ames Blood." Cloth, 88 pp. Price, $1. Washington, D.C.: The Neale Pub. Co.

"Four Epochs of Woman's Life." A Study in Hygiene. By Anna M. Galbraith, M.D. Cloth, 200 pp. Price, $1.25. Philadelphia and London: W. B. Saunders & Co.

"From Fair Hawaiiland." Poems by Maurice McMahon. Cloth, 115 pp. San Francisco: The Stanley-Taylor Co.

"Asphodel Blooms and Other Offerings." By Emma Rood Tuttle. Cloth, 285 pp. Chicago: J. R. Francis.

"The Practise of Charity." By E. T. Devine. Cloth, 186 pp. Price, 60 cents net. New York: Lentilhon & Co.

"The Evolution of Immortality." By S. D. McConnell, D.D., D.C.L. Cloth, 204 pp. New York: The Macmillan Co.

"Annual Reports of the Department of Agriculture for the Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1901." Cloth, 344 pp. Washington: Government Printing Office.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE interview with the native ex-commissioner of education at Manila secured for THE ARENA by our London correspondent, J. Warren T. Mason, and published as the leading feature of this issue, is the most important contribution to our knowledge of Filipino civilization and intelligence that has appeared in any American periodical. Señor Jurado manifests an intimate acquaintance with his subject, and concerning certain aspects of our policy of "benevolent assimilation" his observations are undoubtedly pointed. His analysis of the Philippine friars' historic methods of gaining control of the minds and resources of the natives should suggest to our lawmakers the importance of reckoning first with this elusive element of the population. As a graduate of a local university and a well-wisher of America in its perilous undertaking in the Orient, this patriotic and intelligent Filipino should have the ear of our government officials, especially those having initial charge of colonial legislation.

The recent exhibition of fisticuffs in the United States Senate chamber between two Southern apostles of the "strenuous life" lends a peculiar and illustrative timeliness to our current article on "The New Race Question in the South." The writer, Samuel Armstrong Hamilton, knows whereof he speaks. He is the author of "Winter Life in Florida," "The Cracker," and other well-known books descriptive of Southern conditions, both past and present. His outline of the social and political situation in the South to-day is undoubtedly accurate, and his implication that the Democratic feud in South Carolina (which culminated a few weeks ago in the National Senate) is in reality a race question imparts a new aspect to a contest that heretofore has seemed to be based solely upon the "spoils" of office.

One of the most inspiring and practically suggestive essays presented to ARENA readers in several years is "The Unity of

Christianity and Judaism," in this number. Mr. Theodore F. Seward, the author, is an able advocate and promoter of universal brotherhood; and no obstacle to human advancement is more worthy of such remedial efforts than the age-long but senseless persecution of the Jews. Mr. Seward has submitted proof-sheets of this article to distinguished thinkers of both races, in Europe as well as in America, with a request for a brief expression of opinion as to the suggested unity of religious endeavors, and will embody the results in a supplementary paper now in preparation for an early issue.

With that profound regard for womankind and the interests of the household that is characteristic of THE ARENA, we present three articles this month on topics of universal importance, not to the fair sex alone but to all friends of a progressive civilization. The Hon. Boyd Winchester, Mrs. Cooley, and Mrs. Cruikshank are writers of distinction and well equipped for authoritative discussion of their respective subjects. Miss M. E. Carter will contribute to our next issue a valuable paper on "Wives, Widows, and Wills," which will be one of the most piquant and suggestive essays in this series on domestic and sex matters.

Editor Flower's long but extremely interesting study of Edwin Markham, in this number, will delight all lovers of good literature; but it scarcely exceeds in importance the leading feature of his "Topics of the Times," which shows the practical effect of rational sanitary and hygienic measures in stamping out smallpox in Cleveland, Ohio. In these days, when vaccination is almost a medical fetish, it is encouraging to note this signal advance of an intelligent health officer, supported by a progressive and enlightened chief magistrate, along the path of original experiment and discovery in the therapeutic field.

Students of the world's great religions will be glad to know that a symposium on "Japanese Buddhism" will appear in the May ARENA. The discussion will be opened by Keijiro Nakamura, an authority on the doctrines of Buddha, whose conclusions will be somewhat offset by the observations of the Rev. C. E. Rice, who spent some years in Japan and writes on Buddhism as he has "seen it." Another paper in preparation for our next number is "The Place of Education in Reform," by Dr. E. C. Moore, of the University of California, which will be accompanied by "The Physical Basis of History," by Charles R. Keyes, Ph.D., "The Iconoclast as a Builder," by S. G. Hillyer, and other articles of unique interest and purport.

J. E. M.

THE ARENA.

VOL. XXVII. - - - NO. 5.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY REVIEW OF VITAL THOUGHT.

Editors: CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON. B. O. FLOWER. JOHN EMERY McLEAN.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PAGE

THE ANGLO-JAPANESE TREATY . . . . . *Edwin Maxey, LL.D.* Of the University of Wisconsin 449

POPULAR ELECTION OF UNITED STATES SENATORS *Charles H. Fox, Ph.D.* 455

JAPANESE BUDDHISM:

I. Its Philosophic and Doctrinal Teachings . . *Keijiro Nakamura* 468

II. Buddhism as I Have Seen It . . . *Rev. Clarence Edgar Rice* 479

EDUCATION AND DEMOCRACY: A Conversation *Rabbi Charles Fleischer* 487

THE PLACE OF EDUCATION IN REFORM *Dr. Ernest Carroll Moore* Of the University of California 499

THE ICONOCLAST AS A BUILDER . . . . . *Shaler G. Hillyer* 513

WIVES, WIDOWS, AND WILLS . . . . . *Miss M. E. Carter* 518

HE FOUND LIFE: A Story . . . . . *Luella R. Kraybill* 525

TOPICS OF THE TIMES—(*Editorial*) . . . . . *B. O. Flower*

Organized Labor and Direct Legislation—Is the Declaration of Independence a Treasonable Document?—The Cultivation of Rice, Tea, and Smyrna Figs in the United States—A New Cure for Tuberculosis—Notable Discoveries in the Field of Illumination—How Russia Met the Advance of an Arrogant Monopoly—A Pathetic Incident and What it Suggests 533-546

BOOKS OF THE DAY . . . . . *Studies and Reviews*

The Octopus—The New World and the New Thought—Imperialism and Liberty—The Doom of Dogma and the Dawn of Truth—Good Cheer Nuggets—Beyond the Black Ocean—Dorothy Quincy—Minette.—Books Received 547-558

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS . . . . . *J. E. M.* 559-560

$2.50 a Year . . . . . 25 Cents a Copy

Foreign Subscriptions, 12 Shillings.

569 5TH AVE. THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY. NEW YORK

A MIRACLE-HEALER

RESTORES HEALTH AND STRENGTH TO CHRONIC SUFFERERS BY A MIGHTY SUBTLE FORCE OF NATURE.

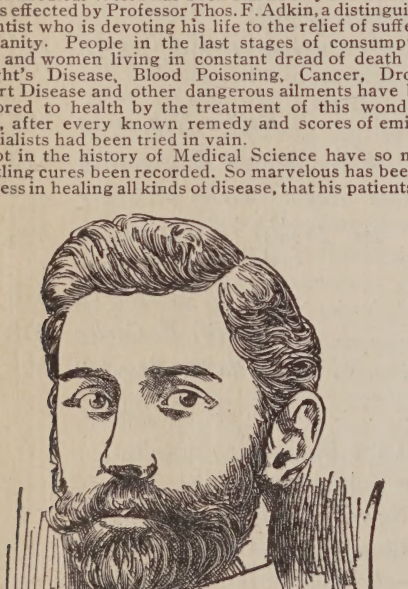
Startling Disclosures Relative to the Most Wonderful Power Known to Man —Doctors Puzzled.

THE SICK HELPED FREE.

Professor Adkin Offers to Help the Sick and Afflicted Free of Cost—Hundreds Cured at Their Own Homes.

The Medical World has been startled by the wonderful cures effected by Professor Thos. F. Adkin, a distinguished scientist who is devoting his life to the relief of suffering humanity. People in the last stages of consumption; men and women living in constant dread of death from Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Cancer, Dropsy, Heart Disease and other dangerous ailments have been restored to health by the treatment of this wonderful man, after every known remedy and scores of eminent specialists had been tried in vain.

Not in the history of Medical Science have so many startling cures been recorded. So marvelous has been his success in healing all kinds of disease, that his patients call



him a Miracle Healer, a man of Supernatural Powers, a Physician with the key to the Fountain of Youth; yet Professor Adkin declares there is nothing wonderful about his ability to cure disease, and says that he cures simply because he "understands nature."

A reporter called upon Professor Adkin a few weeks ago. He found a man of commanding figure, whose personality was masterful and refreshing. His eyes, though full of kindness, seemed to penetrate one's very thoughts, while his every act and every word spoke of honesty and consideration of others. He is clearly a man of wonderful force of character.

He said: "I cannot attempt to tell you what my treatment is which I call "Vitaopathy." In these days of quackery and fakes, every advance in science is imitated mastered its details. Were I to attempt to explain to for publication the practice of Vitaopathy, without cussing its every phase, which I have not time to there would be a dozen unscrupulous persons pretend to understand its use, before the publication has been a week. Vitaopathy is not Christian science, it is Hypnotism nor Divine Healing. It is infinitely m thorough and far-reaching than any of them.

"Vitaopathy" is a subtle force of nature, regulating intellectual and spiritual being which controls physical man. It puts the system in a receptive co tion, which enables the body to receive the full benefi my Vitaopathic vegetable remedies which are use combination with it.

"It is true that this new treatment is every day m ing wonderful cures. It has cured the blind, it has m the lame walk, it has cured various organic troub which had brought the sufferers to death's door. here let me ask you to announce to all the readers your paper, that I stand ready at any time to give benefit of my experience to anyone who is in need of h I will gladly make a complete diagnosis of the case any one who is in poor health, and I will prescrib thorough course of home treatment free of cost, whi positively guarantee to cure. Especially do I make offer to those who are afflicted with dangerous dise and have been treated by other methods without a If there are any who are in the grip of Consumpt Blood Poison, Bright's Diseases, Chronic Kidney order, Nervous Debility, Dropsy, Rheumatism, H Disease; if any of your readers are suffering from stant Headache, Dyspepsia, Sleeplessness, Fem Troubles, Lost Vitality, Vertigo, or other similar ill invite them to write me fully of their condition, an will give them personal attention, and help them t complete recovery of health.

"I want no one to send me any money. I am will to give this service to all who will put themselves in hands, without a penny of charge, feeling that hav been blessed with the ability to cure disease when oth fail, it is my duty to help those who cannot help th selves."

Professor Adkin showed the reporter scores of let from Doctors, Clergymen, Statesmen, Educators, lege Professors, Lawyers and others high in life have been cured by Vitaopathy, as well as letters fr many men and women from all walks of life who ava themselves of his free offer of help, and the reporter with a strange feeling of encouragement, believing t he had met the most wonderful man of the age.

The following are a few extracts from letters wh the reporter examined personally:

"I feel it a debt I owe to suffering humanity to m known what has been done for me. I had suffered over forty years from catarrh of the throat, stomach bowels. I coughed day and night. I was in continu pain. I had tried so many kinds of treatment with benefit that I had given up all hope. By chance I lear of a woman whom you had cured after the doctors given her up to die, and I wrote for your free h That was one month ago. To-day I am a well woman. cannot understand it. My friends are amazed. family physician is puzzled. I wish I could go out proclaim the virtues of your marvelous treatment fr the housetops. You may use this letter as you please. know my recommendation can only result in good."

MRS. A. W. MOORE,
Box 636, Fitzgerald, G

"I cannot express my gratitude for what you ha done for my wife. She was on her deathbed; she w paralyzed and had a clot of blood on her brain. Phy cians said there was no hope that she could recover, b you have saved her life. She improved from the ve first day she commenced your treatment. The clot blood has disappeared, she sleeps well and has a splen appetite. Refer any sufferers who doubt your marv ous power to me or let them come to my home, and w ness the wonderful cure you have performed in my wif case. My neighbors all know the condition my wife w in when she commenced your treatment, and they we hourly expecting her death. I hope and pray that I m be at your command to help those who suffer, and them to write you for free help."

W. S. SWAYNE, Ph.G.,
Prop'r Spring Clear Lithia Wat
New Haven, Conn

Every reader of this paper who is sick with any dise is advised to write to this miracle healer, addressing or her letter to Professor Thos. F. Adkin, President the Institute of Physicians and Surgeons, Office 219 Rochester, N. Y.

State the leading symptoms of your complaint, and Professor Adkin to help you without cost, and you undoubtedly be able to get cured, as so many others h been. Vitaopathy is unquestionably the most wond

"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."
—HEINE.

THE ARENA

VOL. XXVII. MAY, 1902. No. 5.

THE ANGLO-JAPANESE TREATY.

THE center of political interest is now the "Far East." While this has been true for but a few years, there is ample reason to believe that it will be the great fact in the politics of the twentieth century. The question of the "balance of power" in Europe dominated European politics during the greater part of the nineteenth century, but this is a relatively simple and small-sized problem compared with the question of the "balance of power" in the Orient. A mastery of the former included a calculation of the attitude and strength of the European powers; the latter includes not only this but other factors and forces much more difficult to calculate. There is in the first place that great enigma—China. A calculation of the attitude and strength of China is a vastly more complex and difficult matter than that of any European power. It is one thing to interpret the motives and purposes, to forecast the actions, and to estimate the strength of a people of like civilization, and quite another thing with respect to a people of widely different civilization. China may at any time act in a way unintelligible to European statesmen. The factors in the solution of this problem are further increased by the addition of two powers to whom the "balance of power" in Europe is, politically speaking, a matter of indifference, but whose interests necessitate their being taken into account in considering the question

of the "balance of power" in the Orient. One of these—the United States—is fairly well understood; but the other—Japan—is still more or less of a riddle.

Not only is the problem an intensely difficult one, but it is one of surprising importance. Its solution is fraught with much meaning to a large portion if not to all of mankind; for such is the increasing interdependence of the race that the welfare of a part affects in a greater or less degree the welfare of the whole. That the solution of this problem is one of vital concern to the industrial and commercial interests of the world, and that it will have an important bearing upon the trend of civilization, does not admit of doubt. Such being its difficulty, its importance, and our own interests in it, the latest move toward a solution of it is well worthy of our careful attention. The text of the treaty, which we have secured from a semi-official source, is as follows:

The Governments of Great Britain and Japan, actuated solely by a desire to maintain the *status quo* and general peace in the extreme East, being moreover specially interested in maintaining the independence and territorial integrity of the Empire of China and the Empire of Corea, and in securing equal opportunities in those countries for the commerce and industry of all nations, hereby agree as follows:

ARTICLE 1.—The high contracting parties, having mutually recognized the independence of China and Corea, declare themselves to be entirely uninfluenced by any aggressive tendencies in either country. Having in view, however, their special interests, of which those of Great Britain relate principally to China, while Japan, in addition to the interests she possesses in China, is interested in a peculiar degree politically, as well as commercially and industrially, in Corea, the high contracting parties recognize that it will be admissible for either of them to take such measures as may be indispensable in order to safeguard those interests if threatened either by the aggressive action of any other power or by disturbances arising in China or Corea and necessitating the intervention of either of the high contracting parties for the protection of the lives and property of its subjects.

ART. 2.—If either Great Britain or Japan, in defense of their respective interests as above described, should become involved in war with another power, the other high contracting party will maintain a strict neutrality and use its efforts to prevent other powers from joining in hostilities against its ally.

ART. 3.—If in the above event any other power or powers should join in hostilities against that ally, the other high contracting party

will come to its assistance and will conduct the war in common, and make peace in mutual agreement with it.

ART. 4.—The high contracting parties agree that neither of them will, without consulting the other, enter into any separate arrangements with another power to the prejudice of the interests above described.

ART. 5.—Whenever, in the opinion of Great Britain or Japan, the above-mentioned interests are in jeopardy, the two Governments will communicate with one another fully and frankly.

ART. 6.—The present agreement will come into effect immediately after the date of its signature, and remain in force five years from that date.

In case neither of the high contracting parties should have notified twelve months before the expiration of the five years the intention of terminating it, it shall remain binding until the expiration of one year from the day on which either of the high contracting parties shall have renounced it. But if, when the date fixed for its expiration arrives, either ally is actually engaged in war, the alliance shall, *ipso facto*, continue until peace is concluded.

In faith whereof the undersigned, duly authorized by their respective Governments, have signed this agreement and have affixed thereto their seals.

LANSDOWNE.
HAYASHI.

In order that we may better understand the motives that led to the formation of this treaty, it will be well to recall some of the more important features of the situation in the Orient. About ten years ago the influence of England was the dominant influence in the Far East, politically as well as commercially. But, owing to a weak foreign policy on the part of the British Government and a shrewd, aggressive policy on the part of Russia, the latter has supplanted England so far as the Chinese Court is concerned, so that Russian influence is easily the greatest influence at Peking. Put in the language of the Stock Exchange, the diplomatic market at the Chinese capital has changed from "bullish" to "bearish." Nor can this change be attributed to the Transvaal war, as it had been effected before that war began. It was evident when Russia secured possession of Port Arthur, and even painfully so in the negotiations following the Chino-Japanese war. In these negotiations the voice of England was entirely disregarded.

As the English commercial interests are still the greatest of

those of any of the European powers in the East, it seemed clear that something should be done to regain if possible her former political prestige, or at any rate to put herself in a position to protect her industrial and commercial interests; and, despairing of any alliance with the United States, an alliance with Japan seemed the most available means. On the part of Japan the motive is sufficiently clear—she is desirous of protecting herself against a coalition similar to the one that robbed her of the fruits of her victory over China.

The treaty is evidently aimed at Russia, and its purpose is clearly to check her advance in the East. How far it will be successful in this depends more upon the understanding back of the treaty than upon the treaty itself. It is not at all unreasonable to suppose that this understanding does as a matter of fact run much deeper than the wording of the treaty would indicate. At any rate, it is usual to state treaties of this sort in as mild terms as can conveniently be chosen. True, there are cases in which stronger terms than the facts would warrant are resorted to for the purpose of "bluffing," yet that can hardly be true of the present agreement. If it is, the "high contracting parties" have shown poor judgment, for it should be evident to both of them that Russian statesmen are not such amateurs in diplomacy that a "bluff" would be very effective in turning them from their purpose.

The Russians will not fail to test the strength of the treaty, and if it appears that any considerable portion thereof is "bluff" the position of England and Japan will have been weakened rather than strengthened by it. If on the other hand the two powers have determined to act in concert, much may be accomplished by their combined efforts. Provided both of them have reached the conclusion that the "defense of their respective interests" is of sufficient importance to warrant it, and the only effective method is a resort to force, it would not be difficult for them to find at any time that these interests are "threatened either by the aggressive action of some other power or by disturbances in China and Corea." This startling discovery could of course be made simultaneously by England

and Japan. Nor is there anything in the treaty to prevent them from seeking redress simultaneously.

This line of action, if persisted in, would undoubtedly call a halt on Russia, for in the event of an appeal to arms the odds would be against her. The Japanese army could seize Corea before Russia could get her troops "on the ground," and being so much nearer its base of supplies would have a tremendous advantage in the land-fighting; while on the water the British and Japanese navy could easily sweep from the seas that of Russia or those of Russia and such allies as she is at all likely to secure. With the sea in control of England and Japan, Russia's ally or allies could not render her any very great assistance in the land-fighting.

I have used the term *allies,* although France is the only power from which Russia could reasonably hope for assistance. The interests of Germany are not such that she could afford to enter the contest. The United States would of course remain neutral, unless forced into the contest by a combination of events that there is no reason to expect. If, however, we should be drawn into the struggle, our interests are such that it is not at all difficult to foresee upon which side we would be found.

Apart from an appeal to force, the alliance, if it is at all substantial, will render the Chinese Government less likely to yield to Russian demands, and will for some time to come dissuade Russia from levying discriminating duties in Manchuria. In short, it will secure for the present a recognition of the "open door" policy in China. How much it will add to England's prestige in the Far East is a question that time alone can answer. In general, an alliance does not add to a nation's prestige; it is a confession of weakness rather than an evidence of strength.

One of the incidental effects of the treaty is the recognition of Japan as a first-class power. While such recognition or the want of it does not alter the facts, it is a matter not without diplomatic significance as well as a source of gratification to Japan. The latter is very evident from the tone of the Japanese press, by which the treaty is looked upon as an epoch-making

document. I was recently told by a Japanese scholar, who has spent several years in the Foreign Office of Japan, that it is the most important event in the politics of the Orient since the treaty of Shimonoseki. His only criticism of the treaty was that the United States is not a party to it—his contention being that, as the United States will reap the benefit of it, she should help bear the burdens.

To Europe the treaty comes as a surprise, and the press comments are somewhat varied in character. However, with the exception of Russia, they all agree that it is aimed at the Czar's empire. The Russians insist that the policy of maintenance of the *status quo,* the open door, peace, etc., set forth in this treaty, are just what they themselves have always contended for, and that the treaty is therefore a very welcome document to Russia. Yet there are those to be found, even in the United States, who are sufficiently malicious to suggest that Russia's joy is not sincere.

EDWIN MAXEY.

The University of Wisconsin.

POPULAR ELECTION OF UNITED STATES SENATORS.

THE sentiment in favor of the popular election of United States Senators is gradually growing stronger and stronger. On February 13 the fourth resolution providing for the election of Senators by direct vote of the people was passed by the House of Representatives. This fact is significant, for whatever may have been the individual opinions of the Representatives themselves they have given by their vote a positive demonstration of their interpretation of the public will on the question. A more conclusive proof that the people favor this change cannot under the circumstances be reasonably asked for; yet those who oppose this change, and foremost among them Senator Hoar, refuse to see in this action of the House any indication of a real public desire for this change. The Senator just mentioned even went so far as to state on the floor of the Senate that in his opinion the House had passed this bill "as half a joke." There is little evidence, however, to show that one branch of our national legislature permitted a resolution advocating an amendment to the Constitution to pass without any opposition "as half a joke."

There is no doubt that the people generally favor this new method of election, and when the people of the United States seriously advocate any political innovation it becomes the duty of all earnest public men to make this innovation the object of their thoughtful attention. There are many who claim that, since this proposition involves an amendment to the Constitution, those who favor it have assumed a difficult burden of proof and must show beyond all reasonable doubt that the proposed change is positively better than the present system of selecting Senators. This is true to a certain extent; yet it might be answered that, in a country whose political dogma is the sovereign will of the people, when the people unite in

demanding a certain change it becomes the duty of all opposing them to show good reasons why they should not have it. The people want the popular election of United States Senators, and we hope to show clearly that there is to-day no sound reason why public opinion should not be followed in this instance. This argument of the popular desire will appeal to many; it is indifferent to very few, and will be opposed chiefly by those who have selfish interests to guard.

There are, however, several sound and positive arguments for the election of Senators by direct vote of the people. First among them is that this new method is the logical outcome of our political development, and is quite in accord with our ideals of government to-day. To look upon this question historically we must go back to the time of the birth of our Constitution. This step is important and necessary, as our knowledge of the past and present aids us in our efforts to foresee the future. But this attempt to seek advice from the past is often dangerous. Influenced by a natural and just regard for the sound opinions of the framers of our Constitution, we are very apt to overlook the fact that these men drew many of their conclusions from premises that no longer exist and while they were influenced by conditions that we have great difficulty in thoroughly realizing to-day. In wondering at the stability of the great document drawn up by these men, we too often forget that this stability is quite as much the result of the sound political sense of the American people as it is of any inherent qualities of the Constitution itself. Few people familiar with the subject ignore the fact that our Constitution to-day differs much in spirit if not in letter from that Constitution which was the result of the mutual ideals and concessions of the members of the Convention of 1787. And yet many of us fail to take this fact into due consideration when we freely quote the opinions of these men upon specific questions of the present day.

Many opinions quite rational in 1787 would be ridiculous in 1902. Because our forefathers believed in a certain method of selecting Senators over a hundred years ago is no reason for

supposing that they would favor it to-day. Every student of history knows that the political development of the United States has been a gradual change from the aristocratic and conservative ideals of the framers of our Government to the popular democratic ideas of to-day; that the doctrine of the sovereign will of the people has ceased to be our abstract philosophic theory of political resources, and has become a live, practical, every-day principle of the politician. Newspapers, railroads, telegraphs, and accumulated political experience have in the course of time become some of the main causes of this change. When communication between the States was difficult; when the average citizen had merely local interests—little knowledge of State affairs and less of national; when to many Americans a newspaper was a novelty and to all of them a railroad or a telegraph was a dream, we can see the wisdom of those men who wished to keep direct power from a people who for unavoidable reasons had not acquired that political knowledge which is essential to the proper exercise of sovereign power in politics. But to-day, under present conditions, these same statesmen and patriots would undoubtedly be of another opinion.

Remembering the condition of affairs in 1787, we can easily understand how the State legislatures elected the governors and all other officers, civil and military, of the State (even the members of the Constitutional Convention themselves were chosen by the several State legislatures); how the President was intended to be selected by electors; how property and even religious qualifications were retained in several of the States as absolutely essential to the privilege of voting. But by to-day many changes have taken place. Our President is practically elected by popular vote; so are the governors of the States. Civil and military officers are no longer appointed by the legislatures, and property qualifications are generally abolished. And it is not an extravagant supposition to believe that the framers of our Constitution would to-day applaud these changes in the great instrument of their own creation. But this change, great as it is, is not yet complete. We have still

the choice of United States Senators by the legislatures to remind us of the days when the people were not trusted, and to remind us also that there remains still something for us to do in order to make the doctrine of popular rights everywhere a practical proposition rather than an abstract idea. These several steps in this great change have been gradual, and therein lies the stability of our institutions; but we claim, and we believe not rashly, that the time has now come to make this change, and that it follows in logical sequence with the others. To hold otherwise is to claim that a people that has made such wonderful advances in commerce, industry, and in civilization has remained at a standstill in politics. This argument of the historic necessity of this change gains in strength the longer and more attentively we consider it.

Another argument in favor of the change we propose is that the present method of choosing Senators is quite inconsistent with our political ideals of to-day. A republican form of government should avoid all inconsistencies in its composition. They form a great element of weakness, not only from the fact that they destroy the harmony of the system on which the government is based, but because they expose the government to the frequent natural and adverse criticism of the people and thereby lessen that popular respect which is so essential to the strength of any institution founded on the will of the people. Political anomalies can be supported only by selfish class interests, by narrow bigotry, or by that timid and senseless conservatism which, forgetting that progress is an irresistible law, looks with dread upon all changes. We claim that the present method of choosing our national Senators has grown to be one of these dangerous political anomalies. It fitted logically into the scheme of our government when it was framed, but it is not in keeping with its spirit in the year 1902. When the people are considered capable of directly electing every four years a President who represents the entire nation, why should it be considered dangerous to allow them to choose directly two men who represent their State? Are not these two contradictory principles an excellent example of that dangerous in-

consistency just referred to? This question is all the more difficult to answer negatively when we remember that the President is nearly always a man of another State, and that the people know far less about him personally than about their own Senators. It may be claimed that in voting for the President the people are voting for a party; but this is quite as true of the Senators. It may also be argued that the people of one State alone do not elect a President; but it is quite as true that the people of one State cannot control the Senate.

Again, the position of Chief Executive may be filled by the people acting all at one time and under the predominating influence of one agitated question, while the people can fill the Senate only after expressing their will in three separate parts and under the influence of three successive periods. Perhaps it will be said that periods of two or six years are nothing in politics. This may be true, but the effects of a continued popular excitement of a longer period would invade the Senate even if the State legislatures shield them from the terrible influences of popular enthusiasm. Furthermore, it is far from being the mere assertion of a demagogue to insist that to hold the people incapable of electing Senators is an insidious reflection upon the dignity of a nation whose political creed is the sovereignty of the people; and this the more so as these same people elect directly every four years the executive branch of the government whose hasty or foolish acts entail quite as great disaster as the similar action of one-half of the legislature. Surely these two principles of election are quite inconsistent. Again, our national legislature does not elect representatives of the nation, and why should the State legislature elect those of the State? Every State in the Union has a senate, and its members are chosen by direct vote of the people. In fact, all the agents of the people with the single exception of the national Senators are practically selected either by popular vote or by executive appointment. It is true that the legislatures exercise a certain control over executive appointments, but that does not alter the fact that the present method of selecting Senators is inconsistent with our ideals and our practise.

Another consideration in favor of popular election is that it would not impair the efficiency of the Senate in any way, and would be beneficial to the Senators themselves. Our opponents usually put forward the claim that the Senate is a check upon the House, and then imply that this would not be the case under the system we propose. The Senate should no doubt exercise a certain restraining influence over the House. Many different opinions have existed on this subject, but to-day the only sound principle is that the Senate being elected for a longer term than the House, and being composed of older and usually more prominent men, represents the more permanent interests of the nation which at certain moments are apt to be disregarded; while the House is more responsive to the momentary impulses of the people. To disregard the longer term, the more advanced age, and the greater prominence of the Senators, and then to claim that their acknowledged conservatism and dignity are based solely or even principally upon their manner of election is ridiculous. To say that the Senate would be, under the new method of election, a second House of Representatives is to declare that every State in the Union has two houses of representatives. It has often been said that the popular election of Senators will shorten the average time during which the Senators will remain in office. There is doubtless some truth in this statement, but its force is greatly diminished when we think of the large number of Representatives who have spent a great part of their lives in the lower House even though the people had every two years a chance of changing them. Then, again, it is not positively demonstrated that it is very essential for the Senators generally to remain several terms. If after an opportunity of six years a Senator cannot publicly demonstrate his worth it is perhaps just as well to give another an opportunity. The upper branch of our Legislature is not a school where the Senators are supposed to remain several terms before becoming capable statesmen. Furthermore, a Senator must watch his constitutents and should under ordinary conditions strive to be honestly reëlected. It is far more dignified as well as more profitable for a Senator to sound the

people at different times than it is for him to watch the State legislatures. Since he ought to know the wishes of his people, is it not better for him to find them out directly? A Senator can well afford to strive to remain in touch with the people, but to keep in communication with a certain section of every third legislature is undignified to say the least.

This new method of electing Senators would be very beneficial to the State legislatures. These are elected primarily to consider local and State affairs, and it is better that they should not be hampered with national obligations. This is all the more true when we remember that the choice of a Senator has many times occupied the entire session of a legislature; that Senatorial dead-locks are not of infrequent occurrence; that the election of a Senator has often divided the legislature into two hostile sections; that it has sometimes split the party in power and thereby disrupted its working harmony; that the question as to how a person will vote for Senators has become an important but illegitimate factor in his qualification for the State legislature, and furthermore that this personal question relative to the selection of Senators is something foreign to our ideals of the deliberations of a legislative assembly. It may be claimed that depriving the State legislatures of the right they now possess will be injuring rather than aiding them. But we are relieving them of a duty which is inconsistent with their other duties, and which is often disastrous in its results, as has just been shown. Again, the choice of the State governors and of all civil and military officers has been removed from the State legislatures, and why should we stop when we reach the Senators? Why should we hesitate to make this change in order to continue our gradual progress toward the absolute rule of the people? It is the growth from which we derive strength, and one which it is dangerous to attempt to prevent.

Finally, one important argument in favor of popular election is that it would be of great political value to the people themselves. The great store of political learning and experience which the railroads, telegraphs, and newspapers have aided in placing before the people is not always readily absorbed. There

is no doubt that the people do not take entire advantage of their opportunities in this respect, and it is equally undeniable that the Government should do all in its power to encourage either directly or indirectly the acquisition of political knowledge and experience by the people, because on the political foresight and ability of the people depends absolutely the welfare of all democratic governments. During times of political excitement and when called upon to choose by election their representatives the people acquire almost involuntarily a certain lesson in practical politics. The election of the Representatives is often a comparatively local affair and brings up usually but the discussion of local issues. All the other elections with one notable exception in which the people take a direct part are State elections, and the issues discussed are semi-local. But then every four years the people are called upon to choose the Chief Executive of the entire nation. There is no real medium step between the popular election of a State officer and that of the President of the United States. From the discussion of State issues and the consideration of State interests the people are suddenly called upon to give their opinion on the greatest questions of the political category—on questions that involve the vital interests of the nation as a whole. Now, the popular election of Senators would supply that salutary and essential medium step. By this act the people would be instructed to a certain extent in national politics before being called upon to voice their opinion on a national issue. It is true that the people elect only two Senators every six years, but the very fact that they are elected by the people and that they are directly responsible to the people would naturally bring them in closer touch with the people—to the great benefit of the latter. To-day a Senator does not fear popular criticism to so great an extent, but under the proposed method he would feel a more direct and immediate although not necessarily a greater responsibility and would therefore see to it that the people understood his actions in order to approve them.

Before summoning these several strong arguments in favor of the popular election of Senators we wish to discuss in gen-

eral terms a few of the points usually advanced for and against this proposition. It has often been claimed, especially by those who favor this change, that the Senate is a body of millionaires and that many of its members have a corrupt control over the State legislatures. The truth of these statements we attempt neither to prove nor to deny, but we do claim that there is no logical connection between the individual financial condition of the Senators, or the undue influence of some of them over State legislatures, and the question of their election by the people. Changing the Constitution is not the proper way to lessen the aggregate wealth of the Senators, even if it were clearly demonstrated that our interests would be better served by a set of men who are constantly experiencing the annoyances of an income short of their needs. Nor should we amend the Constitution merely to allay the general but often unwarranted suspicions of corruption. If some of the State legislatures are corrupt, a constitutional amendment is a very slow and indirect method of attacking such an evil. If a State will for any length of time submit to a corrupt legislature, it will not be long before its representatives in Washington will be equally corrupt even under the system we propose. Again, corrupt representatives who remain any length of time are usually good representatives of the State that permits it. There are many cases in which the law can do much to check corruption, but this is not one of them.

Furthermore, it is a very astonishing as well as regrettable fact that the word *corruption* is of such importance in the argumentative vocabulary of so many of our politicians. In fact, unfounded charges and rhetorical descriptions of corruption have become so common a political weapon in this country that one meets with them in the discussion of every subject, whether the speakers are high-school debaters or members of our highest political bodies. It is usually a cowardly weapon and one that has been so misused that it now takes little effect even in cases where it has direct and positive application. We are so accustomed to false charges of this kind that many true ones are refused our attention on the ground that they are probably

the usual exaggerations. These charges have a most demoralizing influence. Believe all and we have few honest people left; believe none and many wretches escape; try to discriminate between false and true and the usual hopelessness of the task almost justifies one in giving up in despair. We therefore repeat all the more positively that the argument of corruption should not enter into the discussion of this question.

It may furthermore be claimed that this constitutional amendment is unnecessary as the people can virtually elect the Senators by giving instructions to the members of their State legislatures as they are elected. Some of the States have already adopted this plan, and with some success. The present method of electing the President may be cited as a change brought about without greatly altering the letter of the Constitution. But this is not a strictly parallel case. Again, this idea with reference to our State legislatures is not in keeping with our ideals of government. An elector and a representative in the legislature are and should be distinctly different. One is chosen for a special purpose and furnished with a definite mandate from the people, which he is under a binding moral obligation not to violate; while the other, although guided by certain party principles and legitimate local interests, is supposed to use his own judgment, and above all he is even expected to make certain necessary concessions and thereby obtain as nearly as possible the wishes of his people. An elector on the other hand is supposed to execute positive instructions. To combine these two in one person is confusing and dangerous, as a man may be a good representative and yet refuse to be an elector. Again, our Constitution positively forbids the members of our national legislature to become electors, and why should we favor making electors out of the members of State legislatures? This entire argument is the timid and negative reason of those who believe that it is better to distort and violate the letter of the Constitution than to amend it.

It has also been stated that the popular election of Senators would weaken the doctrine of States' rights. This may be true, and the question as to whether this is advisable or not would

lead us far from the present subject of our discussion. But those who fear this should remember that the Democratic party, which is surely not hostile to the States' rights doctrine, adopted this method of election in its last platform; that many of the States favoring this change are the small States, and also that the advocates of this doctrine are intrenched behind a clause in the Constitution which declares that "no State without its consent shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate," and that the power of amendment is of no avail against this statement. This is the usual argument of those who would very much like to prove that equal representation of the States, as well as the dignity and conservatism of the Senate as a body, depends entirely or even in part upon the selection of the Senators by the State legislatures.

Before ending our discussion of the arguments advanced against this new method of choosing Senators, we wish to say just a few words regarding the statements of Senators Hoar and Stewart during a recent short debate on this question in the Senate. To quote from the first mentioned Senator:

"This is one of the most important questions that have come up for consideration in the Congress of the United States since the adoption of the Constitution. It is the first serious proposition to destroy the principle upon which the Constitution is founded or to depart from it. Other amendments have either been amendments to secure human rights, in the nature of a bill of rights or in one instance to change the mechanism for the election of a President; but this is a proposition to change the principle upon which the Constitution is founded—a principle without the adoption of which it is notorious as a matter of history the Constitution never would have been agreed to."

It will be seen that the Senator has a great appreciation of the importance of this proposed amendment; yet he does not hesitate to say: "It is true the House of Representatives have passed this proposition. It has been passed every time without debate there, I think as half a joke." According to the Senator this amendment is of such vast importance that it is not even to be considered in the same category as the amendments "securing human rights" or "changing the mechanism for the

election of President." To change the method of election of President is apparently nothing, while to change the method of selecting Senators is "to change the principle upon which the Constitution is founded." Again, the Senator is quite wrong in his appeal to history. The question of the method of choosing Senators was quite a minor consideration in the Convention of 1787. The great question was the equal representation of the States. There is no logical connection between these two questions, except in the minds of those who purposely connect and confuse the two.

The Senator said, furthermore: "The question is, which speaks to us with the most authority—the House of Representatives of to-day, without deliberation or discussion, or the Constitutional Convention of 1787, after long debate and anxious deliberation?" In the first place, there was no "long debate or anxious deliberation" on this question in the Convention; but, granting that there had been, is this a fair way to argue? Is this the way to discuss questions in the Senate? Such argument is not serious, to say the least. And yet the Senator says: "I am willing to go to any representative assembly of intelligent American people and meet this proposition to strike at the very heart of our Constitution. . . . It is worth waiting six weeks to see whether we are going to strike down one of the two great glories of our Republic and let it perish from the face of the earth. I for one mean to do my duty on that committee; but I will not be hurried, and the Senate shall not be hurried, if I can help it." Here are the sentiments of one member of the committee to which our resolution is confided. Judging from his statements in this debate, it is hard to believe that Senator Hoar has given this question any serious attention, or that he has made the slightest effort to consider it without prejudice. And yet can we expect him to be less prejudicial or more clear-sighted in committee than he was on the floor of the Senate?

The remarks of Senator Hoar were indorsed by Senator Stewart, who besides using the old arguments of corruption, bossism, etc., to combat our proposition, said: "I am glad the

Senator from Massachusetts has called attention to the magnitude of this question. It is revolutionary. It is the most important question discussed since the adoption of the Constitution." Does the Senator mean to imply that changing the method of electing Senators is going to bring about a revolution? If not, then why does he say so? Does he consider this amendment of greater importance than that giving freedom to millions of negroes? Do these two Senators unknowingly or purposely confuse this question of popular election with that of the equal representation of the States? In either case they are much to blame. Let us hope this is not an example of the fairness with which our proposition is finally to be discussed in the Senate of the United States.

To conclude our discussion, we favor this new method of electing Senators—because the people wish it, and there is no sound reason why their wish should not be granted; because it is the logical outcome of our political development and is in accord with our ideals of government to-day; because the present method has grown to be inconsistent with our ideals and practises; because the new method would not in the least impair the efficiency of the Senate, and because it would be a decided advantage to the Senators, the State legislatures, and the people themselves.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

Washington, D. C.

JAPANESE BUDDHISM.

I. Its Philosophic and Doctrinal Teachings.

"Let a man overcome anger by love; let him overcome evil by good; let him overcome greediness by liberality, and the liar by truth."

"Hatred does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love."

"If a man does what is good, let him do it again; let him delight in it; happiness is the outcome of goodness."

"Even a good man sees evil days, as long as his good deed has not ripened; but when his good deed has ripened, then does the good man see happy days."

"The virtuous man delights in this world; he delights in the next; and he delights in both. He delights, he rejoices, when he sees the purity of his own work."

"Reflection is the path of immortality—thoughtlessness the path of death. Those who reflect do not die. Those who are thoughtless are as if dead already."

"Health is the greatest of gifts—contentedness the best riches. Truth is the best of relatives—Nirvana the highest happiness."

—*From Max Müller's translation of "Dhaneurapada" (Science of Religion).*

THE above are some of the precepts taught by Buddha. The teaching of Buddha, says Sir Edwin Arnold, has made Asia mild. Prof. Max Müller confirms this view by saying: "Even the attention of those who are indifferent to all that concerns religion must be arrested for a moment when they learn from the statistical account that no religion, not even the Christians', has exercised so powerful an influence on the diminution of crime as the old simple doctrine of the ascetic of Kapilavastu." We also hear from the lips of a Catholic priest (Bishop Bagaudet) that "in reading the particulars of the life of the last Buddha, Gautama, it is impossible not to feel reminded of many circumstances relating to our Saviour's life, such as it has been sketched out by the Evangelists." Further, Prof. L. A. Waddell, in relating the Buddhist metaphysics, says: "Karma, or the ethical doctrine of retribution, is accepted as its general principle, even by such modern men of science as Huxley."

These words are not exaggeration. Think not that truth

is a monopoly of any particular race; for, on the contrary, it is found everywhere. Think not that truth is a mere fancy of man; for, on the contrary, it is a network of the Universe, which reveals itself through a great, godlike person. Thus, Jesus of Nazareth, Mahomet of Mecca, Buddha Gautama of Kapilavastu, Lao-tsze and Confucius of China—all have preached a more or less similar truth. The recognition of this fact is religious toleration. It is gratifying to see people growing day by day broad minded, and scholars bringing various religious thoughts into light. A comparative study of religions, like a comparative study of anatomy or morphology, helps us to gain a greater insight into the absolute truth. With this idea in view, I propose to state briefly the doctrine of Buddhism as understood by the Japanese.

Most Japanese Buddhists belong to the so-called Mahayana sect of Buddhism, and but few to the Hinayana sect. Roughly speaking, Mahayana Buddhism prevails in Napal, Thibet, China, Manchuria, Mongolia, Corea, and Japan, with no less than four hundred million believers; and Hinayana Buddhism prevails in Ceylon, Burmah, and Siam, with nearly ten million adherents. Many European scholars condemn the Mahayana doctrine as heretical. This may be a just criticism, but the teaching of Mahayana is not, in consequence of this, untrue. On the contrary, one would understand, by studying how the later Buddhism was developed from the original, that the heretical doctrine was the necessary outcome of the orthodox.

Hinayana is called in Japanese "Shojo" (a small vehicle, or small conveyance of doctrine), and Mahayana is called "Daijo" (a great vehicle, or great conveyance of doctrine). The teaching of Hinayana is pure and simple. It may be summed up in the following phrases:

Shogyo mujo—Impermanence of things;

Shoho muga—Non-ego of creatures; and

Jakumetsuiraku—Bliss of extinction.

1.—Impermanence of things. Like the modern materialists, the Hinayana Buddhists believe that things constantly change on account of their composite structure—because every com-

pound thing must be decomposed, every organic body must be disorganized, and every living being must die and decay; while, on the other hand, the matured propagates an offspring, in which a deceased entity's "karma" simultaneously incarnates. This newly-born creature assimilates various materials and forms another organism. Further, Buddhists say that even atoms and molecules are subject to a similar change—they are continually made and unmade; *i. e.,* they are perpetually undergoing the process of regeneration. Therefore, every body composed of atoms changes at every instant.

2.—Non-ego of creatures. Not only body, but also *mind* undergoes a similar change; for mind is a compound of sensations, ideas, and superstitions, each of which is subject to the law of perpetual change. Buddha said: "But that, O priest, which is called mind, intellect, consciousness keeps up an incessant round by day and by night of perishing as one thing and springing up as another." Should *ego* mean such a thing as mind, ego will at each moment change and in the end perish. Should it mean, on the contrary, a metaphysical entity permanent and indestructible, then a question will arise: Where do we find such an entity; do we find it behind sensations, ideas, and predispositions? In the following extract we find the same discussion dealt with by Buddha himself:

"In the above case, Ananda, where it is said: 'Verily, neither is sensation my ego, nor does my ego have no sensation; my ego has sensation; my ego possesses the faculty of sensation,' reply should be made as follows: 'Suppose, brother, that utterly and completely, and without remainder, all sensations were to cease —if there were nowhere any sensation—pray, would there be anything, after the cessation of sensation, of which it would be said, "This am I?" "Nay, verily, reverend sir." ' Accordingly, Ananda, it is not possible to hold the view: 'Verily, neither is sensation my ego, nor does my ego have no sensation; my ego has sensation; my ego possesses the faculty of sensation.' "

In another place Buddha more emphatically denied the existence of the ego. In him (a Brahman who used to believe in ego), thus unwisely considering (says Buddha), there

springs up one or other of six absurd notions. He gets the notion, "I have a self; I have a not-self; by myself I am conscious of myself; by myself I am conscious of my not-self!" Or again he gets the notion, "This soul of mine can be perceived; it has experienced the result of good and evil actions committed here and there; now, this soul of mine is permanent, lasting, eternal —has inherent quality of never changing, and will continue forever!" This, brethren, is called "the walking in delusion, the jingle of delusion, the wilderness of delusion, the puppet show of delusion."

From such a wrong assertion of the ego, teaches Buddha, springs a selfish motive, calling this and that "mine." From such a selfish motive arise various vices, evil thought, ambition, longing for sensual pleasure, and clinging to existence. From these arise trouble, hatred, disappointment, sorrow, and lamentation. Again, from the clinging to life, arises "unconscious will to live" (ignorance), which causes a rebirth. In the newly-born life man finds his position (either in a good or bad family) and predisposition (either as a good or bad man) all predetermined by his previous deeds—Karma; for a bad seed sown at any time will in the future bear bad fruit, and a good seed good fruit. The causal nexus is an iron monarch who determines the fate of the individual according to his deeds. Again, this causal nexus may be compared to the wheel of life—carrying men from birth to death and from death to birth, without end.

3.—Bliss of extinction. Hence, man must endeavor to relieve himself from this tyrannical chain and attain absolute freedom and supreme bliss in Nirvana. In order to reach this goal he must become thoroughly unselfish, clearly understanding that *ego* does not exist. He must regard his neighbors and even the lower animals as one with himself. Through such an enlightened knowledge and deed, his desire for sensual pleasure ceases —as also his unconscious will to live. In other words, he conquers his ignorance, which is, according to Buddhism, the very foundation of finite existence—so trying and miserable. Thus, by conquering his ignorance, he becomes free from the tyrannical rule of the causal nexus, or wheel of life. Buddha said:

"It is through not understanding and grasping four conditions (four things), O brethren, that we have had to run so long in the weary path of individuality, both you and I. And what are these four? The noble conduct of life, the noble earnestness of meditation, the noble kind of wisdom, and the noble salvation of freedom. But when the noble kind of conduct of life, of earnestness in meditation, of wisdom, and of salvation by freedom are seen face to face, and are comprehended, there is the craving for existence rooted out, that which leads to renewed existence is destroyed, and there is no more birth."

Thus through perfect enlightenment man enters Nirvana and ceases to exist. Nirvana and extinction are synonymous. Hence, "extinction" means supreme bliss. This conclusion is apparently a self-contradiction, but in reality it is not. The whole mystery lies in this—that the southern Buddhists refuse to entertain an idea of future existence; for such an opinion itself is egoistic and spoils the noble enlightenment. Rhys-Davids rightly remarks: "So that not only is the Arahat (one who is qualified for attainment of Nirvana) to look for no reward, no happiness, which he himself is to be conscious of hereafter, but . . . any hope of a future life is really even worse than unfounded: it is declared to be an actual impediment in the way of the only object that we ought to seek after, namely, the attainment in this world of the state of mental and ethical culture summed up in the word *Arahatship.*"

The Mahayana sect is divided into many sub-sects, each of which has its own system of philosophy. The doctrine of Mahayana Buddhism is, therefore, manifold. There are the systems of atheism and theism, polytheism and pantheism, agnosticism and gnosticism, pessimism and optimism, materialism and nihilism, realism and idealism. It seems almost impossible to embrace all these antagonistic schools of philosophy in a single religion; but in reality it is possible, since these different systems of philosophy are but different aspects of Absolute Truth, for they are different explanations of human life and its relation to the Universe from several points of view. I will state briefly the philosophy of the *Idealistic* creed of Buddhism.

In order to understand the Buddhist Idealism, we must first study the Buddhist psychology. The Mahayana Buddhists classify the psychological functions of man into eight groups: (1) Visual sensation; (2) Auditory sensation; (3) Smell sensation; (4) Taste sensation; (5) Tactile and movement sensation; (6) Will; (7) Self-consciousness; (8) Unconscious reserve of experience.

The first five groups are instruments of the remaining three.

Will is, according to the Buddhist psychology, doer, thinker, and feeler. In other words, will is a certain state of consciousness that precedes, or a certain conscious activity that underlies, action, thought, and emotion. In case a man acts after a certain deliberation, the deliberation is will; in case he gathers various ideas with a certain effort, and thinks, the effort is will. Again, a man often becomes sympathetic by giving his attention to the poor; he grows angry by giving his attention to maltreatment; he feels gratified by giving his attention to an agreeable affair, and he feels dissatisfied by giving his attention to a disagreeable affair. In these cases the attention is will; therefore, in the Japanese language, attention is called "chui," which means a pouring or extending of will toward a certain object. In short, deliberation, effort, and attention are several names for a certain mental faculty, which is called by the Buddhists *will*. Will is, therefore, a responsible agent for good or bad conduct, thought, and emotion. It is also with this will that a man forms a false conception of a private ego; that he becomes attached to a worldly existence; that he indulges in sensual pleasure; that he grows selfish, malicious, and criminal.

Self-consciousness is a judge of right or wrong conduct, thought, and emotion. It is an opinion of the whole—the total experience of man. This total experience is contained in the "unconscious reserve of experience."

Let us see how each experience becomes preserved in the "unconscious reserve." Buddhists recognize that sense-perception, conception, emotion, thought, will, action, and judgment are all transitory, for they appear in the consciousness at one moment and disappear in the next; but they also recognize

that these experiences leave some permanent impression on the mind. Suppose I solve a mathematical problem; my calculation or thinking will pass away as soon as I reach the conclusion. Now, will not my thinking leave something in my mind? Shall I not hereafter be able to solve a similar problem much more quickly? Is this not because of the previous experience? Truly, the previous experience leaves something in my mind. This something is called by the Buddhists *seed*—that which bears fruit in the future. Thus we constantly sow mental seeds through our daily experience.

Experience may be either receptive or active. A child's experience is largely receptive, while man's experience is largely active. The first is mostly sense-perception; the second is voluntary actions, thoughts, or emotions. The one is incoming experience; the other is outgoing experience. It is self-evident that an incoming experience would add a new seed to the "unconscious reserve." Would an outgoing experience also add a new seed? Suppose a man tries to recollect a horse he saw a few months ago. Do you think that he can reproduce in his consciousness exactly the same sensations he received while looking at the horse? Assuredly not. Memory and perception are different things; therefore, a recollection is to be regarded as a new experience. So, also, thought or will is a new experience. Thus, through each recollection, thought, emotion, or will, we add a new seed to the "unconscious reserve."

All the Idealistic Buddhists believe that this "unconscious reserve" transmigrates from one life to another. When it is incarnated in a new organism, it becomes what we call consciousness, predisposition, and natural endowment. Then it follows that the "unconscious reserve" in the present life embraces all the previous experiences gained in the infinite past. It includes those experiences gained during the evolutionary stages of beast, bird, fish, vertebrate, and what not. Therefore, the sum total of the previous experiences in each person represents each section of the Universe; consequently, an absolute consciousness of such infinite experiences would afford a knowledge of the Universe.

Let us now examine the metaphysics of the Idealistic school of Buddhism. There are three key-notes: illusion, objective experience, and perfection of true nature.

1.—Illusion. Illusion is the principle common to all the sects of Buddhism. By Illusion the Hinayana Buddhists mean "ignorance of the truth of impermanence," and the Mahayana Buddhists mean "ignorance of the unreality of things." Objective materials are, according to Mahayana Buddhism, representations of reality in our consciousness. They are what appear to us, not what *is*. They are phenomenal realities, not *Shinnio*, or things-in-themselves (to borrow the words of Kant). Since our knowledge is relative and our perceptions are limited by our sense organs, we finite beings cannot comprehend the so-called Shinnio, or Absolute Reality. The common people instinctively hold the view that whatever things they see through their eyes are absolutely real. In holding this view, they assume that their eyes are capable of infinite perception. But how can they see a thing in the moon? How can they see the dimension and quality of an atom? The extent to which their perception can reach is a little mound compared to the whole universe. That which their eyes can penetrate is mere surface or rough outline, and even that is not actually *seen*.

Man is imprisoned in a small chamber having two windows called eyes. He only sees a shadow of reality on his prison walls. The common people call such a shadow reality itself. In this way they walk in delusion, for their life is limited to those visible things. They see every day many criminals escaping from legal punishment and living comparatively happy. Thus they believe that bad conduct often brings forth good results; and they disbelieve the most important truth of Karma —that good conduct always brings forth good results and bad conduct bad results, if not in this generation assuredly in the next. The truth of Karma and the truth of continuity of life are torchlights thrown into darkness. But people do not recognize these lights and are content in their darkness; they do not see the light but perceive the darkness. This is the "walking in delusion" and the "fetters of delusion."

2.—Objective experience. According to the Idealistic theory of Buddhism, there is only one way of approaching the Absolute. This is the objective experience, which is twofold: (1) the intellectual exercise and (2) the moral discipline. (1) Because a knowledge of Absolute Reality is possible only through the absolute knowledge; an absolute knowledge is possible only through a generalization of an infinite number of relative knowledges; and a relative knowledge is possible only through the careful learning of established doctrines and through the persistent study of phenomenal realities. (2) Because a realization of Absolute Reality is possible only through the perpetual working in accordance with the absolute truth. Obedience to the absolute truth is possible only by having achieved the all-relative truths on moral precepts. Again, from the point of view of the Absolute, say the Buddhists, everything is equal. Equality means fraternity, and fraternity means love. Buddha said: "Let his [a monk's] mind pervade one quarter of the world with the thought of love; and so the second; and so the third; and so the fourth. And thus the whole world—above, below, around, and everywhere—does he continue to pervade with heart of love, far reaching, grown great, and beyond measure."

3.—Perfection of the true nature. We have already seen that each experience adds a new seed to the so-called "unconscious reserve of experience." Only through correct knowledge and upright conduct do we increase good seeds; while, on the other hand, only through wrong knowledge and unrighteous conduct do we increase bad seeds. The planting of good seeds in our minds is a step toward the Absolute; while, on the other hand, the planting of bad seeds in our minds is a step opposite to the Absolute. Therefore, by accumulating in our "unconscious reserve" an infinite number of good seeds and apperceiving them all in our consciousness, we complete our true nature—we become an absolute knower, or Buddha. Then we can see everything from the right side. We see nothing ugly, but everything beautiful. Even the fire of hell would turn pale before our glory. All the wicked would cease before our breath.

Everybody would, through our influence, grow good and happy. This is Nirvana. This is what the Universe and even this world would appear through the infinite light of Amitaba Buddha, and what the world would gradually become under the powerful influence of the same.

Such are the doctrines of the Idealistic Buddhism, which is seemingly antagonistic to the earlier Buddhism. The former is preëminently optimistic, and the latter preëminently pessimistic. The earlier Buddhism explained this world as *it is*, not as it *would be;* while the later Buddhism explained what it would become. The earlier Buddhism taught what we *ought to do,* never what we *would become.* The earlier Buddhism taught the non-ego of all creatures and the continuity of Karma, or deeds; while the later Buddhism taught "unconscious reserve of experience," which elucidates the doctrine of the continuity of Karma. The explanation of *what is,* when compared to the explanation of *what would be,* is, if our life is an ascending scale, assuredly pessimistic. On the contrary, *what we would become,* when compared to what we ought to do, is certainly optimistic. The causal nexus is, from the point of view of *what is,* a tyrannical rule; while, on the contrary, the same is, from the point of view of *what would be,* the most important ladder for our ascent. Thus the pessimistic teaching of Hinayana and the optimistic teaching of Mahayana are complementary—they are the two faces of Buddhism. Buddha himself delivered several optimistic discourses. In speaking about his doctrine he said:

"Therefore, O brethren,—ye to whom the truths which I have perceived have been made known by me,—having thoroughly made yourselves master of them, practise them, meditate upon them, and spread them abroad—in order that pure religion may last long and be perpetuated; in order that it may continue to be for the good and happiness of the great multitudes, out of pity for the world, to the good and the gain and the weal of gods and men."

In speaking about the monastic order, Buddha said:

"Uprightness is his [a monk's] delight, and he sees danger

in the least of those things he should avoid; he adopts and trains himself in precepts; he encompasses himself with holiness in word and deed; he sustains his life by means that are quite pure; good is his conduct, guarded the door of his senses; mindful and self-possessed, he is altogether happy!"

Many European scholars erroneously criticize Buddhism as a nihilistic doctrine. Buddha has, however, never taught Nirvana as a total annihilation. Sir Edwin Arnold rightly sings in his charming verses:

"Seeking nothing he gains all;
Foregoing self, the Universe grows 'I;'
If any teach Nirvana is to cease,
Say unto such they lie.

Enter the path! There spring the healing streams
Quenching all thirst! There bloom the immortal flowers
Carpeting all the way with joy! There throng
Swiftest and sweetest hours!"

By the "Path," Buddha means: (1) right views, (2) right aspiration, (3) right speech, (4) right conduct, (5) right livelihood, (6) right effort, (7) right mindfulness, and (8) right contemplation. Such a teaching as this is in every respect harmonious with other religions. Schliemacher, the great Prussian theologian, writes in his "Nature of Religion" the very same thing in different language:

"Would they but attempt to surrender their lives from love to God! Would that they would strive to annihilate their personality and to live in the One and in the All! Whosoever has learned to be more than himself knows that he loses little when he loses himself. Only the man who denies himself—sinks himself in as much of the whole Universe as he can attain—and in whose soul a greater and holier longing has arisen has a right to the hope that death gives. This means, in short, union of man with God. This also means what Buddhists fondly say: 'Dew-drops slip into the shining sea.'"

KEIJIRO NAKAMURA.

Yokohama, Japan.

II. Buddhism as I Have Seen It.

WHEN I first arrived in Japan, I took up my residence in a city some distance from European or American residents. Hardly a hundred yards away, across a narrow ravine, stood a Buddhist temple surrounded by pine trees. At evening, when the wind was whispering in the pines, the mellow tones of the temple bell and the droning chants and litanies of the priests floated in at my study window. The strange surroundings, the quiet evening, the cadences of bell and song lent a peculiar fascination to the scene; and one could almost imagine himself transported to another world, or a witness of strange events in medieval ages.

My first glimpse of Buddhism under these conditions presents an aspect of this religion that explains in part the peculiar charm it has for some minds. Until one has had a still closer view, he readily understands how, at the start, Buddhism appeals even to some who have Christian training. For clearly this religion of Gautama has elements of power; and its mystical aspects, theoretical and superficial, impress both the scholastic and the unlearned.

Japan is perhaps the home of the highest type of Buddhism of the present day. The artistic temperament of the Japanese has modified its original forms, and the cleanliness and enterprise of the people have given the best setting to a religion elsewhere often practically effete. Here, in the Land of the Rising Sun, theoretical Buddhism has come as near realization as anywhere in the world. Not a few, in the quiet of their studies, far away from Buddhism as it actually is, have queried if after all the religion of the Eastern sage has not elements of superiority to the religion of Christ. Viewed superficially, from afar or close at hand, Buddhism is impressive. The hasty traveler, visiting the beautiful temples at Nara or Nikko, in their bright red setting against the evergreen of towering criptomeria, comes away moved by the spectacle. The monuments of Buddhism are intended to impress. It knows how so to use the artistic as to cast its spell over men. It searches out for its

temples some beautiful mountain retreat, where on an eminence, shaded by great trees and protected by sheltering rocks, it rears its houses of worship. It has indeed its shrines and temples, both small and great, in the crowded cities; but its most beautiful structures are in some sylvan solitude, where Nature in her most attractive forms lends herself to the spectacular appeal to man's religious nature. Its temple-areas, even within bustling cities, are, by contrast to the hurly-burly of the street, an invitation to rest and meditation. We cannot question that Buddhism seeks to reach toiling, weary men by the attractions of outward placidity—peaceful surroundings.

Then, too, the observer is struck with much that is calculated to inspire awe in its ritualism and external forms of worship. It has splendid services, and knows full well the value of regalia in the conquest of humanity. If its philosophy theoretically studied charms some minds, others are appealed to by its stately processionals and liturgical displays. At times and in certain places it revels in spectacular effects. It is no wonder that a man, standing for the first time in a Buddhist temple to witness some liturgical service, should be impressed with the tones of its great booming bell, the soft antiphonal chants, the odor of incense, and all the witchery of a grand pageantry. Indeed, Buddhism vies with the Greek and Roman Catholics in the use of the very forms and symbols of medieval Christianity. Monasteries and nunneries are the institutions of Buddhism. Celibacy, fastings, retreats, pilgrimages, mendicant vows—all are enjoined and practised. The whole hierarchical system finds its representatives here. Archbishops and abbots, priests, neophytes, and acolytes belong to this system. As one enters almost any large temple in Japan, one cannot fail to be impressed with the remarkable resemblance to Christian symbolism. The altar with its lights, pictures, and images, the use of the censer with the five chains, the cross, the miter, the dalmatic, the rosary—all remind one of what may be seen in any church in Rome.

But these impressions, favorable as they may be, are surface impressions. A closer view of Buddhism is necessary before

we can pass judgment upon it. The Christian scholar who knows his Buddhism from books only may well season his admiration for a while—till he can have knowledge of it in the actual life of its adherents. The hasty tourist may well linger a little longer before he declares the Christian missionary superfluous. The infatuation of superficial knowledge ought to be tried by a more thoroughgoing test. What about Buddhism as a *practical* religion? What about the great test, "By their fruits ye shall know them"? What is Buddhism in its effects?

During a six-years residence in Japan, it has been my privilege to study Buddhism at close range, not only in its superficial aspects but in the application of its doctrines to life. A personal acquaintance with many Buddhists, scholars and priests as well as common believers of both sexes and of all classes, has furnished some data to build upon. And while one would be rash to deny the beneficial effects of this religion in certain directions, he would be dull indeed if his eyes were not open to the falsity of many claims and the pernicious effect of many Buddhist practises.

The central idea of Buddhism, that life is essentially evil, may be easily traced in the spirit and temper of the people. The centuries have left the impress of this doctrine on the lowest peasant as well as on the noble scions who claim descent from the gods. An apathy as regards life, a crushing fatalism, easily distinguishes the Oriental mind. Often in Japan the people suffer from earthquakes, tidal waves, typhoons, fires, and famines; and at first one wonders at the quiet way in which they accept their losses. But a careful study generally reveals a resignation as hopeless as it is pitiful. It is the difference between faith in divine Providence and in relentless fate. As one mingles with the people and comes to know something of the language, he constantly hears the expression, "*Shi kata ga nai*" (It can't be helped), which is used under all circumstances. This simple phrase indeed sums up their life's philosophy. When I went once to visit a Japanese neighbor who had a sick child, I found the mother in great distress. Her care and anxiety as she hung over her child knew no bounds—until the

physician informed her that the child's life could not be saved. Then she suddenly became calm and seemingly resigned. All she said was *"Shi kata ga nai,"* and thenceforth gave no expression to her grief. Those who have seen the practical effect of a fatalistic philosophy know that her resignation was more pitiful than her tears. Too often, in the stress of life, a seeming resignation is the stolid apathy of confirmed pessimism as cruel as fate—as vaguely comfortless as Nirvana.

Much has been claimed by Buddhists for the kindness to dumb creatures which a belief in the transmigration of souls has fostered. The lowest animals and even insects must be protected, since they "may embody the souls of ancestors." The prohibition of a flesh diet through the centuries bears witness to the beneficence of this doctrine. I am not disposed to deny any facts that will go to substantiate such a claim, but any superiority of Buddhism over Christianity should rest upon an appeal to the truth verified in practical experience. The convincing facts do not appear, at least in Japan. I have visited at one time or another many sections of the country, both north and south, but I have failed to detect this boasted humane sentiment that leaves no need of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. On the contrary, an hour's observation in any city of the empire will discover conditions that leave much to be desired; and too often in this land of soul-transmigrations one needs to have his heart steeled against any sentiment with regard to animal suffering.

If you order a fresh fowl for dinner your order will be promptly filled. While you wait the jagged knife is applied to the throat of the unfortunate bird, and before he has ceased bleeding, or life is fairly extinct, he is plucked and in your hand. The canine family has a large representation in Japan, as in most Oriental lands. And when dogs become too numerous the Government hires men with long poles to engage in the business of extermination. The animals are now and again killed at a single blow, but quite as often are only maimed—to drag themselves into some sheltered place and die by inches. The only protest that I have ever known against such crass bru-

tality has come from Christian, not Buddhist, journals. I have frequently seen a horse fettered by its master, with head tied close to the ground, or an ox hitched with its head drawn up by the ring in its nose, to suffer for hours in that position. Over and over again I have had to refuse a saddle-horse because a galled back, shamelessly uncared for, rendered him useless. Perhaps it is not too much to say that half of the horses used as beasts of burden in Japan could not pass through Boston or New York without the instant arrest of their drivers by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Certainly Christians have nothing to boast of regarding their humane treatment of dumb beasts; but they do not need to go to Buddhists to learn how to improve.

Then, again, the position Buddhism assigns to *woman* is sadly against it. Both in theory and practise Buddhism degrades womanhood. Little more could be expected of a system whose founder, Gautama, deserted his wife and child that he might pursue his "enlightened way." And one who is familiar with his followers to-day, with their complacent air of superiority to the gentler sex, will quickly agree that the disciples are worthy of their master. When a husband and wife are seen on the street together in Japan the wife always walks some steps behind her lord. If they ride in a jinrikisha, the man ascends first and leaves the woman to climb in after him. If they attend a party the man precedes his wife to the banquet hall, and "my lord" is served to viands first. If company arrive at the home the wife retires, or appears merely to serve. Buddhism is careful that women shall not forget their true "sphere."

A common theme for a sermon is "the duty of woman." Such sentiments as the following, from the celebrated moralist, Kaibara, on "The Greater Learning of Woman," are the basis of most exhortations to the fair sex:

"From her earliest youth a girl should observe the line of demarcation separating women from men. . . The great, lifelong duty of woman is obedience. . . She must look to her husband as her lord, and must serve him with all worship and reverence. . . Let her never even dream of anger. If

her husband is dissolute she must expostulate with him, but never nurse or vent her anger. She must not selfishly think first of her own parents and only secondly of her husband's relations. . . . After marriage her chief duty is to honor her father-in-law and mother-in-law—to honor them beyond her own father and mother. . . . On every point must she inquire of her father-in-law and mother-in-law, and abandon herself to their direction: Even if thy father-in-law and mother-in-law be pleased to hate and vilify thee, be not angry with them, and murmur not. . . . The ancients on the birth of a female child let it lie on the floor for three days. Even in this may be seen the likening of the man to heaven and of the woman to earth."

Indeed, the whole institution of marriage, as practised in Japan, is a sad commentary on the influence of Buddhism. No priest is present at the marriage feast. No ceremony worthy of the name marks the entrance upon this relation. A cup of saké, or rice wine, is passed between the contracting parties. Without words and without vows, marriage assumes under the Buddhist system little sacredness; and it gives us no surprise to learn from statistics that one out of every three marriages ends in divorce. This is what we might expect when we remember that, according to the teaching of the sage, a man may divorce his wife for any of seven reasons: (1) Disobedience to her parents-in-law, (2) barrenness, (3) lewdness, (4) jealousy, (5) leprosy, (6) overmuch talking and prattling, (7) stealing. Any one of these is sufficient cause for a man to put away his wife; but the wife may not exercise a like privilege. The husband may be guilty of any of these and of many more, but the duty of the wife is still clear: She must be docile, obedient, and submissive to the end.

So thoroughly are these ideas planted in the Japanese mind that Christian converts find it difficult to believe or practise the Christian part. One of the graduates of a Christian theological school where I taught for several years, desirous of contracting marriage, when presented by the "middleman" (according to Japanese custom) with a Christian girl as a suitable life companion, objected to a union with her on the ground that she combed her hair after the manner of European women. The

real truth was, he feared that Christian ideas and education would render her less tractable and submissive.

When we come to apply the practical test with regard to moral conditions under Buddhism, we touch the most serious of its many defects. The idea of *chastity,* for instance, in its Christian conception, is unknown in Japan. The word itself is not found in the Japanese vocabulary, and the social conditions that obtain are often appalling. To say nothing of large sections of every great city set apart by the government for immoral purposes,—the houses of assignation often forming cities in themselves,—customs prevail that from a Christian standpoint are almost beyond belief. Among the lower classes parents not infrequently sell their young daughters into lives of shame. From a Japanese standpoint the horror of so unnatural a crime is mitigated in view of a public sentiment that makes unchastity itself commendable under certain conditions. The daughter who, to support parents in financial distress, enters a *yoshiwara* (licensed brothel) for a series of years is regarded as most filial and heroic. A clean heart and an unsullied name are not such priceless jewels as under the Christian system. When it is remembered that the present Emperor is an illegitimate son and the imperial prince the son of one of his twelve concubines, we can readily understand the estimate that attaches to purity.

Shall we, however, blame Buddhism for this condition? It might indeed be claimed that such conditions prevail *in spite* of Buddhism, were it not that Buddhism itself is notoriously corrupt. The charge that the whole system is honeycombed with corruption is made by such celebrated moralists as Fukizawa and many even within the pale of the system itself. He is blind indeed who cannot see abundant evidence of the deplorable influence of Buddhism on morality.

It is commonly noted that, wherever Buddhist temples are grouped and a numerous priesthood sustained, adjacent stands the *yoshiwara.* Indeed, the presence of Buddhist shrines within the precincts of such houses is a well-known fact.

A hierarchical system that has so besmirched the common

mind that mothers deem it an honor to relinquish their daughters to a profligate archbishop—a system that has forfeited the confidence of the people in the purity of the priesthood from the highest prelate to the lowest priestly neophyte—will find it difficult to clear itself from the charge that immorality and Buddhism are closely connected. A religion that has long been hand-in-hand with vice, that has indulged in degrading forms of Phallicism, that blushes not at unspeakable practises, can never claim immunity from severe criticism, even though it may still cast its spell over some minds.

(Rev.) CLARENCE EDGAR RICE.

Reading, Pa.

A CONVERSATION

WITH

RABBI CHARLES FLEISCHER,*

ON

EDUCATION AND DEMOCRACY.

Q. Rabbi Fleischer, as one of the representative thinkers and religious leaders of New England, and as a man devoted to the best interests of our schools and republican institutions, I desire to obtain for our readers your views on popular education and democracy—on the hopes and the perils of the present. For to-day it seems to me that there is an alarming lethargy among our thought-molders touching basic principles upon which free institutions depend—a falling away from those high ideals cherished by the noble statesmen of earlier days concerning the duty of the citizen and the high mission of

*BIOGRAPHIC NOTE.—Rabbi Charles Fleischer was born in Germany. When between eight and nine years of age, however, his parents came to New York. Here the boy went through the public schools and later entered the College of the City of New York. His university education and special theological training were completed in Cincinnati, Ohio, after which he spent some time with the eminent Rabbis Krauskopf and Berkowitz, of Philadelphia, where he remained until called to take charge of the Temple Adath Israel of Boston, as successor of Rabbi Solomon Schindler, so well known to the readers of THE ARENA. Here he almost immediately took a prominent place among the foremost pulpit orators and thinkers of Boston. He possesses the thoughtful qualities so characteristic of the German mind, happily blended with a brilliancy frequently found among the more southern peoples. He is a fluent speaker, a broad-visioned scholar, and a passionate lover of justice and human rights,—one of the noblest among the ministers of our modern Athens,—a fine type of what a religious leader should be and a man for the hour, because civilization never more urgently demanded leaders who are first of all apostles of justice and humanity than at the present time; and one of the most hopeful signs of the present is found in the fact that young scholars like Rabbi Fleischer are coming to the front and taking up the work once so gloriously carried forward by Lowell, Channing, Parker, Emerson, Whittier, and Phillips.—B. O. F.

our great Republic. Do you not believe that a comprehensive outline of the underlying principles of democracy, or free and popular government, should be taught in a positive way in our State-endowed public schools?

A. You have put your finger, as it seems to me, upon what ought to be the most serviceable means for the making of our democracy and for the rearing of the type of American that will be worthy of the honor of claiming kinship with Jefferson and Lincoln and all the other saints and heroes of our young Republic. The State-endowed public schools ought to assure to our country State-devoted children and citizens. In Greece there was a definite relation between the training of a child and the later participation in the affairs of the nation—most of which, with us in America, is left to chance or to that kind Providence which is supposed to guard children and—infant republics. It would seem to be a matter of course that, after we have decided what we want America to be (and we shall choose for ourselves no grander career than that upon which the revolutionary fathers launched us), it would appear to be self-evident that nothing could so well serve our efforts toward this end as our public schools.

The first purpose of our school system should be to "educate" our boys and girls; *i. e.*, to draw forth, to bring out, to develop what is in them, to cultivate the "seed perfection" which nestles in them, to awaken them to self-consciousness, to start into activity the life-long growing pains, to rouse reverence, dignity, self-respect,—in a word, to make physically, mentally, morally, spiritually healthy young men and women out of them, as far as that may lie within the power of this single agency, the public school.

The second purpose of our public schools might be the making of Americans, by the influencing of the child-mind with an appreciation of and zeal for democracy and a particular enthusiasm for the experiment in democracy upon which our American people is engaged. I would have the seers of humanitarianism, the prophets of democracy, the preachers of and workers for world-wide fraternity, become familiar figures to

the minds of our children. I would have men like Washington, Samuel Adams, Jefferson, Lincoln, and John Brown (these are not the physical fighters, but the spiritual soldiers of our American democracy)—I would have these placed literally in an American calendar of saints; men to be reverenced by our future Americans as the apostles of our Republic. I would have a graded system, from the kindergarten through high school and college, of instruction in the fundamental principles of universal democracy and in all the complicated structure of our own national, State, and city governments. Yes, the public schools ought to make—again as far as this single agency can—intelligent, enthusiastic, consecrated young democratic Americans.

Thirdly, our schools ought to provide, as far as this may be made possible (and we have thus far made scarcely a frank confession of our duty in this regard)—our schools ought to provide our children with the powers of self-help. The schools should enable our boys and girls to become self-supporting young men and women. This is no question of classes and masses (it is time we got beyond the notion that democracy is a scheme for the exaltation of the weak and the poor), but of the right which each individual in a democracy ideally has upon the State (which is simply the organized individualism of the millions) to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;" to bread, bed, and clothing; to the fullest opportunity for self-development.

The fourth purpose of our public schools should be—and I have stated these in the order of my estimation of these purposes: to give to its pupils knowledge both for the ends already enumerated and for its own sake and for the steady growth of culture and for intellectual wealth and stimulus. Perhaps I have anticipated in my rather full answer to your searching question some other queries with which your "glittering eye" seems charged.

Q. Do you not believe that, while carefully avoiding instilling any religious dogmas, the great eternal ethical verities upon which all well-ordered minds are agreed—and which in-

clude justice, the rights of the individual, and his obligations to society and the State, integrity of thought and action, and human brotherhood—should receive far more attention from our educators than is given them at the present time?

A. After what I have stated to be, in my opinion, the chief business of the schools, namely, to make men and women, there is for me no alternative but an eager "yes" in answer to your question. If we had more faith, we would have less fear to face this problem. If our churches did not deem self-perpetuation their first concern, they would not dread the possible effects of moral instruction in our public schools. If, I say, we had a genuine faith in the essential religiousness of human nature—in man as the unfailing fount of spirituality, and in human relations as the inexhaustible stuff for a progressive ethical idealism—we would not fear to make our schools the direct means for building a finer manhood upon this basis. As it is, a golden opportunity for giving a powerful push forward to the race, for founding our democracy upon the rock of righteousness, is wasted. I am not blind to the fact that even the present school curriculum has its ethical bearings (1+1=2 also means that cause+cause=effect; Rome and rottenness meant, and always will mean, decline and fall, etc.); but I have never met a stronger reason for keeping ethics out of our schools than this one: that it is the function of the Church and not of the public school to impart spiritual and moral instruction. And such a reason is a weak enough one, for many reasons:

The churches reach half or less of the children of the United States. Even this proportion of the children is under the direct influence of the respective churches only an hour or less each week. It is the very exceptional church that spends as much as half of its weekly hour with the children in direct moral instruction, most of the time being taken in teaching dogmas, diluted theology, religious history, and in moral pap which is nauseating and repellent to the average healthy child. The schools, on the other hand, reach practically all the children of the land five days in a week, and could give the boys as

thorough a course in the fundamentals and details of the ethical life as a growing sense of the importance, indeed of the necessity, of such a course may dictate. At present the development of the moral sense is left largely to haphazard or to parents who are, in the main, untrained and very often even unfit to render such social service. If it is desirable that the State should teach all children to read and write, why is it not much more the duty of the State not only to awaken and to stimulate their sense of right and wrong, but also to win their early reverence for the everlasting moral truths and their intelligent understanding of and their glad obedience to the basic ethical ideals?

There can be no reasonable objection to such a departure other than that wise teachers and other efficient means for the enterprise may not now be ready. But these will come with the existence and proclamation of a demand for their service. We are past the possibility of a reunion between Church and State. No one who dreads such a possibility needs indulge his fears because of a prospect of inculcating moral principles in State-endowed schools. Our national loyalty to the ideal of religious liberty would prevent the use of the schools for theological propaganda. I hold that, as long as a single atheist or agnostic exists (and probably there will always be large numbers of both), and while theological differences continue (I cannot imagine their coming to an end)—I hold that our public schools must rigidly avoid theological teachings or sectarian beliefs, by however large and overwhelming majorities such theology and belief may be cherished.

But concerning the primary moral principles there is now no difference of opinion among enlightened and pure-motived persons, however men may differ in the application of these principles under specific circumstances. Reverence for truth, passion for justice, respect for the human individual, devotion to human welfare, consecration to the State, love for all men, fervent regard for honor and honesty,—these and similar basic ideals have won the practically unanimous suffrages of men. If they have such lofty place in human regard, why not use

the means at our command for winning the intelligent and zealous acceptance of them by those who are to be the makers of the America of our aspiration: the nation exalted by righteousness? Every consideration of national self-preservation and the desire that our democracy do its utmost for the citizens would seem to prompt the use of our schools toward the end of rearing our children to be the eager servants of righteousness. No future poet will then ever need to pray God to give us *men.*

Q. Is it not to a great extent true that the apparent absence or lack of a strong and steadfast civic conscience in our municipal, State, and national life is largely due to the failure of our educational system to awaken the moral sensibilities while training the intellect, and to impress the principles of democracy and the obligations of the individual to the State upon the child mind?

A. It is inspiring testimony to the natural moral strength and the native wisdom of the average human being, in our present stage of human evolution, that so much goodness and sound sense manifest themselves in our public servants and in our general national conduct, when we consider the fact that we have not been directly trained for self-government and for active participation in the business of a democracy. The "strong and steadfast civic conscience" of which you speak is a consummation devoutly to be wished and worked for. A democracy differs somewhat from a poet in that it is not only born but made. America is in the making. There is no good excuse for pessimism regarding our "civic conscience." We have never had one. We are just about to develop one. But first we must grow a civic sense. Civic conscience will grow out of that. We are not a nation yet, but only the beginnings—the collected material for a nation. Democracy does not spring full-grown from the head of a cosmic Jove. The American "nation" was not at once made when it was born of the idea that all men had a right to themselves. A century and more we have been in the making. The millions who have come hither from the ends of the earth need to be converted to the

religion of democracy before the unifying force of this faith shall make of us a single and self-conscious people. From this sense of unity will spring, after tedious processes, after many gropings and stumblings and fallings, national self-consciousness, civic sense, and civic conscience. Patience, patience, and intelligent consecration!

Let us beware of falling into the traditional attitude toward the past: of imagining, as other peoples have done, that back of us lies the Golden Age and we of the modern day are degenerate and false to the faith of the fathers. This is the best day that ever was, and to-morrow will be better—if we take care to make it so. Back of us are the Sodoms, and looking that way, like Lot's wife, is to court petrifaction. One is not too happy an optimist who believes that, even in our growing nation to-day, with all its many millions new to the idea, there is a wider general appreciation of democracy than there was at the time of the declaration of independence of the mother country.

You will remember that Browning has one of his characters say:

> "A nation is but the attempt of many
> To rise to the completer life of one."

So I do not despair of our people. We of America need many generations to rise to the completer sense of democracy of a Jefferson, a John Brown, or a Lincoln. But we shall reach it—if we try. We are now in childhood's stage as a people. Indeed, our civil war and our Spanish "war" may be regarded as infantile colic and measles. We are now going through kindergarten experience. We are just approaching the beginning of self-consciousness. Now a new enthusiasm is awakening among us: an intelligent consecration to the religion of democracy. Increasingly our individual and collective activity in all its various phases will be the evidence of that spirit within us, even as practical morality is ever the best proof of religiousness. But this tendency needs careful nurture. The good growth, the natural progress of the human spirit, can be accelerated—and, as I think, through no means so readily as through our public-school system.

If America has advanced thus far on the impulse given her by the revolutionary fathers and the innate tendency of men to aspire and to progress, what may not America become when we are a democracy of priests—a people reared in and devoted to the new Western religion, which shall in time make peaceful conquest of all humanity? Of course, I mean the religion of democracy, the faith in the immeasurable value of every human being. No, I did not misunderstand your question, but purposely used it as a point of departure—as ministers frequently use their text—to correct what seems to me an inexcusably desperate feeling about the status of democracy in America. Let me repeat: the American nation not yet is, but is becoming; civic consciousness and civic conscience are in the dawning; democracy was born in the primitive instinct of self-preservation, and our American democracy is still and will ever be in the making. Toward this end our children should be trained in the law of democracy, which harmonizes individual right and social duty: "from each according to his power, to each according to his need." This is the law; the rest is only commentary. Let us go, and learn, and do!

Q. What, in your judgment, are the chief perils confronting our government to-day?

A. In answering this question let me risk seeming paradoxical. I have just inveighed against a pessimism common to many of our most intellectual men and women who are eager that no harm shall come to our Republic. Their Jeremiads against a faithlessness which cannot well exist in a people that is only slowly rising to faith in what are to be our national ideals—their wailings, I want to say, are discouraging to would-be Americans, as I believe the long-standing belief in the "fall of man" tended to discourage men from trying to rise. This pessimism, then, toward our struggling democracy I believe to be one of our perils. Another and a greater danger is our national optimism—the general feeling that the King (America) can do no wrong, or, if he does, that no penalty is to be paid therefor; that we are young and can afford to make mistakes; that we are rich and can afford to scatter

wealth; that we are strong and can afford to waste strength; that we are favored of the gods; in brief, that we are exempt from the operation of the law of cause and effect. This national blind optimism has led us lately to accept the doctrine of "manifest destiny," bartering therefor a more self-respecting belief in national moral responsibility. This is a serious danger. We must check a tendency to recklessness and irresponsibility, characteristic of youth, and, therefore, natural enough in our youthful Republic. But we would better learn that national dignity and the aspiration to lead the world forbid indulgence in youthful folly or the adoption of a superstitious fatalism, which wisdom has long since discarded, that such indulgence is not consonant with adult democracy and moral world-leadership.

Fortunately, these two tendencies are mutually corrective, and the backward-looking pessimist and the blind optimist both assist the onward march guided by the loyal, faithful, forward-looking idealist. I do not believe that the success of *our* experiment in democracy is inevitable, but I have faith that wisdom and counsel will assure our progress toward the triumph. Other perils confront us: bosses, who rule us because they *can* rule us and we cannot yet govern ourselves; trusts (perhaps good in principle, but vicious in practise), sapping commercial and industrial vitality, monopolizing because they can, and we as yet cannot help it; protective tariff laws, making for national isolation, international antagonism, and unnatural and unjust commercial conditions; efforts at restricting immigration, unbrotherly, fundamentally false to democracy, which is not an American but a universal principle;—these are some of the perils that exist. Let me say, rather, they are eloquent evidence of the work before us before we have traveled an appreciable distance toward the ideals of democracy which so many millions fondly imagine we have already reached, even as others wrongly believe we have steadily receded from them. As a double corrective, I would suggest a deep study of the philosophy of history, to the end that we may recognize the operation of the law of causation in national affairs; and,

secondly, a constant comparison and testing of our national policies and conduct with and by the accepted and professed national principles of democracy.

Q. Is it not true that a free government soon loses its proud preëminence as a leader of civilization and progress, and becomes in fact if not in name and theory a despotism, whenever the opinion-forming influences cease their vigilant agitation against all selfish influences that are subversive in character and which seek to foster and advance class interests at the expense of the interests of all the people?

A. Your question is so comprehensively stated as fairly to answer itself, if one happens to sympathize, as I do, with the spirit that informs it. Surely we have the right, in a republic that aims toward democracy, to demand that nothing short of the welfare of the entire people shall be the concern of our public servants—our legislators. So far as tariffs and subsidies can have any excuse for existence among us, they should stand the test-question: are they for the good of all, or for the benefit of a few? With every enactment of class legislation, whether the beneficiaries be few or many, rich or poor, our Ship of State lurches toward oligarchy and despotism and away from democracy. All such legislation is immoral and vicious in itself and retards democracy's day of triumph. I want to expand here what I said in answer to one of your former questions, that democracy is no scheme for giving fictitious strength to the weak because they are many, nor for making rich the poor, nor for deifying the mass of men. Democracy is to be no respecter of persons—the Bible has taught us the correct attitude, as it happens: "Thou shalt not respect the person of the poor, nor honor the person of the great: in righteousness shalt thou judge thy neighbor." Democracy is to do justice to all men and to every man. It is not to deify the mass, to fear and to placate mobs, but to dignify the mass and to regard mobs as collections of individuals, each of whom singly is entitled to his rights. In democracy there are no "classes" in the snobbish sense, only precious individuals having dignity and rights, and owing duty and responsibility to the State—the organized ma-

jesty. One way of providing generally for all is by giving much to a few at a time, so finally to all; another way is by giving a little at a time to all, and thus gradually everything to all. The former is the common method of class legislation; the latter alone is democratic. Indeed, we may go a step further than your question suggests—a nation that means to realize democracy must increasingly take into consideration, when it acts and legislates as a nation, not only the interests of its own people but the interests of other peoples. That at least is the ideal, however far from that we may allow "practical" considerations to keep us. If the seed of democracy is the selfish instinct of self-preservation, the proof of its growth is in the expanding social spiral gradually enfolding all humankind. As you say, then, "opinion-forming influences should never cease their vigilant agitation toward this end."

Q. In our present Philippine policy have we not departed from those great basic truths upon which our government was founded and which for a century gave our Republic a unique and enviable place as leader of the liberal nations of earth?

A. I do not believe that we mean to, nor shall, adhere to our present Philippine policy. When we recognize the fact that adherence to the policy threatens the realization of democracy, we shall manfully find a way out of the scrape. Meanwhile, even as it was desirable in Lincoln's time to convince the people that the Union could not exist half slave and half free, so it is certainly necessary to assure and convince people to-day that our democracy cannot remain unvitiated when we assume autocratic, despotic control over others. If democracy is true here, it is true in the Philippines. You may as well attempt to limit the application of the law of gravitation by despotic fiat. A well-meaning but faith-lacking minister of the gospel told me the other day that democracy is well enough for us, but is not to be applied to people unfit for it. And, pray, who is to judge the fitness of a people for self-government? How dare *we* judge? Where is it written in the heavens that every people must at once have the sort of government that fits and pleases us? If Filipinos are not "fit" for self-rule in democratic

fashion, there would seem to be no good reason why they may not still be independent of us and be ruled by a despot, or a "divine-right" monarch, or a constitutional king, after the manner of Russia, Germany, or England. The Filipinos are as much entitled as the Slavonic, Teutonic, or Anglo-Saxon race to grow up after their own manner and through their own evolution (the only possible way); they are equally entitled, I say, to take 500 or 1,000 years to develop toward democracy, without our autocratic "benevolent" interference.

As for us, we would better remember that we have a sufficient task before us in making true of ourselves even Lincoln's unsatisfactory definition of democracy, as "government of the people, by the people, for the people." Even then we shall be only at the beginning of the development and application of the democratic ideal. For democracy is more than a mere form of government—more than a political policy. Democracy is potentially a universal spiritual principle—aye, a religion. Conceived largely, democracy transcends New Zealands and Switzerlands and Americas, or as applied to these is an ethical ideal seeking political embodiment and expression. We of America are privileged to become, if we will, the "peculiar people" consecrated to that ideal. Not America will preserve democracy; but democracy will—if we become glad slaves of that idea—preserve and greaten and glorify America.

The triumph of democracy is as inevitable as human progress, and that triumph will come either through us or in spite of us. The question we should now put to ourselves as a people is: Shall we accept or refuse the proffered glory? Refusing it, we shall nevertheless continue, for a century or two, to grow in physical might and material prosperity, but shall as inevitably thereafter enter upon the period of our decline and fall as did ancient Rome and modern England. But if—as I believe—we shall accept religiously the "mission" that looms before us, we shall not only become equally strong and prosperous, but we shall grow to be the greatest of world-powers, naturally and easily winning the nations to our "faith," through the compelling influence of our embodied idealism.

THE PLACE OF EDUCATION IN REFORM.

IN one who feels himself compelled to do sentry duty for that vast army which marches where it listeth, protesting is a common mood. Many times must he sniff danger while they sleep. Often it only seems to rise before his too anxious eyes; and to report it would be folly—a folly that many men commit. But sometimes it comes great, menacing, and awful, and one must call out the guard and make report to those who plot and plan for the common weal; for it will not down. There is that in our commonly accepted attitude toward education—its value and its objects—which menaces and which is unworthy of us; that which is out of joint with the rest of our knowledge, which for our common good must be recast.

The last year has been full of criticisms of education coming from persons of many occupations and with varying claims upon our attention. The great business man has again come forward to say that the education of the schools unfits for compliance with the demands of business, and the teacher claps his hands in glee; for to set at naught the finality of some of the rules of business is an end that he desired. The reformer has not been slow to declare that his child, who is, like Samuel, destined from his cradle to serve a chosen deity of reform, shall not fellow with priests of any other Egypt. The churchman has pointed out, as of yore, that the sons of Dr. Faustus are legion, and that they follow the teaching profession—while the novelist who is by far the most ruthless murderer among us has been forced to protest against that shocking spoliation of men which the schools carry on.

The one marked result of all this criticism has been to stir up the complacent college and to demand from it reasons for being, which in many cases it has been unable to give. That the college is a thing in itself, few would admit; but its very isolation has tended to breed within it a sense of divine right—just as habitual unapproachableness brought the ancient king nearer

to God than to men; and, when taken to task by an unusually daring revolutionary, the college, like the king, finds it easier to prate about an instituted truth, as if the bare assertion were the guaranty of its possession. No greater service can be at any time rendered than is involved in the destruction of its idols of the cave. Current discussion has marred the faces of many of them. The traditions of a barren classicism have given place to a sense of the vitality of the humanities, but the newer traditions of formal science hold their followers like a spell. Out of all this attacking and retreating—out of the charging and countercharging of those who fight with words and those who fight with deeds—we are learning much of man's life and of genuine education: the way to help that life on.

The enemies of education are of two kinds: those who discredit it by relying too little upon it as it must be, and those who rely too much upon it as it now is. To the first class belong the reformers: those who insist upon short cuts in the remaking of the world; who believe in the legislation of force, in revolutions, in cataclysms, and great catastrophic changes. The very word *reform* seems to have been made to designate just such processes as these, for the shorter word *forming* will cover every influence of orderly making. But the reformer may, with justice, object that his effort is not to forsake but to hasten the orderly process of development; yet he cannot maintain that he succeeds in seeing that process whole. In fact, in most cases, he will confess that he does not even try to see it thus, so interested is he in seeing it partial.

When a congress of settlement workers fulminates that poverty of purse is the cause of the wretchedness that its members seek to alleviate, it not only shows supernatural skill in singling its differences, but it also exhibits something less than a rational interest in the natural process of growth. When the various anti-saloon organizations meet in convention and assign causes and remedies they are hardly more fortunate. When the socialist pictures his coming Eden, it is a peace that shall come, not naturally, but by special enactment. He may indeed maintain that it will come through education; but he does not mean what

we mean by *education,* and what he means is too abstract to be genuine. When the anarchist declares that the presence, not the absence, of law is responsible for the ills of men, he does not propose to advance by considering all the causes, but by abstracting one.

What, then, is the esteem in which the *reformer* holds education? All reforms advance by propaganda; all reforms employ a teaching process, and all reforms exist to rectify the errors of the schools—to amend, to revise, to supersede the work of the teacher. There is no organized lay body that exists solely to insist upon the necessity of his method and to lend him countenance and support. One who is familiar with men and women who give their lives to these various forms of reformative effort cannot fail to be shocked—not that they insist that their pet forms of cure will help to cure, but that they tend to insist that they alone will cure. Instead of working *with* the school and lending it all the encouragement in his power, the reformer tends to discredit it. No one would maintain that the school is the only agency that can bring about that remaking of human experience which will abolish want, secure justice, and spread peace; but he can insist that the principle for which the school stands is the only principle that can secure this end.

Normal want is due to one of two causes—lack of salable ability or absence of due return. Nothing but education can transform muscular or mental energy into salable skill. On the other hand, what will insure a due return? What will prevent the grinding of the faces of the competent poor? The reconstruction of our ideas with regard to justice and duty—that and nothing short of it. Reformers are declaring that men must be changed as to their pocketbooks; that what is in the pockets of the rich must be put into the pockets of the poor—and then laws must be made to keep it there. But this is the peace of the policeman, and the relief is very much like station-house relief. The workman is not more skilled; the employer is not more trustworthy; the real situation is not changed. The king has come and rules by force and fear—while cheating and begging and fighting must go on as before.

A man is a body of thoughts and feelings, and if you would change the man you must change his thoughts and feelings. His whole life is a process that works such changes within him. If his wage is changed his thoughts will change. If the laws are changed, it will affect him—thus he will become aware of it. Any reform would seem to meet this requirement. What, then, is the advantage of an educational reform? That it changes his experience in the greatest possible degree and with the least expense of time and energy. One is not greatly benefited by the gift of a single meal, while the same time spent in showing him the use of a tool may make him self-supporting for life. Suppose one were left to rediscover the world, which he uses, through his unaided self. Nothing but the somewhat uncertain factor of heredity prevents one saying that it would take him just as long to make the rediscovery as it took the race to make the first discovery.

The process of education is solely and only our attempt to reconstitute the original impulses and tendencies with which men are born, through the medium of past human experience. But in this process the whole body of impulses that men have must be brought to expression in ways that have been tried and not found wanting. That kind of past experience must be selected which has meant unity of self-expression. That form of experience which divided the man against himself, which set a part of his impulses at war with the rest of them, was not good then and is not good to-day. In other words, that education was good and is good which educates the whole man, not a part of him. The test of true education is in the man, not in society. It were as monstrous to say that that is truth which society decrees as that that is education for any man which society countenances as fitting him to fill the place which society has allotted to him. True, that is not truth which will not commend itself to reason wherever found, and that is not true education which works social harm; but it must always be the best reason, not the consensus, that determines the truth. Just so it must be the highest and not the common intelligence which shall say what education is best. On this score, my objections to the reformer

are twofold. He does not stand for an adequate reform; he is a tinker, not an artisan; he is a quack, not a physician—for he thinks by a slight change to work a momentous transformation. And my second charge is like unto it: that his clattering and his quacking prevent others from whole-hearted attention to this great work—by distracting them, by attempting to alienate their affections, by dividing their interests and their energies.

The process of education is like Aristotle's process of manufacture—fourfold. The stuff of education, the thing to be educated, the material cause, is the given subject with definite impulses and a character already formed. The formal cause, or the plan, comes from past human experience. It is the shape, the character, which his impulses must be brought to take. The efficient cause is the teaching influence—that medium through which past experience speaks, be it teacher or book. The final cause, the end of it all, is the reconstructed man—formed, not by the mechanical process of adding to or subtracting from his bulk, but transformed. And the process is far more difficult than that which the sculptor knows, for he molds by cutting away his material, while here the original material must all be molded by being retained. One cannot disregard a bit of it; he must remake it all or none—for to remake in part only is but to distort that natural beauty which is already there.

Take the stuff of education first. What are the tendencies that belong to the individual? In other words, what is the form he has at birth, which education must develop? A great authority has pointed out that his interests are fourfold: (1) A social interest, which is expressed in communication with others in an infinity of ways; (2) a scientific interest, an inborn curiosity that makes him an inquiring mind through life; (3) a constructive interest, which constitutes him a builder—which enables him to body forth in things that which he discovers in men and events. His fourth division, an artistic interest, seems to me almost superfluous; but art is only a kind of construction, and every man is an artist when society and his own inquiry feed his constructive effort in a sufficient degree.

These are the natural materials that education as a process must transform. Does the school seek to develop them harmoniously? No; no more does our theory of education regard each individual as possessing them. A truly universal education must seek to realize the natural good of each individual, not part of it alone. How shall it do so? The experiences that men have already had either served to unify human impulses or to bring greater discord among them. Such of them as have served to unify are the forms that must be used to bring about such unity to-day, and it belongs to every man to reap a benefit from them. If one inherits his impulses from the years, shall he not have a share in that wealth of experience which was their outcome? Shall he not claim as his right and his due the privilege of receiving them whole, not in part? But the reformer and the educator are both agreed that to educate a man beyond his position in life is to do him a great wrong; that there is a kind of human experience that is not his, and that will paralyze him rather than make him powerful; that there is an education for the peasant, an education for the middle-class man, and an education for the upper-class man—all should go to the grammar school, some to the high school, and a few to the college.

This statement must mean one of two things—either culture is an evil to most men or the high school and the college are trade schools. If man as man cannot benefit by sharing in our common knowledge, it must be that men as men are either differently constituted or should become differently constituted. But the days of the false Platonic psychology are done—a doctrine false as psychology and falsely ascribed to Plato. Society is not made up of a many who are like the beasts (having nothing but a sensuous soul), of a few who have a soul of daring besides, and a select few who are the fortunate possessors of a soul of reason. Although we are far too much inclined to treat men as if these ancient distinctions still obtained, yet no man will dare to say that they do.

The qualities enumerated under the word *human* are universal. They belong to us all, and if we are to bring to perfec-

tion those powers or impulses which are common to men we must educate them as they are. If man is universal the process of bringing him to himself must be a universal process. Individual bits of iron are not all of the same consistency, yet the process of iron working must be applied to every piece that is iron. But some one will reply that my illustration but betrays my case, for there are furnace-men and puddlers and heaters and rollers, just as there are grammar schools and high schools and colleges. Quite true; to get iron of a certain quality and for certain purposes it is sufficient to melt down limestone and ore. To get muck bar, that result must be melted again and rolled. To get iron—finished, marketable iron, which can be used for an infinity of purposes—it must be heated once again and rolled. If education is indeed a process of fitting means to arbitrary and fixed ends—if the aim of education is to make workers, not men—then the pig-iron product will do to make castings: to fill a place where few demands are made upon it save that of keeping its original position. The muck bar product will have a slightly better fiber and can be depended upon for more purposes, since it has a greater tensile strength, while the more finished product will have a much broader range of use. That which we work is but a thing, and the character that we seek to give it is determined by its use, not by its nature. It will serve just so far as it keeps its place, not so far as it thinks and feels.

This is the common theory of education—a kind of iron-molding of men. For this theory, education is filling in, is manufacture, is determined by one's place in the social machine. The laborer must be educated to do his work; nothing more is required. The teacher must be submitted to a somewhat more complex process; while the professional man must, and the business man's son may, be sent to college. My point is that if these schools are not trade schools—and I do not believe they are; if the aim of this process is not to make cogs, but men, and this process can make men more satisfactorily than any other that we know, we must box our compass anew and say that whatever is good in the high school and in the college is

good because it makes men—and is therefore good for every man. And if our words are genuine we will insist upon a universal education as a solvent of that multitude of inconsistencies and oppositions which befoul our common life. If developed impulse is manliness, and if genuine manliness means peace and growth, not unrest and war, and if genuine manliness can be attained by rethinking the thoughts of the great and the good of all time and by reëxperiencing their experience, then is reform but another name for education, and the hope of the reformer belongs of right to the teacher alone.

If human impulse is to go on its unaided way, then is all reform unnecessary. But if it would gain time by seeking direction from accumulated experience it must go where this experience is to be had in the richest measure possible. To be a man is something more than to fill a place—something more than a well regulated habit: it is to *create* a somewhat besides. To be a man is something more than to depend: it is to be independent, to be the outer world, to find one's self in it all. To be a man is to have an orderly, consistent, harmonious experience—to be at one with one's self. To attain such a state something more than a trade is necessary. All life is inward. Why not enrich it? The only world for any man is the world he knows. It alone must supply him opportunity; it alone can outlet his energy—can give him interests and enable him to realize himself. If its limits are fixed too narrowly, it becomes a pen and he a caged animal, who goes through life with impulses and instincts that he can by no means express or satisfy. For him civilization has erected problems in the public street. It has built its manifold life into brick and mortar. It has set up laws and constitutions, an organized society and an established State. Its religious feeling it has objectified as a Church. Its reverence and patriotism it has set forth in monuments. Its highways and its seaways, its armies and its fleets—what are all these but challenges to understand that reality of human life of which they are but signs; and who can be at home among them unless he knows their tongue?

The question of education is not how to make a man fit the

demands of the market-place, nor yet how to make him shine in society, but how to make the best of the whole man. And this question attaches to every man. Until it be answered we may erect memorials in the market-place and monuments in the squares; we may fill our public halls and museums with the products of the genius of our own and all other times; we may buy and accumulate and treasure that which is great and good and lovely to behold, and loan it to the public use; we may have open doors and a crier to hail men to our exhibition: but we invest in dross and multiply the joy and beauty of life not at all until we educate the nation to see with its eyes and hear with its ears the glory in which it dwells and the greatness it inherits. All other forms of effort will but abandon men to their side eddies. Education alone will lead them to the life of the whole. Plato described a slave as "one who in his actions does not express his own ideas." The citizen, says Aristotle, is one who makes the life of the State his own. Measured by the best Greek standard, most men among us are not free.

Most of us have moments of believing that our world is poor enough at best as a residence for a human soul, but that aspiration that must live in but a narrow space and a much narrower time can hardly escape a continuous discontent. Universal education of the best possible kind will not create a new force within any man, but it will help him to satisfactory expression of that which already moves within him. Why *must* culture and use always go hand-in-hand? Why do we always have food-bringing and soul-delighting studies? Because man is more than meat and his body is more than raiment, although it is these also; and the cultural is as useful as the food-bringing, for it feeds a human hunger not a whit less real.

Long years of evolution have served to actualize a being with a wide range of vision before whose powers of comprehension space and time tend to become unrealities. Is it not a perversion of the evolutionary order to make him the servant of a narrow space and a limited time? Is his thinking to minister to his body alone, or also to minister to itself? The function of a rational being is chiefly to be rational, not to persist or to be

made to persist in an animal existence. And all the protests of labor, all the revolutions of the people, all the discontent and most of the misery of the poor—these are but a vague and blind revolt against being confined in an un-understandable world. What will change it? Nothing but that which will make men more at home in the world. Not merely food and shelter; they would satisfy an animal, but they alone will not satisfy a man. In addition he must be taught so far as possible the meaning of the world in which he finds himself—of his labor, of his society, of his State; and the accumulated experience of the human race when put at his service in the best possible manner, as it is in the school, is poor enough at best when it is called upon to solve the mighty riddle which the sphinx within him asks.

I know *well* the answer that men make to such a doctrine—that such an education serves only to make men discontented; that it unfits them for the hewing and carrying of life. I deny it entirely. How can the use of one's eyes unfit him for the use of his hands? But if he is blindfolded he cannot use his hands so well. The eye was made to coöperate with the hand. How can the employment of the whole mind, which sees through the eyes and moves through the hands, interfere with the work of any one of these? To employ but one part of a necessary whole is to put that part in opposition to the whole—to weaken it. What is the objection to universal education? That it unfits men for their work. Yet cultural education is necessary to fit the professional man to begin the work of his profession, and the forms of general education are not trade schools. Something must be radically wrong in a world in which the same process both fits and unfits men for their work. Why does education fit the professional man for his work and unfit the laborer for his? I can find no logical reason for this result. I am compelled to say that the statement is false, although it seems to be true, and has become a common law through the approving votes of an overwhelming majority. Education cannot unfit him for his work—it may unfit the present conditions in which that work is performed for him. It may bring about better hours, better places, better estimation of labor; but unfit

him for his work it cannot, for the chief factor in determining his work is the pronoun, not the noun.

I have noticed that civilization is in the habit of advancing because of just such divine discontent. And that discontent that comes of education will have a great advantage, for it will be able to formulate and to express itself clearly—in which case the progress will be greater than ever before. It is not a trifling thing to impose fixed conditions upon human souls. The time was in the history of the Church when education unfitted men for membership in it, but a better Church was the result. The time was in the history of the State when education menaced the State and men could no longer live in it—and a better State came. Surely nothing is fixed but men themselves, and their fixity is the fixity of conscious movement, which enriches itself as it moves; and this is the only guaranty of progress. One cannot fail to have much sympathy for that man who feels that his work is unworthy of him, for he is either in the way to better himself by unlearning his error or to better society by performing a more fitting service.

There is a saying among philosophers that a half philosophy leads away from God, while a true philosophy leads to God. Education—a genuine education, which is something more than formal—will enlarge the horizon and give each a sense of the social value of his labor. It will teach him to look upon activity as life, and will substitute the word *life* for the word *labor;* he will feel a keen sense of his relation to that vast human world which shares with him its gains, demanding only that he shall share his own. He will come to know something of the majesty of being and to correct the false judgment that depreciates the worth of many that it may appreciate the worth of one. He will discover that common self of feeling and desire which strives with him instead of against him, as he is wont to think. He will rejoice in its rejoicing, be interested in its interests, share in its gains, succeed in its successes. He will discover his own moral nature and at length discover a wherefore for the world. Such an education, which will form him as a citizen of the world by enabling him to live in a world suffi-

ciently large to be self-explanatory, will give occupation when he is idle, rest when he is weary, distraction when he is bored, comfort when he is cast down, and through all a much larger peace; for only knowledge can create a vital peace. And the peace that cometh of understanding is not the privilege of the scholar; it is not a private but a social good, and should be as freely offered for use as are the wares of the artisan. A growing insight into the nature of the human being will at length turn its possession as completely into a necessity as it is now a luxury.

These are not vast claims, but they run the risk of seeming to be words alone. More in detail, what will a larger and more vital education do for men? It will substitute productive thinking for destructive hallucinations. It will close the saloon. It will substitute great human perplexing problems—the risks, the darings of the race—for extemporized games of chance. It will remove the vices of blind impulse by making blind impulse to see. It will rationalize consumption by enabling men to discover the necessary and to separate it from the wasteful. It will bring the whole man to his work, not a protesting part of him. It will identify the interest of the employer and employee —and anything short of such intellectual discernment is an abstract and incomplete identification. Socialism, law, accident—nothing besides will do this, not because they demand too much but because they demand too little.

I have noticed that the best carpenters, the best iron-workers, the best cigar-makers, the best street-sweepers were those who knew most, not of their business alone, but of the hopes and aspirations and successes of other men, who had a sense of the social value of their labor. The eight-hour day is in large part a failure. Why? Because the worker cannot use his spare time and so abuses it; but the eight-hour day and the six-hour day begin to be economic necessities. There is a point beyond which civilization cannot extend save by intension — beyond which it cannot broaden save by deepening. Why are our manufactures of so poor a kind, and why are wages so low? Not alone because manufacturers make and pay so poorly, but be-

cause the consumer is compelled to select upon the criteria of price alone—in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred knowing neither his real need nor what will satisfy it. Bad money drives out good money. Bad taste drives out good taste. Ignorance fights with knowledge for control.

John Ruskin, that great philosopher of the spirit if not of the form, has well said that "there is no wealth but life—life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration." "Whatsoever ye do to the least of these ye do it unto me" is not limited to cups of water. Socrates, that master spirit of the Greeks, thought it worth while to spend his life in bringing home to the minds of the shoemakers, the carpenters, and the armorers of Athens principles of private conduct and political judgment such as they were wont to use in their trades. He thought it worth while to spend his life in extending their interests to include society, the State, and God. He spent as much time with them as he devoted to the rich young men of Athens. He was a cosmopolitan teacher. Surely that is not an advance beyond him which has made or tends to make the teacher a respecter of persons! A government that names itself democracy, by that act chooses to advance by the way of education alone. One is not educated in it because he may one day be President. He is judge, lawmaker, and executioner now. Can all men be educated? All who *are* men can. Will universal education dethrone the scholar? No more than it will dethrone the truth which is his scholarship. He cannot afford to allow a single talent to go unearthed that will work with him in his mighty task. The keenest lack that the scholar feels is lack of discoverers, and next to it is the lack that compels him not only to find the truth but also to drive it home—to make it operative. Universal education will free him from the dead weight of custom and convention, which, perceiving nothing but the static present, weighs upon discovery like a pall.

It is objected to Extension work and to the Settlement movement that there is not a royal road to knowledge—that these movements are fraudulent if they claim to offer such a road.

It is because of this very failure of anything but the education of the schools to educate that that education must become universal.

Few will deny that education as ordinarily practised is not intended to serve such ends as these. Unfortunately, it is still in the Sophistic stage of shaping men to conform to the demands of a given social convention rather than to express themselves. But that there is a Socratic education that will enable a man to come to his true stature, and that it can be and is even now being applied, the work of a multitude of teachers will attest. For them culture has once again taken on its better meaning. It is not formal—not mere possession of the dry husks of anything. Culture is domesticity. The cultured man is one whose heart is no longer skin-bounded, but beats in things outside himself. True culture will make him at home in the world as he is at home in the family. The oracular words of Socrates are as true for the laborer as for the prince: "An unexamined life is not one which is fit to be lived by man." Surely it is his due to have all of human acquisition striving with him to abet its examination.

ERNEST CARROLL MOORE.

Berkeley, Cal.

THE ICONOCLAST AS A BUILDER.

IT has often been charged against freethinkers and agnostics that they are ready enough to tear down but are *not* very ready to build up. The charge has been a just one, and for this reason thousands of men who agree substantially with the agnostics are to-day quietly holding their places in the churches. It is better, they argue, and with some reason, to remain with their families, beneath this time-honored shelter, than to wander forth into a world whose only shelter is the uncertain heavens. The old homes may be rife with superstitions and may teach "facts" at variance with science and logic; yet, along with the false, they teach much that is true, and very much that is helpful. In fact, outside of private homes, they are almost the only places where a strict morality is strenuously taught. There are many thoughtful men who agree with the old Roman, Numa Pompilius, that religion fosters culture, and also with him that it is better to receive it "miraculously"—from some divine Egeria—than not to have it at all. Moreover, it is conceded that the setting apart of one day in seven for the better cultivation of our moral sense is eminently wise. These things being so, it is not strange that conservative men have been slow to leave their places in the churches.

But, suppose it to be possible—yea, that it prove on trial easy of accomplishment—to erect a temple wherein only *truth* shall be taught, wherein men may be drawn from the material to the spiritual side of life, wherein a pure morality will be strenuously contended for, and wherein will be inculcated a love for whatsoever things are honest, high, beautiful; and suppose, further, that in conjunction with this new worship (we may well call it so) the Christian Sunday, perhaps with some slight modifications, be still maintained—what, let me ask, would be the effect upon those who still retain their seats in the old churches but not their beliefs in the old faith? It would not

empty the churches, for there is, and perhaps there will always be, a large number of people who have no difficulty in accepting the supernatural; but, in my opinion, there would be a large exodus of intelligent men and women from them, and these uniting with others of like mind in the community would erect a temple wherein they would feel at home, and would establish therein a worship whereby they and their children would grow in all the graces of the spirit.

In some cities there are associations that have taken the name of The Secular League. They are made up for the most part of intelligent persons that have lost their religious beliefs. But I like not their name. We are too prone now to follow secular things; what we need, and are now seeking, is how, at times, to get away from the world—from secularism—and how to find in its stead spirituality.

Let us suppose that a meeting was called in one of our large cities—say Washington; that the call was to all those who think for themselves in matters of religion; that it was extensively advertised, and then that it was duly held and was in every respect a success: that an organization was effected by the election of the usual officers and the selection of certain committees. First, there is a building committee, whose duty will be to select a lot in the central part of the city and erect thereon a house suitable for the purposes of the association. This temple should be beautiful without and within. The auditorium should be modeled after that of the modern theater, except that the stage would have less space; there would be no boxes, and there would be an organ. There would be also space in front of the stage for an orchestra. In the decoration of the interior, including the windows, the legends and incidents portrayed would not be confined to any one race or to any one period of time.

Adjoining the auditorium, as in many modern churches, should be a room for the Sunday-school. It could be used also as a lecture-room and as a place for social gatherings. There should also be fitted up a reading-room, to be open to all the congregation, including the larger children. It should be

equipped with the best magazines and the daily papers of Washington and New York. There could be also, if the members wished it, a library in the same room. Opening into the reading-room should be another apartment to be devoted to amusement. This could be equipped with billiard tables and all the appurtenances required for smaller games, such as chess, checkers, and cards. Another room of this adjunct may be fitted up as a gymnasium. Such is a brief outline of the proposed temple. Of course, the details will vary according to individual tastes and the financial strength of the different assemblies.

At the organization another committee was appointed charged with the duty of selecting some one to lead in their public functions; some one to be to them, in part at least, what the pastor is to the church. The work of this committee is a difficult one, owing to the fact that no men have been trained for such service as would be required of such an official. He must be broadly intelligent. He must know history. He must have knowledge of all religious cults—of their rise and development; of all systems of philosophy and of the evolution of ethics especially among European races. He must have a fair understanding of the sciences and be conversant with literature, ancient and modern. In addition to this equipment of knowledge, he must have the abilities of the public speaker with the earnestness of the reformer. Ten years later it will be easier to find such a man. But even now the men will be found, because in every movement that marks the progress of the race, whether along spiritual or material lines, men have been found to carry it forward. To be the spiritual leader of an intelligent constituency such as I have described would be indeed a most honorable position—one so high and worthy that it would be sought by the most intellectual of our young men: something that cannot be claimed for the office of the Christian pastor. For some reason—is it the decline of faith?—in recent years our strongest young men have not entered the Christian ministry.

It will be the duty of another committee to form a program of the exercises—what in the churches would be called a serv-

ice-program. By this the hour for the children's meeting, or Sunday-school, would be fixed; also the hours for the Sunday services and probably for a meeting some evening in the week.

There would be much *music* in all the services. There are now only a few hymns that would be suitable, but an abundance of other excellent music. In a few years the Doddridges and Hebers among the congregation would see to it that we had a hymnal.

Shall formal prayers be a part of this service? For myself, I would omit them, trusting rather to make the whole service one of real prayer—an aspiration after high things.

And now comes the most important part in this process of rebuilding. It is in answer to the questions, What is to be taught in the Sunday-school? and, What is to be the burden and aim of the leader's discourses? The first may be answered by one word, *morality*. Not the morality of an ancient religion like the Jewish, whose founders, notwithstanding their decalogue, countenanced all manner of crimes, save idolatry—nor the morality of medieval times, whose fierce partizanship dwarfed the obligations of kindness and justice; but rather that morality which has been put forth by the best men of all the ages, and especially of this enlightened modern age. We now *know* what things are right and what are wrong—what tend to good and what to evil; and we know, with Paul, that to be carnally minded is death but to be spiritually minded is life. We would teach an honesty far higher than that of expediency. We would teach moderation, temperance, patriotism, and withal Jesus' law of love and his lessons of unselfishness. We would *not* teach theology, because, strictly speaking, there is no such thing.

The answer to the second question, What is to be the burden and aim of the leader's discourses? has been given largely in our answer to the first. The burden will be right living, or we may call it ethical culture, and the aim *sana mens in sano corpore*—but *sana* in a very broad sense. A man may have the intellect of a Webster, but if he be capable of a dishonorable act his mind is not *sound*. *Sana* then includes all the best qualities

of the mind. Spiritual perception and aspiration, a high sense of honor, and whatsoever other qualities go to make a gentleman, must belong to it. The aim of the Church has been the salvation of souls, and the very same will be the aim of the godless preachers in our new temples. Let a man's feet be planted on the rock of Personal Integrity and he is saved *now*, and, if he is immortal, forever.

But the public teacher, if he is successful, must be something far more than a didactician. He must entertain as well as instruct. The world is his field, and he will know how to cull from it; the history of the world is his Bible. He can take his texts from Plato, Jesus, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Shakespeare, Emerson, or any other sage who has come to men with a message. The annals of Greece and Rome furnish many illustrious examples of patriotism, of truthfulness, and of virtue. But no race has been more prolific of men devoted to duty than the one we claim as our own, and no age can count so many of them as the present. Indeed, our leaders will deal largely with current events—those questions of the day which are pressing for answer.

Why say more? The temple is built, and the people, intelligent and earnest, are crowding into it. The man will come presently who is to lead them; he will come with a message that they can *understand*—with words of wisdom that will *help* them on life's journey.

This new temple is, let us say, in central Washington. In a few years we will expect to see a similar one arise in the northwestern part of the city, and again another in the eastern part. So will the movement spread.

Come, gentlemen,—ye silent dwellers in homes not yours,—shall the meeting be called?

SHALER G. HILLYER.

Lamar, Col.

WIVES, WIDOWS, AND WILLS.

ONE of the most perplexing problems that we are called upon to solve is to discover the ratio of a woman's value, as sweetheart, wife, and possible widow, in the estimation of man in each of his various rôles of lover, husband, and testator. When a man is seeking to obtain the consent of the girl of his choice, to unite her life and fortunes with his, he thinks that he is ready to surrender almost anything in order to secure that consent. The marriage vow presents no obstacle. He says, unhesitatingly, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow;" but afterward the vow is forgotten or entirely ignored, and has no legal validity whatever.

Strange to say, as years roll by and the wife becomes the mother of their children, as well as his ever-ready helper in a thousand ways, he forgets his promises and vows so entirely that frequently she finds herself scarcely supplied with ready cash for the daily needs of the home of which she is the most important factor, while her own clothing supply becomes to her a constant source of trial or a problem impossible of solution. Her self-supporting, unmarried woman friend has greater pecuniary independence than she can hope for in the home where she is the most important, and when absent the most seriously missed, member of the household. There is never found another who can and will half fill the place for any pay. She is at once wife, mother, housekeeper, nurse, seamstress, and often woman-of-all-work in the average home, without either wages or appreciation of any sort. An ordinary servant has greater liberty in spending without rendering an account to any one of her cash outlay. The few honorable exceptions here and there only serve to emphasize the rule in this respect. Nor is this all. There have been too many instances where immediately after entering the bonds of matrimony the woman has found herself bereft of her own patrimony: herself and her belong-

ings becoming the property of her husband with no reluctance upon his part at assuming the ownership.

If, after years of wifehood and child-bearing, she died, the children that she left behind soon found a step-mother and a new brood of children living upon the money of their own mother. These facts are patent and incontrovertible. On the other hand, if the husband passed first to other scenes, his will was found to be a study and a marvel in its injustice. Men have been known to will away from their wives the property that they received through their marriage with them. And even the guardianship of the children has been given to others by the testator.

In old times there was a queer law—a relic of a barbaric period, like many another that could be cited. It was called the "widow's quantum." Under its restrictions, if a man died intestate, or failed to provide in his will for his widow to retain the home, then, after a lapse of "forty days" from the demise of her high lord, the forlorn woman was obliged to leave the shelter of her married life and find a place of refuge for herself as best she could elsewhere. The next of kin, *on the side of her neglectful husband,* walked in and took possession. It is reasonable to suppose that, under the urgent necessity for so hasty a removal, the widow must inevitably have dried her tears for the departed very soon. While taking her own hurried leave of roof and shelter, if she shed any tears they would naturally have flowed because of the pathos of her own sorry plight. Widowed and homeless all at once!

It is within the recollection of some of our active reformers that upon the day of her wedding a woman passed, with all of her belongings—the bridal trousseau included—into the ownership of her spouse. Some one has remarked, facetiously, that in those not very remote days "*all married women* wore men's clothes, as they owned nothing themselves." Evolution be thanked, those "good old days" have passed away, and women now may congratulate themselves that their lines are fallen in pleasanter times.

But there yet remains ample room for improvement in

the laws, and the existing customs consequent upon those laws. In making their wills now, men do not always prove themselves models of wisdom and justice. Men will leave the manifestation of love for and gratitude to their wives altogether out of the question. Old ideas are long in being outgrown, even when through the lapse of time they have been worn threadbare and flimsy.

In the ranks of the wealthy, when wills are made public, the same ancient barbaric sentiment regarding the status of a wife or widow seems to hold sway. Many widows of rich men have found themselves unable to continue in the style of living to which they were accustomed, because of the restricted incomes left to them by their husbands. There have been instances where the children found it necessary to unite in forming a fund to enable their mother to keep up the great establishments that the husband's and father's will obliged her to retain and maintain during her own lifetime. Nor could she by any sale unload herself of her heavy burdens. These are not unique cases.

And what shall be said of the wills of some of our millionaire magnates that are known and read of all men, where the faithful wife and mother finds herself poor compared with any one of her children, and with less liberty in the disposing of her own portion than any one of them? After spending the years from early wifehood to the time when some of her children are married, and all or almost all are grown up—after occupying the position of mistress of the household during those years —when the will of her deceased husband is opened she finds that every child that she has gone down to the gates of death to bear for him has been left with a fortune multiplying her own several times; and perhaps one untried youth—a mere stripling—becomes by his father's behest the "head of the family," with the lion's share of those manifold millions left to him to do with unreservedly as he pleases. A boy made by a few strokes of a pen the head of the house, and so much richer than his own mother that her proportion sinks into insignificance beside that of her son!

Proceedings of this sort are relics of the old Jewish, Roman, and English laws concerning the status of woman. Under those dispensations she never for a moment owned herself, but passed from her father's to her husband's possession—a chattel always. The modern custom of "giving away" the bride points back to those days of everlasting bondage. If she inherited at all she did so under the old common law of England, "as the sister of her son." Her own rank was below that of her boy, even if he were only an infant in arms.

It may well give us pause to consider the wonderful advantages that have ever belonged to the sex masculine and to ask why. The vested and accrued interests of that heritage are indeed incalculable, and pass beyond all human understanding, even in this year of grace nineteen hundred and two. It seems much more desirable to be a child than to have been the wife of a deceased man. Better to be a *son* than to hold any other relationship to a testator, if one could only have the chance to choose!

Many years ago, before statutory enactments had made some desirable changes in the old common law that we inherited with other ancient customs and ideas from dear Mother England, there was a young seamstress whose one ambition was to own a writing-desk and bureau combined—the same that we now see in the old-fashioned "secretary." To gratify her wish she worked early and late and saved her earnings until she was able to make the purchase and see her vision materialize in the coveted piece of furniture established in her own little home. After enjoying it for a time she married, and, according to the law then prevailing, she ceased to own anything. Her husband entered into possession of all her effects when he took her to wife.

After a while he "shuffled off the mortal coil," leaving her a childless widow.

Then came the first of a series of tragic events in her life history. Her household goods—the dearly bought desk included—were all appraised as belonging to her deceased lord's estate. In order to retain her beloved desk she *bought it again.*

One would suppose that she had received a salutary and never-to-be-forgotten lesson. But, nay—in time another man came to woo the industrious, hard-working woman. She listened to his suit. He won. Again she lost her "secretary," with herself, in life matrimonial.

Years elapsed until she faced widowhood and the inevitable appraisers once more. Her twice purchased desk could not be hers undisputed until she again paid the appraised valuation.

As time glided on, lonely and widowed, but in full possession of her little property, she lived, peacefully and contentedly. Either she or her belongings must have been very attractive, for soon there came another suitor to pay his court to her, and perhaps incidentally to her real and personal estate. Doubtless the latter was alluring. Wonders will never cease! She was almost persuaded to pronounce the fateful affirmative that would again impoverish her. But, fortunately, as the two sat in converse, the would-be husband number three, while formulating the momentous question unconsciously leaned toward *the desk* and took hold of a drawer-handle with which he dallied, possibly to relieve his laudable embarrassment, while thinking how he should deliver himself of his proposal.

Now, the good angels of the widow were near, or perhaps the evil genii of the man presided. Her attention was drawn to the hand that he was so generously proffering for her acceptance. All at once a tide of memories surged through her brain recalled by that one act of the wooer. *His* hand upon *her* desk! Experiences too vivid for another rash step awoke and saved her from running the risk of their repetition. She was thoroughly roused and on the defensive. When the formal proposal had been made, and it was her turn to speak the decisive word, her answer came in no uncertain tone:

"No! I have bought that 'secretary' three times. I intend to own it absolutely hereafter. I shall *never* buy it again!"

Some one will say, times have changed, and the laws also. Women now receive much more consideration and have greater privileges than ever before in the world's history. Certainly, we hope so, for the credit of the race and as a proof that man-

kind is evolving into higher conditions than obtained of yore. But is this a reason for the stagnation that comes from self-satisfaction? Shall any man or woman be permitted to stop or clog the wheels of progress? Rather let "onward forever and upward" always be our watchwords—"eternal progression" our motto.

There are States in this "free Republic" where the law allows a man to claim and collect the daily earnings of his wife. And there are other sustained laws, equally inequitable, touching woman's relation to man. Some of these laws pass belief. If all women knew of them there would be immediate revolution instead of our slow evolution away from them.

Only a few years ago, in Brooklyn, N. Y., the child of a widow was run over and killed by the cars. When suit was brought against the railroad company, the verdict rendered by Judge Allen was that, "as the father of the child was dead, there was no *lawful* beneficiary." Consequently, that "most righteous and learned judge" granted to the stricken mother—"ninety dollars for funeral expenses;"—not in justice, but in charity, we must suppose.

And now a late case reveals the present condition of the law in Nebraska. A boy of fourteen years was killed by a train of the Armour Packing Company while using the rails of the C. N. & St. P. Railway. In recent years he had assisted his mother in the support of the family, "the *father having deserted them all ten years ago.*" The judge admitted *a* claim, but decided against the mother—for the reason that, according to the statute of Nebraska, only "the *next of kin*" could bring suit, and *this particular relationship belonged to the father.* Therefore, the mother could not appear as plaintiff, "the *father* having *lost nothing* by the boy's death," because he had not reaped any advantage from his earnings! There was *no one entitled* to any damages. Here language fails. And yet, in the face of these and similar glaring cases, we hear it said that the laws are more generous to women than to men!

The "age of consent law" stands a monstrous contradiction to any such declaration, in any and every State of the Union.

Justice is still distant, beckoning to us from mountain heights as yet unscaled by the thought of man in general. A steady ascent it must be, even if we are to reach at last the vision and then attain the realization of equity. Nowhere is this necessity more evident than in the attitude toward their wives of many of those who are called "our good men," and above all in the effete ideas manifested by them in the making of their last wills and testaments. The cold law now insures to the widow of a man dying intestate one-third of his estate.

Men are often less kind to their prospective widows, in their testamentary documents, than the impersonal, soulless law. Their wills are frequently enormous evidences of the weakest and least admirable side of their characters. Surely there should be extraordinary and excellent reasons when a wife, mother, or widow is compelled to rank lower than the children to whom she has given birth and nurture; and this whether during the married life of the parents or in the making and administration of a will.

M. E. CARTER.

New York.

HE FOUND LIFE.

A Story.

BY LUELLA R. KRAYBILL.

It was a night, bitterly cold, of impenetrable darkness and oppressive gloom. The roaring of the wind seemed but the wail of crushed and desolate lives, and the creaking of the sleet the snapping of human heart-cords. It was one of those times when the outer or objective world fails to engage one's thoughts, but rather turns the soul back upon itself to retrospection and analysis, to its own moral blight and gloom—if such it has.

A giant of commercialism, a man with all the accouterments and power of unlimited wealth, sat alone and reflective in the library of his palatial home this cheerless January evening. He had given every physical energy and mental effort of his life to the accumulation of great wealth, and had succeeded; but to-night he felt the emptiness of his life as he had never realized it before. His soul seemed as hungry and emaciated as the body of the famine-stricken sufferer.

For years this man had believed that greater wealth and greater power would ultimately appease the inner longing, the unquenchable thirst of his life; but he realized to-night as never before that man is both a physical and a spiritual being, and, to live the fully rounded life, the soul as well as the body must be adequately nourished. Not only was his life empty, but to-night it was impossible for him to escape the goadings of his conscience; and the dense outer darkness seemed but a reflection of his soul's moral gloom.

Some years before he had married a beautiful and kindly-hearted young woman, who had died and left him two very interesting children. He appreciated his family, yet it had been

much as a side issue, while the accumulation of great wealth had been the one absorbing purpose of his life.

In one direction from this man's suburban mansion stretched his acres of valuable lands, while in another direction were to be seen his factories, the smoke of which shut out the light of day for those who toiled within them. Huddled on the lands nearby are the rows and groups of cottages or coops occupied by the factory employees, whose lives know little else than incessant toil and privation. These toilers produce an average of eight dollars a day, of which less than one-fourth is returned to them. The remaining six dollars go to swell the coffers of the commercial king, who must find a foreign market for the goods American labor has produced—and of which it is sorely in need.

The legitimate wage of labor is what it produces, but under the private ownership of land and the instruments of production there is no method by which labor may be secured in its own. Our large fortunes represent nothing but our unpaid labor and products, and under our competitive system there is no method by which this gigantic wrong may be righted.

This employer laid the foundation of his fortune in his early business career by putting a salable commodity on the market while profits were yet large and undivided by the inevitable competition of our growing manufacturing facilities. With the wealth accumulated in earlier times he had been able to manipulate the competition of later days. That his own business might be increased he had been as aggressive and relentless as the proverbial sea-pirate or Visi-Goth. He had ruined individuals by the hundred and not less than a score of towns, and to-night the roar of the winds lashed his soul as might the wail of the women and children whom he had rendered homeless. He remembered a noted statesman once said that manipulation caused more suffering than war, famine, and pestilence combined.

What meant this awful gloom—these terrible goadings? Was it presentiment, a feeling that unjust conditions must sooner or later produce disastrous effects?

"What! What——" he exclaimed, in all the agony of a soul at last awakened and fully cognizant of its crimes, when—crash! crash!

He turned in his chair. A man had dashed through the window, and, frenzied and panting, was pointing a revolver at his head; a man, bronzed and disheveled, and upon whose face both despair and desperation were stamped in *bas relief*.

"You human monster!" he muttered, "you treated me like a dog—now you can die like one!" And he grasped Van Housten by the collar. "You crushed my life and made it a living hell, and now I'll take yours!"

How well, indeed, did the commercial lion remember this man—once the most trusted and sacrificing of all his employees! And he sat silent and shrinking like the criminal he was.

"No, Van," continued Deerborn, "you haven't forgotten a page of my history. I began in your employ at the lowest rung of the ladder and worked nearly to the top. I was ambitious and saving. Although without the social position accorded to wealth I married a young woman as beautiful and intelligent as your own wife. We had two children as promising as your own and in every respect as deserving. I had worked well up when another underbid me a few dollars and I was dropped. But I had saved my money and started a business of my own. I was succeeding, and life seemed full of hope; but you with all your millions craved the little that was giving me a competent living. You opened a store just across the street from me and sold goods fifty per cent. below cost. I was forced to close out, and then you set your own prices and got your money back from the people. Again I became an employee, and this time was dropped through consolidation of firms. Misfortune followed misfortune until I was compelled to look into the faces of my hungry and thinly-clad wife and children while you were adding your thousands at every turn of the wheels. Hungry, I broke into one of your well-filled stores and you sent me to the penitentiary. Before God, I say it was *you* who should have gone there, and not I! Like Jean Valjean, I took from a

store of plenty to appease the hunger of children; and in my soul I know that those who can look indifferently upon such conditions are greater criminals than we. Are men to be content where children go hungry on the one hand and millions are spent for baubles on the other? Are men to be content where honest labor that has *produced* all its life must cringe like a slave before filched capital for the privilege of earning a daily wage that enables them not to live, but merely to exist? These awful wrongs have maddened me, and I vowed that if you could crush my life I would take yours. Yes; I am here in my stripes, not yet having seen my family. Your insatiate greed has led you to every possible financial crime. You vampire, are you ready to die?" And the man with flashing eyes again clutched Van Housten's throat.

"Stay, my friend!" came the tones of a firm, modulated voice; and both men turned to view the owner. A woman was approaching them from the further end of the room. She was in elegant evening attire. She was yet young, and with a face of that higher beauty which reveals the lines of thought and discrimination.

"Celeste! Celeste!" muttered Deerborn; and his face instantly changed from that of a frenzied madman to that of a welcoming friend. "Yea, I stay my hand," said he. "If there are devils on earth there are angels as well, and may justice some day put greed to shame until it forever hides its face!" And Deerborn stood in reverence of her who had given his wife and children a home through the long years of his imprisonment.

The color came again into Van Housten's face, his muscles relaxed, and he gazed into the face of the woman who had power to know him just as he was.

"Mr. Van Housten," said Celeste Renan, "less than an hour ago, while at the Herndon social function, I answered a light rap at a side door that was unnoticed by the servants and found there a thin, shivering woman who sank to the floor in her weakness. She pointed in the direction of your Norwood tenement. We took her there. Her husband, who was

for years an employee of yours but for the last year an invalid, lies a corpse. Their only child is famishing from cold and hunger. The commonest labor is an absolute necessity of every line of your business, but it is too poorly paid to provide itself against misfortune. I know you will never again allow an employee of yours to suffer as this one has done. Illness and starvation uncared for under the shadows of mighty domes and the abodes of voluptuous living! Our civilization, gorgeous but soulless, proves that its evolution out of primal savagery is as yet but partial. The legitimate wage of labor is what it produces, and to-day the world has begun to ask, By what method can we secure labor in its own? And the question will never cease until the problem is solved—until justice is done. I overheard Mr. Deerborn's threat to take your life. He is the material and you the moral victim of this nefarious competitive system, or reign of industrial anarchy, under which we live. You have wronged him as greatly as he believes, but to take life or employ physical force will not right this great and terrible wrong. Nothing but the full play of the highest intellectual and moral forces will ever accomplish it. Upon you, Mr. Van Housten, it devolves to pay Mr. Deerborn a just wage for all these wasted years.

"And," she said, addressing Deerborn, "it is not for you to take the life of individual oppressors, but to give your life to the cause of Labor's liberation—the greatest cause of the centuries. Man grows out of slavery into freedom slowly but surely. As we have outgrown master and slave, so must employer and employee disappear and all men become equal proprietors in the products of labor. No man is free who has an employer's veto over his head. The fact that life was given to man proves his right to all that would make it a growth and a joy. The masses of mankind have been elevated as greater freedom and opportunities have been granted them. Every person who is willing to perform a just portion of any work necessary to support our civilization has a divine right to the use of all its facilities, and industry should be so organized that every man could procure a competent living without crime

or anxiety. The *people*, not the few, must own and control the land, public monopolies, and the instruments of production and distribution; and every man's labor should insure him in all the material needs of life. Every opportunity in life is dependent upon economic support; hence, industrial justification means the intellectual development and moral redemption of the world. Better opportunities develop finer tastes, and where labor is fully rewarded and insured in the materials and opportunities of life there would be no occasion for manipulation, dishonesty, or subjection. Financial independence would do more to obliterate intemperance and immorality than anything else. Nowhere in the universe is there *life*—save where competition has been superseded by coöperation; and this must be brought about in our commercial world. Spend the remainder of your life among your brother-laborers, Mr. Deerborn, teaching them this great truth, that they may learn to strike scientifically and not with violence. Now, hail a cab and drive quickly to my old home, where you will find your wife and children awaiting you—a free and noble man, not a cowering murderer.

"Oh, God!" she wailed, "what might have happened had I been a moment or two later?" And for a time her face was drawn and ashen, and her form shook violently. "Ah," she said, with face and hand uplifted, "here before me are two men meant to be God's noblemen, but warped into oppressors and murderers by the competitive struggle for existence. Is man too weak, too vicious, to rise above such conditions? Ah, no, no! Ours will some day be a world of peace and of plenty. As man has grown in the past, so shall he grow in the future—until more and yet more of his perplexities are left behind. 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, nor any more pain, for all the former things are passed away!' Mr. Deerborn, hasten to your family. Mr. Van Housten, prepare yourself and we'll be driven rapidly to the Norwood tenement."

Ah! that shambling tenement-house, with its rotten stairways and open walls. And the commercial king was to accompany the wealthiest but least spoiled, the noblest woman of his city,

to his most neglected tenement. His cheeks flushed with shame, but the crucial fire was cleansing his soul—let it burn. And, alas! what puppets are we in the hands of fate. In so brief a space of time he had come to love this woman as he never would have believed it possible for a man to love. He had long known of her; and his love for her was not merely a case of sex magnetism—but she was his social, intellectual, and soul ideal. And the familiar lines began running through his mind:

"A woman in so far as she beholdeth
Her one beloved's face;
A mother with a great heart that enfoldeth
The children of the race.

A body, free and strong with that high beauty
That comes of perfect use, is built thereof;
A mind where reason ruleth over duty
And justice reigns with love.

A self-poised, royal soul—brave, wise, and tender;
No longer blind and dumb;
A human of an unknown splendor
Is she who is to come."

Van Housten not only loved Celeste as a woman, but he admired her intellectual powers and revered her moral supremacy. And to-day this remarkable trio—Archibald Deerborn, Joseph Van Housten, and Celeste Renan, as his wife—are giving their lives to the upbuilding of both social and individual life. Where a weak and ignorant woman would have left crime and murder, Celeste Renan had turned the forces to play in the highest channels of life.

In the personality of Celeste and the higher intellectual and social life into which she led him, Van Housten found that which satisfied the great inner longing of his life. Man has a body, but he *is* a soul; and he will never know life until he learns to live in the soul—in spiritual congeniality and affinity. The consciousness of daring to support those principles which stand for the justification and elevation of the masses brought him a satisfaction that was infinitely greater than that which came from the financial power he exercised. The more he

concealed his charities from the public the greater peace of soul he knew. He now declares that the world must move on until every life is blessed with wealth and inspired by love.

Life inspired by the highest love is divine; without this inspiration it is but a grinning phantom. Abundance for the body, and abundance for the soul balanced by justice and duty performed—and life will ascend to a scale of magnificent proportions.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

By B. O. Flower.

ORGANIZED LABOR AND DIRECT LEGISLATION

I. DIRECT LEGISLATION IMPERATIVELY DEMANDED.

"New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth."

These words of Lowell were never truer or more applicable than they are to-day. Changed conditions and circumstances make necessary political changes in harmony with present needs, if the fundamental demands of free government are to be preserved. Not only has the social horizon broadened and enlarged since the days of the founders of the Republic; but the ancient foe of freedom, equal rights, and justice has become so powerful and its corrupt influence so marked and far-reaching that all serious students of history and lovers of republican government must appreciate the peril of the present.

In Direct Legislation alone is found the solution of the gravest problems before the friends of free government. This demand, furthermore, is in perfect alignment with the theory, ideal, and demands of the founders of our Government. Even the most conservative of the fathers held such views as were voiced by John Adams on January 1, 1787, when he wrote: "The end to be aimed at in the formation of a representative assembly seems to be the sense of the people, the public voice."

Moreover, in the old New England town-meeting we find a near approach to a truly republican method of government.

Cherishing the principles of liberty with a passion whose intensity was only equaled by the wisdom of her people, the conservative Swiss Republic extended the accepted principles of Direct Legislation in such a manner as to meet present demands of civilization and preserve a republic in fact as well as in name; and the success of her example has demonstrated the practicability of this vital safeguard of free government,

so that the objections of the friends of monarchy, imperialistic government, and of corporations and corruptionists have been proved puerile and absurd.

The pitiful cry of "cost" for popular registration of the people's vote on legislation can have no force with any student of history who is free from prejudice; for it will be perfectly evident to him that under Direct Legislation the cities, the commonwealths, and the Republic itself would alike save many times all such cost in the veto of legislation that is to-day only possible by reason of the influence of the corporations upon political bosses, legislators, and the press. Who imagines for a moment that immensely valuable franchises would be given away without consideration by cities, States, or the nation if the people had a direct vote?

The famous Colton letters, written by Collis P. Huntington, and put in evidence in a law-suit in Santa Rosa, California, are only one of several authoritative evidences of the vast sums of money used during recent decades to secure special privileges that meant millions upon millions of dollars for the few, taken from the people and only obtainable through the lavish expenditure of money and the debauching of government in its various ramifications.

The net earnings of the street-railway monopoly of Boston last year were $3,456,395, which under municipal ownership would have gone far toward paying the running expenses of the city, or toward giving the people wealth in the way of public improvements as well as the benefits of improved service. No one knows better than the corporations and their corrupt tools that under Direct Legislation the people would enjoy the benefits of these immensely valuable franchises.

Then, again, so powerful and arrogant has become corporate greed in the Republic that the best interests of the people are frequently pushed aside for the furtherance of class interests, that the possessions of a few already overrich may be further augmented by special privileges. These dangers are so palpable that no sober-minded, self-respecting individual can longer deny them. They have long since become a supreme menace to free government.

II. A NEW VOICE FOR MAJORITY RULE.

But Direct Legislation will save the Republic from this deadly peril; and it is fortunate for liberty that, in the present crucial period, when the great press, with a few honorable exceptions,

has become practically silent when not pitifully subservient to the demands of corporate power, and when the National Government is fostering conditions that favor classes in the Republic, a body consisting of many millions of intelligent Americans—a union that, with the aid of those who already believe in and advocate the fundamentals of free government, may easily prove more powerful than a subservient press, corrupt bosses, and partizan machines—should boldly declare in favor of Direct Legislation. In an address at the last annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, December 5, 1901, President Gompers said:

"One of the great ills from which the political morale of our country suffers is the party domination, which in turn is usually dominated by a political boss. We find our people arrayed in parties against each other, when, in truth, many find themselves in sympathy with measures for which the opposite party is the sponsor. Under the party system, which implies the party boss, that which is supposed to be the lesser of the two evils is chosen. To stand for measures and principles so that we as workers may have an opportunity of petitioning for favorable, or vetoing vicious, legislation, and each question or measure being determined upon its specific merits or demerits, are some of the causes upon which the American Federation of Labor predicates its demand for Direct Legislation by the initiative and the referendum."

And, in harmony with President Gompers's views, the Federation unanimously adopted the following resolution:

"As this body is already on record as favoring the initiative and referendum, we indorse the position of the President on the subject of Direct Legislation and recommend that the 'Winnetka System' *be explained in the 'American Federationist'* in order that trade-unionists may be enabled to study it as carefully as it deserves."

Since then the organization has made itself felt on more than one occasion on this important question, perhaps the most notable illustration being the recent demand made by organized labor upon the Legislature of Massachusetts for the favorable consideration of the Initiative and Referendum. On the night of February 24 there assembled at the State House, before the Committee on Constitutional Amendments of the Massachusetts Legislature, more than fifteen hundred representative wage-earners of Boston and other cities of the commonwealth, who represented upward of 80,000 members of organized labor. They were as earnest and thoughtful a body as has assembled in the capital of Massachusetts in years, and according to Chairman Bliss of the Committee, after the meeting, they "evinced

the greatest display of common-sense oratory ever heard" "It was," says the Boston *Post*, "unquestionably an epoch in the history of organized labor in Massachusetts, as nearly every section of the State was represented." The hearing extended from 7:30 till 10 o'clock. All the speakers were temperate, thoughtful, and intensely earnest. Underneath the respectful plea was very evident that manly determination that is the hope of free government. The newspapers of Boston, however, with two exceptions, were strangely asleep to the importance and the significance of this great petition. Perhaps the coming of a "real live prince" to the commonwealth, together with the importance of certain social functions, prize-fights, and murders, made such heavy demands upon their columns that the solemn petition of fifteen hundred American citizens representing over eighty thousand voters and headed by such representative citizens as the veteran champion of industrial rights, George E. McNeill, and the scholarly social reformer, Henry Demarest Lloyd, that in the judgment of the editors it was inexpedient to notice the great gathering in more than a cursory manner.

It is probable that the Massachusetts Legislature of this year will pay small heed to the plea of the people; but the campaign in the old Bay State is just opening, and it will not close until the friends of free government have rescued the State from the grasp of the corporations by the extension of the principles of Direct Legislation. The auspicious opening of the campaign in Massachusetts is at once significant and inspiring. The Federation of Labor can count upon the earnest and active aid of social reformers of every school, and of all patriots who love freedom better than party and who appreciate the immense importance of securing the right of the Initiative and Referendum in maintaining a true Republic.

Another result of far-reaching importance, following upon the action of the Federation, is found in the issuance of an extra number of the *American Federationist*, in which Mr. George H. Shibley presents an exhaustive treatise on Direct Legislation.* In this valuable treatise Mr. Shibley explains at length the Winnetka plan, by which the voters may secure the benefits of Direct Legislation immediately and in a perfectly practicable manner. In relating the history of the

*This valuable pamphlet should be in the hands of all readers of THE ARENA. It contains 80 pages and presents a clear and comprehensive survey of the question of majority rule. Price, 10 cents. Published by the American Federation of Labor, Washington, D. C.

movement for Direct Legislation in Winnetka and its bearing on the action of the voters elsewhere, Mr. Shibley observes:

"In Illinois the monopolists have prevented the voters in cities from deciding for themselves the questions pertaining to city monopolies, *and thereby have kept in the few men in the city council the power to give away the city monopolies.* Some years ago, in Winnetka, Ill., a village of 1,800 people, situated sixteen miles north of Chicago, on the Northwestern Railway, the village board of trustees was about to give to a private corporation a forty-year franchise for supplying gas. At that time the citizens were holding each month a public meeting for the discussion of public questions—'Town Meetings' is the name they apply to these gatherings. While the pending forty-year franchise was being considered by the Elected Rulers (the few men who composed the Board of Trustees), the time came around for the 'town meeting,' and, very naturally, the question which came up for discussion was the proposed franchise for gas. It clearly appeared that the voters did not legally possess the power to veto the contracts negotiated by their agents (the village trustees). The unbusinesslike character of the situation appealed so forcibly to the citizens who were present that a resolution was framed asking that the trustees of the village submit the proposed contract to their principals, the voters. Then when the evening came around on which the Village Board were to pass the ordinance the leading citizens turned out *en masse,* and one of them, Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, secured the floor and talked for two hours. *He urged that the question be referred to the voters.* Finally the Board voted to do so. The Referendum Election was held, and the result was only 4 votes for the franchise and 180 against it. This settled the proposed franchise. And it did much more. *The experience taught the voters their power.* At the next primary election for the nomination of Trustees, the voters mutually agreed that only those men should be nominated who would stand up and pledge that, if elected, they would refer to the voters all important measures."

III. WHAT DIRECT LEGISLATION WILL DO.

Direct Legislation will give to the voters in a degree impossible in any other manner a government of, for, and by the people. It will prevent the corruption and debauching of legislators. It will insure honesty and economy in government not possible under present conditions. It will rescue the Republic from the supreme foes of honest and pure politics and of free government—the corporation, the political boss, and the machine. Instead of proving an enormous expense, it will in the end prove the greatest measure of economy ever introduced, as in the defeat of measures by which the city, State,

and government are annually plundered of inestimably valuable franchises and in securing honesty and economy in the administration of government, no less than in securing just and equitable legislation by which all the citizens will share in benefits to which they are justly entitled, the Republic will each year save incomparably more than the cost of elections would be for a whole decade. Let every true American join with the Federation and push the demands of Direct Legislation. Let this be a battle-cry on the lips of Freedom's hosts —the watchword of every lover of honest politics and republican government.

* * *

IS THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE A TREASONABLE DOCUMENT THAT MENACES MODERN IMPERIALISTIC REPUBLICANISM?

Mr. Joseph K. Ohl, a valued special correspondent of the Atlanta *Constitution,* recently contributed to his paper the following piece of news, well calculated to startle and bring the blush of shame to every brow where old-time patriotism and love of justice and liberty still hold supremacy on the throne of reason:

"It was discovered that there were being circulated among the Filipinos copies of the American Declaration of Independence, done in English and Spanish in parallel columns. One of the best officers, a man regarded as conservative and no extremist, told us *this was promptly suppressed,* and gave it as his opinion that the Declaration of Independence is *'a d—— incendiary document.'*"

Here we have a startling illustration of the depths of shame to which corporate greed and militarism have already brought the Republic. If five years ago one of our statesmen had had the hardihood to predict that within a decade the Declaration of Independence would be officially suppressed as a treasonable document in a land over which the Stars and Stripes floated, he would have been promptly denounced throughout the length and breadth of the Republic as either insane or a shallow-brained alarmist whose irresponsible and absurd utterances were unworthy of serious consideration.

President McKinley never uttered a truer statement than when he affirmed that forcible annexation would be criminal aggression and contrary to the ethics of free government. Yet we are engaged in precisely that work which the late President described as "criminal aggression." We are giving the lie to the high claims and pretensions that marked the Republic for over a century, and that made her the greatest moral world power—the true leader of the nations.

What more startling or ominous illustration of the rapidity with which the present Government is drifting away from republicanism than the news that the great Declaration of Independence—which for more than a hundred years was not only the most cherished document in America, but the one that we have loved to scatter abroad and that was at once a beacon and an inspiration to Bolivar, San Martin, and all the other great revolutionary and republican heroes of the nineteenth century—is now being suppressed as a treasonable document, under the very folds of the star-spangled banner and by officers of the very nation that was born with its proclamation? Is it possible that the conscience of the people has been so anesthetized by greed for gold that this amazing fact will fail to awaken them to the deadly peril that threatens the cause of free government and human rights?

* * *

THE CULTIVATION OF RICE, TEA, AND SMYRNA FIGS IN THE UNITED STATES.

I. SMYRNA FIGS.

The annual report of the Department of Agriculture suggests anew the unusually valuable work being faithfully carried forward by this great and beneficent bureau of the Government. The report also contains many facts of deep interest to our people. In a previous issue of THE ARENA I called attention to the final success that crowned the effort to raise the Smyrna fig in this country—a success due to the patient and intelligent work of the Department and of the fruit-growers of California. Year before last the result of this victory was seen in the eleven tons of Smyrna figs that were raised and dried in California. The "tests made by chemists and fruit experts," says the Secretary of Agriculture, "show these

figs to be superior to the imported product." During the last year between fifty and seventy-five tons were gathered, and the new industry is now so well inaugurated that in a very short time the immense fig trade of the Republic will be supplied by the home market.

II. RICE.

A little over three years ago the Department of Agriculture introduced and distributed a large quantity of Japanese rice, and, though previous to this time rice had been grown in the South, the wonderful impetus that was given to this industry dates from this wise action of the National Government. Millions of dollars were immediately invested in rice culture, and in 1900 about 8,000,000 pounds more rice were produced in this country than in the preceding year; while in 1901 65,000,000 pounds more were raised than in 1900. The effect of home culture is already very marked on the volume of rice imported, as will be seen from the fact that three years ago we purchased about 154,000,000 pounds, and last year our importation was but 73,000,000 pounds. "Evidently," observes Secretary Wilson, "it will be but a few years before the United States will not only grow all the rice consumed here, but will export part of the product as well."

III. TEA.

Another very interesting fact brought out in the report of the Secretary of Agriculture relates to tea in the United States. It has been claimed that the cost of production would render profitable cultivation impossible, but Secretary Wilson asserts that the net profits on this crop average from thirty to forty dollars an acre. Thus a ten-acre garden under proper management would net between three and four hundred dollars a year; while a fifty-acre garden would annually yield, at the minimum figure, fifteen hundred dollars. The Secretary makes the further important announcement that experts who have examined the teas raised in the United States during the last year declare them equal in flavor and aroma to the best imported teas.

Last year Dr. Charles U. Shepard, of Summerville, South Carolina, who has the principal tea-garden in America, "produced about 4,500 pounds of high-grade tea," which was

readily marketed in the North. The Department of Agriculture, with the assistance of Dr. Shepard, is now training a few young men in the technique of the work, and it is reasonable to expect that tea culture will soon be extensively carried on in the South; for, as the Secretary observes, "there are thousands of acres of land and thousands of idle hands that might be made available for this work, and our possibilities in this field should not be neglected."

Under a wise and enlightened statesmanship a liberal appropriation, together with authority to employ out-of-works in the development of these new industries, would result in increasing the national wealth far more rapidly than ship subsidies granted to overrich groups of capitalists, or wars of subjugation; while in a short time the national farms and gardens would return to the national treasury the greater part of the original appropriation. This is a problem worthy of constructive statesmanship.

* * *

A NEW CURE FOR TUBERCULOSIS, OR CONSUMPTION OF THE LUNGS.

Tuberculosis, or consumption of the lungs, is everywhere recognized as one of the most deadly diseases that assail human life; and during recent years many of the most profound and painstaking minds of the medical and scientific worlds have devoted their best energies to a search for some treatment that would prove other than palliative. Much interest was evinced by our readers in an editorial notice in the February ARENA, in which we called attention to the important announcements of two very eminent physicians and scientists of France—Doctors Richet and Hericourt—the latter claiming to have successfully treated thirty-five cases of well-developed tuberculosis with zomol, or raw beef; while both the scientists claim that experiments in feeding inoculated dogs on a raw meat diet seemed to prove conclusively that this diet exhibited a distinct specific action against tuberculosis.

Now we have another remedy for which specific action is claimed from a no less eminent source, which seems to have yielded even more remarkable results, in that cures have resulted when the patients were in the last stages of consumption.

Dr. Robert Maguire, physician to the Brompton Hospital, London, is recognized as one of the leading scientists in the field of physiological and bacteriological research, as well as a foremost authority on tuberculosis. This eminent scientist now claims to have discovered in formaldehyde a specific against the tuberculosis germ. He had long observed that certain antiseptic remedies exhibited excellent results, but their internal administration usually irritated and upset the stomach. He at length conceived the idea that, if he could inject into the blood an antiseptic whose action should prove destructive to the bacillus of tuberculosis, he might save the patient. He settled on formaldehyde as promising the best results, it having been proved that a solution of one hundred and seventy thousandth part was fatal to the tuberculosis germ. He began injections with this mild solution, and gradually increased the strength. The result is said to have been most surprising, the disease not only being quickly arrested, but the affected cavities have soon taken on healthy action. It is affirmed that thorough cures have been effected in cases regarded as absolutely hopeless.

In one case cited by the correspondent of the New York *World,* who reports these results, the patient at the time when the experiments were begun was in the last stages of consumption and beyond all hope of recovery. In less than three months after the first inoculation he was entirely cured—so much so that he was successfully passed by another physician as a first-class insurance risk.

The *World's* correspondent adds: "It is asserted by Dr. Maguire that the injections of the drug are painless, and that the hypodermic needle must be inserted near the elbow."

* * *

NOTABLE DISCOVERIES IN THE FIELD OF ILLUMINATION.

The problem of better illumination is proving fruitful under the research of modern scientists. Perhaps the most notable recent discoveries that bid fair to affect the general question of popular illumination are found in acetylene gas and in Mr. Peter Cooper Hewitt's new mercurial electric lamp.

Acetylene gas promises to become very popular for home-lighting. It can be manufactured at a small cost and produces

a white flame of great brilliancy and in character much the same as sunshine. It does not heat or poison the air as much as other gas.

Unless it passes under the control of the Standard Oil Company it will doubtless largely displace kerosene as an illuminator, owing to its cheapness and the superior light it affords.

Mr. Hewitt's lamp has attracted general attention, and the experiments made indicate that the young inventor has contributed in an important way to the solution of the problem of cheaper electric lights. His lamp consists of a glass bulb and tube, into which a gas made of mercury is introduced. The carbon filament of the ordinary lamp is dispensed with, as the gas acts as a conductor for the electric current, lighting up the entire bulb. The points of excellence claimed for this lamp are: its brilliancy, its cheapness, the fact that it can be produced at one-eighth the cost of the incandescent lamp and at one-third the cost of the arc lamp or gas, and the fact that the electric light obtained from the mercurial gas is wholly wanting in red rays. This last peculiarity is of course a drawback for some purposes, but for many uses it has decided advantages. Thus, for reading and various work where the eye is under strain, the new lamp, owing to the absence of red rays, is far less tiring than the ordinary light.

* * *

HOW RUSSIA MET THE ADVANCE OF AN ARROGANT MONOPOLY.

While the American lawmakers and press sleep under the influence of the absinthe of capitalism, and the trusts and monopolies are making a few individuals enormously rich at the expense of millions of our people, other nations, from republican Mexico to autocratic Russia, are waking up to the evil that monopoly works in victimizing the people, plundering government, and debauching the body politic. A short time ago we called attention to the prompt, patriotic, and efficient action of President Diaz, by which a great corn trust or monopoly was broken up in Mexico.

Another suggestive lesson on the trust problem comes from Russia. The government of the White Czar controls the liquor traffic of the realm and annually uses over six billion corks in this department. A trust was formed that attempted to impose

unjust prices—prices probably almost as exorbitant in proportion as our Post-office Department permits the great railway corporations to exact for carrying the people's mail. But the government of the Czar, with all its oppression and its manifold evils, is not beholden to capitalists, trusts, or monopolies, and accordingly met the attempted exactions of the cork trust by establishing a cork manufactory of its own, which has proved eminently satisfactory—so much so that the arrogant capitalistic cork trust is a thing of the past.

* * *

A PATHETIC INCIDENT AND WHAT IT SUGGESTS.

Our daily press persistently asserts that conditions are such in this country at the present time that no able-bodied man who wishes employment need be out of work; yet facts are constantly coming to the surface that utterly disprove this assertion. It is true that to-day, as is always the case during the temporary periods of relative prosperity that follow eras of depression, conditions are far less tragic than they were in the early nineties; but yet in the very hey-day of our vaunted prosperity our land is thronged with able-bodied and willing laborers vainly seeking honest toil—and this is true even where common and laborious work calls for no special training. At the time of the snows the last winter a great army of men promptly appeared in New York City, begging the privilege of clearing away the snow at $1.25 a day; and the same was true elsewhere. During a recent conflict in Boston between one of the large trucking companies and the labor union, an incident at once pathetic and typical occurred. It was thus reported in the Boston *Post* of January 23:

> The dramatic incident of the day occurred near Central wharf. One of the Brine four-horse drays came along Atlantic avenue on the morning trip. It was just in the midst of the excitement and a jam of teams filled the street. Following the team and lined about the street were fully 1,500 people. Near Central wharf the driver got into a serious jam—truck after truck blocked the way, team after team turned in front of him, cut off his horses and he was helpless.
>
> With shouts and yells the mob surrounded him. His police patrol was not sufficient to keep them off. The driver loosened his hold on the reins and waited. Suddenly one venturesome youth leaped on the

truck and with one swoop tore the driver's coat up the back. This was a signal. Stones, mud, and ice began to fly through the air. Ten and fifteen deep around the team, the mob hissed and swore at the driver, calling him every name that could arise to the tongue:

"Scab, scab."

"Why don't you be a man?"

"Ain't the union good enough for you?"

"Shame on you."

The driver dropped his reins. He got up from the seat and looked at the sea of faces around him.

"Why don't I join the union?" he yelled.

"Yes, you miserable scab."

"I'll tell you why not," his voice rang out fiercely. "I'll tell you why not. By God, this is the first job I've had for four months."

Howls of derision broke from the mob.

"I've got to work, d—— you.

"I've got a wife in the hospital. She's dying. I've got two babies at home. How am I going to feed them? Good God, do you want them to starve? I've tramped Boston over for a job, and now I've got it, and by God I'm going to keep it."

As he spoke the tears formed a stain down the side of his cheeks.

Smash—a slushball flattened against his cheek and trickled down his face. That was the crowd's answer to his appeal.

Some one unhitched the traces.

Then the police, reenforced, made a wild rush on the mob and beat them back. Silently the driver climbed down, fastened the traces, and with policemen in front and rear he made his way to the wharf.

Our present anarchic economic and social order puts our vaunted civilization to shame. Here, after two thousand years of Christianity, is a great and powerful nation, producing wealth enough to place every willing worker in ease and comfort if even approximately just conditions prevailed; yet, during periods when the high-water mark of prosperity is being touched and a few individuals are acquiring untold millions annually, we find armies of able-bodied men and women fighting for the opportunity to earn a bare livelihood.

Under enlightened coöperation no such libel on civilization and Christianity would be possible as is found to-day. Under coöperative standard of "All for all," the essentially savage and brutal spectacle described above would be impossible. Is it not the solemn and sacred duty of every man and woman to labor and to sacrifice in order that the coöperative movements of the hour may be hastened forward? Can any man who remains indifferent to this great demand be considered guiltless in the great To-morrow when life's deeds and oppor-

tunities will weigh for or against the soul in the scales of destiny?

This is a question that cannot be evaded. It confronts you and me to-day as a supreme opportunity to aid in a cause that will exalt and ennoble life, elevate civilization, and increase the happiness of mankind for ages to come. In a few years at longest it will again confront our souls, no longer as an opportunity, but as the messenger of gladness or of gloom, in precise proportion as we have accepted or neglected the new and high demands that have come to us.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

Reviewed by B. O. Flower.*

THE TRUST IN FICTION: A REMARKABLE SOCIAL NOVEL.

THE OCTOPUS. By Frank Norris. Cloth, 652 pp. Price, $1.50. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., publishers.

A Book Study.

I.

In "The Octopus," Mr. Norris has produced a novel of American life exhibiting the strength, power, vividness, fidelity to truth, photographic accuracy in description, and marvelous insight in depicting human nature, together with that broad and philosophic grasp of the larger problems of life, that noble passion for justice, that characterizes the greatest work of Emile Zola, without that sexualism or repulsive naturalism which the French writer so frequently forces upon his readers, and which is so revolting to the refined and healthy imagination.

"The Octopus" is a work so distinctly great that it justly entitles the author to rank among the very first American novelists. All the characters are real, living men and women, in whose veins runs the red blood of Nature. With one exception, each individual thinks, speaks, acts, and lives in harmony with the nature attributed to him. A noble consistency pervades the volume. Even individual inconsistencies are such as we all find in our own lives. The exception referred to is found in the pitiful sophistry accredited to the great railway magnate, Shelgrim, in which he seeks to shift from his head and the heads of the responsible directors, to the insensate railroad, the blame for the frightful and widespread ruin—the wanton slaughter of brave, loving, and industrious fathers, brothers, and husbands, the destruction of once happy homes, the driving of men to crime and of women and girls to starvation and ruin—that was the direct result of calculating and premeditated deception and gross injustice, rendered possible only by bribery and wholesale corruption. When Shelgrim refers to the despoiling of the farmers of their homes, and to the death and ruin that had marked the recent tragedy, as due to the insensate railroad or to blind forces, and not to corrupt individuals, when he compares the railroad with the growing wheat, which unconsciously supplies the world with life-giving bread but is without responsibility for its beneficence,

* Books intended for review in The Arena should be addressed to B. O. Flower, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

he not only insults the intelligence of the poet, but belittles himself in a way quite inconceivable by the utterance of such palpable sophistry. Nor is it imaginable that Presley, even though sick, distraught, and on the verge of nervous collapse, would for a moment have been impressed by such shallow twaddle and false similes. No; Shelgrim was no man to father such pitiful and absurdly fallacious reasoning before a free and intelligent man, though he doubtless did inspire precisely such utterances from the editors of his hireling press and the advocates paid by the railroad to retail such inane talk to voters too sodden and brutalized by long hours and hard toil to be able to see clearly or reason logically.

With this single exception the *dramatis personæ* of the volume think, speak, act, and live in exactly the way you and I, given similar characters, temperaments, and environment, would have thought and acted.

But "The Octopus" is far more than a strong, compelling, and virile story of American life: it is one of the most powerful and faithful social studies to be found in contemporaneous literature. It is a work that will not only stimulate thought: it will quicken the conscience and awaken the moral sensibilities of the reader, exerting much the same influence over the mind as that exerted by Patrick Henry in the House of Burgesses of Virginia, and those noble utterances of James Otis, Samuel Adams, and John Hancock just prior to our great Revolutionary struggle.

"The Octopus" is founded on a piece of actual history, stern, tragic, and ominous—the "Mussel Slough Affair"—in which the farmers of the San Joaquin Valley were dispossessed by the railroad company, and in their attempt to protect their roof-trees several persons were cruelly murdered. Though, perhaps, in some respects the author cannot be said to have painted the action of the railroad company as darkly as the cold facts of history would warrant, he has on the whole shadowed forth the central facts in a striking manner; while his marvelous descriptive power enables him to bring the case before the reader in so vivid a way that the scenes will long linger—gloomy and disquieting pictures—in memory's halls.

The dark deeds connected with Mussel Slough are typical of many tragic passages that have marked the rise, onward march, and domination of corporate greed—as, indeed, the story is thoroughly typical of the mighty struggle between the people and the trusts.

The tragedy of Spring Valley, Illinois, so vividly related by Mr. Henry Demarest Lloyd in his "A Strike of Millionaires against Miners," and the dark and criminal history of the Standard Oil Company, as described by Mr. Lloyd in his "Wealth *vs.* Commonwealth," are other typical illustrations that will suggest themselves to thoughtful readers as expressing the same savage, brutal, unjust, lawless, and demoralizing spirit that has marked the aggressive march of corporations, monopolies, and trusts.

It remained for Mr. Norris, however, to present in a bold, striking, and powerful romance a concrete illustration, true in spirit, method.

and detail, of the conflict that has been waged between the trusts and the people.

II.

The novel opens in the great San Joaquin Valley, one of the world's mighty wheat-fields, where ranches are like principalities, where not a single blade is seen turning the soil, but battalions of plows moving forward with military precision, simultaneously turning hundreds of furrows. Here it is that the standing wheat is cut, threshed, and sacked by a single great machine. Here it is that farming is carried forward on as colossal a scale as is to be found on the face of the globe.

And into this valley, lured by seductive railroad pamphlets, many men of wealth have come to call from the brown earth her golden harvest, even as some of them had previously called forth gold and silver from the fastnesses of the Sierras.

The circulars of the railroad company had been framed, as later events proved, cruelly to deceive the settlers. They read:

"The Company invites settlers to go upon its lands before patents are issued or the road is completed, and intends in such cases to sell to them in preference to any other applicants, and at a price based upon the value of the land without improvements. In ascertaining the value of the lands, any improvements that a settler or any other person may have made on the lands will not be taken into consideration; neither will the price be increased in consequence thereof. . . . Settlers are thus insured that in addition to being accorded the first privilege of purchase, at the graded price, they will also be protected in their improvements. . . . The lands are not uniform in price, but are offered at various figures from $2.50 upward per acre. Usually land covered with tall timber is held at $5.00 per acre, and that with pine at $10.00. Most is for sale at $2.50 and $5.00."

The fact that the land mentioned as being above $2.50 an acre was the timbered land, which was usually held to be worth $5 an acre, while that covered by valuable pine trees was $10 an acre, appeared fair and reasonable. Such land was valuable from the very start, while the wide sterile plains of the valley were worthless until improved, cultivated, and in many cases irrigated; and the pledge that improvements should not be considered when the price of land was given seemed to deceive the honest farmers. The railroad had not yet received the title to the land. When it did the settlers should have the opportunity to buy on the favorable terms.

With this promise Magnus Derrick, the most commanding figure among the ranchers, popularly known as "the Governor" throughout the valley, and his favorite son, Harran, had taken up a vast tract containing tens of thousands of acres and known as the Los Muertos Rancho. Annixter, a college graduate who had come into a fortune, had secured the Quien Sabe Rancho, while Osterman, another young man of means, had secured another immensely fertile property. Old man Broderson and other farmers had come into the valley, bringing their all, staking everything on these new homes. Buildings rapidly rose, as extensive as the means of the ranchers would enable them to

erect. Drains and irrigating ditches were made that cost fortunes to dig; and the desert was transformed as by magic into fields of gold that later fed the world.

From the first the railroad had proved to be an "organized appetite." It had carried out the policy of charging in freight tariff "all the traffic would bear." A State Commission had been elected, which it had been believed would be loyal to the people; but here, as everywhere else, were the evidences of the corrupting touch of the railroad corporation. The Commission had made a rate so absurdly low that no road could carry the freight except at a loss. The road refused to abide by the schedule, claiming that it amounted to confiscation. The courts upheld the railroad and ruled that, as they had no power to make rates, the only thing to be done was to put the rates back to the old exorbitant figure.

In the opening chapters we find the leading ranchmen assembled at the home of Magnus Derrick in consultation. Many things had recently occurred to exasperate the farmers. That very day Magnus and Harran Derrick had discovered their car-load of new plows, ordered months before, side-tracked at Bonneville. They had just arrived in time for work, as the autumn rains had set in; but while making the arrangements to have them taken to Los Muertos, S. Behrman, the representative of the railroad, appeared, reminding the farmer that it was a rule of the railroad that all freight had to go to the terminal point and then be shipped back to its destination. This rule was to give the railroad the advantage of the exorbitant short-haul rates; and therefore, though the plows were badly needed, though they were side-tracked at their destination, they could not be touched until they were taken to San Francisco and re-shipped back to Bonneville. And this incident was only one of a number of occurrences in which the greed and unjust aggressions of the railroad were exasperating the farmers. The action of the Commission and the judgment in regard to rates of the wheat tariff satisfied the ranchers that the company's corrupting influence was being exerted in every department of the State government; and some one suggested that they fight the devil with fire—that, as they had exhausted every honorable and legitimate means of warfare, they should now meet the railroad on its own field and secure a commission of their own through bribery.

Magnus Derrick repels with indignation this proposition, but the others urge that no other hope remains to the farmers but to secure the nomination of two commissioners who can be relied upon as being loyal to their interests. A certain Mr. Darrell, in the southern part of the State, they believe to be such a man, and for the other they settle upon Magnus Derrick's elder son, Lyman, now a rising lawyer in San Francisco. Young Derrick, unfortunately for the Farmers' League, has political ambitions. He aspires to be Governor, and two years before received assurances of favor from the great railroad company, provided he would be loyal to them. This, of course, was not known to the

League. Finally the election came off, and the ranchers' board was triumphantly elected.

In the meantime rumors are circulated that the road is at last ready to grade the land. The farmers have been impatient to get the title to their land, and at first hail the news with satisfaction. They have taken the land, which would have been a drug at $2.50 an acre, but, by draining, irrigating, planting with trees, and improving by the erection of fine buildings, they have raised its value to fully $15 an acre. Soon the rumors of the regrading of the land are coupled with the intimation that the railroad company, in violation of its pledge, proposes to charge the settlers a price quite equal to the worth of the land with all its improvements.

The dramatic first act of the story closes with a ball at the new barn of Annixter, where all the country is well-nigh present. It is a highly sensational and thrilling time, culminating with telegrams being handed to the ranchers by which they are informed that the company demands from $20 to $27 an acre for their holdings—a price that will mean worse than ruin to them.

From this time on the movement is swift and the action frequently highly dramatic. The raising of Annixter from the plane of self-absorption and low ideals to that of exalted manhood, under the reforming influence of a noble woman's love; the ruin of Dyke through the road's advancing the rate on hops, and the tragic aftermath; the work of the new railroad commission; the visit of Lyman and the tremendously dramatic scene in the home of Magnus Derrick, in which the betrayer of the people is denounced and disowned by Magnus—all are vividly described. Then comes the great rabbit chase and picnic gotten up by Osterman, followed immediately by the supreme tragedy, when the officers, at the instigation of the railroad, begin evicting the farmers from their homes, while the latter resist to the bloody end.

Then the scene is shifted to San Francisco, and we catch a glimpse of Shelgrim and are present at a banquet given by one of the millionaire directors of the railroad, where the costliest of imported wines and viands of the rarest are served; while without poor old Mrs. Hooven, widowed by the railroad, and her little daughter, starving and sick, are begging for a crust of bread.

After a last glance over the San Joaquin Valley we find ourselves on the steamer that is loading with wheat for famine-stricken India; and here we come face to face with one of the strongest situations in modern fiction. The highly dramatic death of S. Behrman, weird, uncanny, and terrible, is as great a piece of work as Victor Hugo's vivid description of Gilliatt's struggle with the octopus, in his "Toilers of the Sea." S. Behrman, the smooth-tongued, remorseless, relentless man, who is at once the type of the soulless and cruel railroad corporation and its efficient tool, rising to opulence through the wheat that he has plundered from honest industry, is at last swallowed up, crushed, suffocated, destroyed by that same wheat.

III.

"The Octopus" is a work of genius. Not only is it a powerful romance of compelling interest—thrilling, dramatic, and so graphic that its various shifting scenes stand out clear-cut and unforgettable, but as a social study it possesses a historical value equaled by few works of fiction. It is, broadly speaking, typically historical not only of the great railroad corporation, whose story is so well known on the Pacific Coast, but of the railroad corporations of the United States, and of the trusts in general.

It is part of the settled policy of the complacent tools and servants of corporate power to seek to discredit all such pictures, even though they know full well that for more than a quarter of a century the baleful influence of corporate greed has been felt throughout the length and breadth of the land, not only in the levying of unjust tributes on the poor but in the debauching and corruption of government in all its ramifications. "The Octopus" shows in a vivid manner how this supreme tragedy—this lowering of the political ideals from the fundamental demands of justice, honesty, and freedom to subserviency to capitalistic aggression—has been accomplished in the United States. It is very easy for apologists and beneficiaries of corporate corruption to seek to discredit such pictures as "fiction." The facts on which this novel is based, however, were a terrible reality; and the methods by which the great railroad power became well-nigh omnipotent on the Pacific Coast have been indicated by the publication of letters of C. P. Huntington to General Colton. These communications, it will be remembered, were made public in the famous suit brought in Santa Rosa, California, to decide whether the widow of General Colton had been fairly dealt with by the railroad company, in whose confidential service the General had long been engaged. In these letters we have a startling revelation of how the railroad magnates tampered with officials, how they made and unmade committees, how they worked in Congress through the press, how neither Governors, Congressmen, statesmen, members of the Cabinet and judges, the Associated Press, nor the editors of the country escaped the argus eyes of the railroad officials.

The bribery by the wholesale issuance of railroad passes and the enormous sums of money needed to "fix things" or "convince" legislators—these and other things are more or less baldly set forth in these memorable letters, in which Thomas Scott and C. P. Huntington figure as warring chiefs.

And when we turn from the Pacific slope the same facts meet the eye everywhere. The amazing admissions of Jay Gould before the investigating committee of the New York Legislature in 1873 startled the nation for a brief period, and the report of this committee was a sickening revelation of gigantic corruption. The exorbitant prices paid by our own all too complacent Post Office Department for the rental of cars and the hauling of mails have been for years a national scandal. It was this shameful plundering of the people for the railroads, permitted by the Post Office Department, that called for the following

impressive words in the halls of the United States Senate from one of the Eastern Senators:

"The fact is, Mr. President, that the great power of these corporations who control everything, who are powerful enough to make and unmake public men, is so omnipotent that no executive officer has been found in the last twelve years, except in the single case of Postmaster-General Vilas, who has attempted to reduce the compensation for mail transportation; and within six months after he had left the Department every economy that he introduced had been wiped away, and the companies received not only what they had received before but their compensation was increased. Never, during my long service in this body, except in this one instance, have I known of a Postmaster-General making a *bona fide* effort to control this railroad extortion, which every one knows to exist."

The recent exhibition of the subserviency of the machinery of justice in New York City to the New York Central Railroad is another striking illustration of the facts that Mr. Norris so eloquently emphasizes in his novel.

But it must not be imagined that "The Octopus" is primarily a social study. It is above all a great literary creation. The author is at all times the artist. Only on rare occasions, like the following for example, do the characters moralize. Here, however, we have the great California manufacturer, Cedarquist, thus referring to the supreme peril of the Republic:

"If I were to name the one crying evil of American life, . . . it would be the indifference of the better people to public affairs. It is so in all our great centers. There are other great trusts, God knows, in the United States, besides our own dear P. and S. W. Railroad. Every State has its own grievance. If it is not a railroad trust, it is a sugar trust, or an oil trust, or an industrial trust, that exploits the People, *because the People allow it.* The indifference of the People is the opportunity of the despot. It is as true as that the whole is greater than a part, and the maxim is so old that it is trite—it is laughable. It is neglected and disused for the sake of some new ingenious and complicated theory, some wonderful scheme of reorganization, but the fact remains, nevertheless, simple, fundamental, everlasting. The People have but to say 'No,' and not the strongest tyranny, political, religious, or financial, that was ever organized could survive one week."

Mr. Norris unfolds a mighty drama, which concerns our own time. He paints colossal pictures so vividly that there is small need for didactic moralizing about them. One feels from the first that he is in the presence of a great artist, a man of real genius; and though there is more of shadow than of sunshine in the highly dramatic romance there are many passages of great beauty. The descriptions of Nature and her marvelous works, the portraying of Vanamee, and the wonderful transformation of Annixter are typical examples of the beauty and poetry that abound in this volume.

"The Octopus" is a novel that every reader of THE ARENA should possess. If it is impossible for you to procure more than one work of fiction this season, my advice—my unhesitating advice—is to buy "The

Octopus," read it aloud to your family, and then lend it to your neighbors. In so doing you will be helping to awaken the people from the death-dealing slumber that has been brought about by the multitudinous influences of corporate greed, controlling the machinery of government and the opinion-forming agencies of the Republic.

THE NEW WORLD AND THE NEW THOUGHT. By James T. Bixby, Ph.D. Cloth, 218 pp. Price, $1 net. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

Among the ripe scholars who have come under the broadening influence of modern critical thought, yet who have not been carried to the extremes that mark the agnostics, Professor Bixby holds a high place. In many ways he is carrying forward the important work to which the late James Freeman Clark devoted his life. His utterances are at all times temperate, reverent, and thoughtful. He appreciates the value and the verity of man's religious nature. He is a child alike of faith and of reason; hence, the falling away of the false in theology, which so frightens the timid, reveals to him in clearer outline the great eternal verities of religion.

In the present volume we have nine chapters, in which the author discusses "The Expansion of the Universe and the Enlargement of Faith," "The Sanction for Morality in Nature," "The Agnostic's Difficulties and the Knowability of Divine Realities," "The Scientific Validity of our Religious Instincts," "Evolution and Christianity," "The Old Testament as Literature," "Christian Discipleship and Modern Life," "Modern Dogmatism and the Unbelief of the Age," and "Union of the Churches in One Spiritual Household."

Perhaps the most interesting and timely discussion is the one in which Dr. Bixby eloquently pleads for a "union of the churches in one spiritual household." In this chapter he deals with a growing sentiment throughout Christendom that is one of the most hopeful signs of our times. The spirit and sentiment of the author are well embodied in the following closing words, which we are persuaded will echo the earnest desire of millions of deeply religious people of various creeds and faiths:

"Whatever dogmatism or sectarian ambition divides and impoverishes the forces that are battling to maintain righteousness and uplift humanity is a form of anti-Christ. Whatever can bring these forces into closer union and a firmer front; whatever can make the people learn to think of the Church as one body in many members—be it pulpit exchanges between the clergy of different denominations; city ministerial associations, or State conferences of religion, embracing all denominations; union meetings for prayer or thanksgiving; common communion services open to the members of all denominations of Christians, without invidious distinctions—any signal of a broader goodwill between the churches, erasing sectarian divisions, however trivial

it may be, is helping forward the prayer of the Master that 'they all may be one.'

"Of one blood, says Paul, are we all made. With God, the common Father, there is no respect of persons. One and the same haven of peace and love we all seek. Back of every varied soul and symbol stands the one Holy Spirit, by whose inspiration the holy men that founded each diverse church spake as they were moved in their respective age and land. No path of prayer but has lifted men nearer God; no creed has man framed but was as the broken lispings of an infant beside the unutterable perfection of the Divine."

The work throughout is intensely interesting, being the ripe fruition of the thought of one who is at once a deep scholar, a logical reasoner, a man of faith, and a master in the art of composition.

IMPERIALISM AND LIBERTY. By Morrison L. Swift. Cloth, 492 pp. Price, $1.50. Los Angeles, Cal.: The Ronbroke Press.

This is a strong, clear, earnest protest against the present imperialistic craze that is carrying our Government over from the position of Liberty's leader to one of the brood of warring imperialistic monarchical nations engaged in what President McKinley, in one of his better and nobler moments, happily termed "criminal aggression."

Mr. Swift makes a strong case for the republican ideal. His work is vigorous and impassioned, but it is also logical and convincing. The evils he herein predicts are being rapidly realized. The author is a true patriot—a patriot of the stamp of John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Washington, Jefferson, and Franklin. "Imperialism and Liberty" should be widely circulated.

THE DOOM OF DOGMA AND THE DAWN OF TRUTH. By Henry Frank. Cloth, 394 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In this able work Mr. Henry Frank has given us a bold and a radical treatise, which is at once broad and scholarly, and, what is still more rare in such works, reverent and constructive in spirit and character. It is a work that has been needed. Not that the field is new, for there are many scholarly treatises that have emphasized different phases of the subject matter here considered, but they have for the most part been prepared for scholars rather than for the general reader; while most assailants of dogma who have written for the popular taste have been extreme in language and destructive in spirit. Mr. Frank has given us a work for thoughtful men and women who find little comfort in the old theology, with its scheme of redemption as outlined in the blood atonement and an endless hell for the majority.

In eighteen chapters our author discusses subjects such as the following: "The Curse and Reconciliation, or Atonement Reinterpreted;" "The God Within, or 'Inspiration' Redefined;" "The Revolt of Reason,

or the Rehabilitation of Belief;" "Natural Phenomena in Christian Theology, or the Triunity of Man Reflected in the Trinity of God;" "The Myth of Hell, or the Human Heart Explored;" "God Made Flesh, or the Myth of Human Deification;" "The Making and Unmaking of the Creed;" "The Age of Calvin;" "The Christening of the Creed;" "The Defamation of Deity, or the Scandal of Theology;" "The Crumbling Creed of Christendom," and "The Fundamental Conflict Between Religion and Theology."

All these themes are treated in a masterly manner, evincing wide reading and deep research. The volume is an extremely valuable contribution to liberal literature.

GOOD CHEER NUGGETS. Compiled by Jeanne G. Pennington. Cloth, 112 pp. Price, 45 cents. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

This little work contains a number of choice and helpful brief selections from the writings of Maeterlinck, Le Conte, Hugo, and Dresser. The larger part of the work is given to Mr. Dresser, and the selections from his writings are excellent. We do not think the compiler has been so happy in her selections from the three great thinkers who occupy the first sixty pages of the book. Especially is this true of the selections from Hugo, considering the rich mines before Miss Pennington. The great Frenchman's work on William Shakespeare, which is so full of bright, inspiring, and noble utterances, seems to have been entirely overlooked by the compiler.

BEYOND THE BLACK OCEAN. A Story of Social Revolution. By the Rev. Father T. McGrady. Cloth, 304 pp. Price, $1. Terre Haute, Ind.: The Standard Publishing Company.

This is a new social romance, written by the brilliant young Socialist priest, Father Thomas McGrady. It is an earnest work that is calculated to appeal with especial force to Irishmen. The author has written primarily for the laboring men; and, using his romance as a vehicle for an exposition of the Single Tax and Socialistic theories of government, he has contributed another valuable note to the rapidly increasing chorus of social progress.

Father McGrady is a brilliant orator and a natural debater. He is not so happy as a novelist as he is when he comes to present the gospel of justice and equity as proclaimed by Socialism; but those chapters in which he pleads for the Fraternal State, in which he explains and argues in favor of the right of all the people to enjoy the earth, and the duty of society to secure justice, freedom, and independence for all men, are excellent and will do much for the cause of righteousness and justice.

DOROTHY QUINCY, WIFE OF JOHN HANCOCK. With Events of His Time. By Ellen C. D. Q. Woodbury, her great-grand-niece. Illustrated, cloth, 260 pp. Price, $1.50. Washington, D. C.: The Neale Pub. Co.

At the present time, when the splendid principles of free government that made the United States for over a century the leader in the vanguard of civilization are being trodden under foot by the fatal demands of a materialistic and soulless commercialism, and when the great Declaration of Independence and the brave and immortal words of the founders of our government cannot be proclaimed in all places where the flag of the Republic floats as the symbol of national authority, it is most important and fitting that the widest possible circulation be given to the lives and words of the great men and women who risked everything most dear to them for the eternal principles of self-government and freedom as voiced by the Declaration.

This volume is more than a biographic sketch of the beautiful, brilliant, and intellectual Dorothy Quincy. It deals in a large way with the life of John Hancock, and in so doing introduces the reader into the very council chamber of the Revolution, where the brave and noble sentiments of liberty, justice, and fraternity were being crystallized into a creed for the infant nation. It is a book that, while well calculated to inspire noble and true patriotism, is ill suited to foster the spirit of imperialism that has blinded our Republic to her high charge and holy trust, and has made us a robber nation, engaged in crushing the aspirations of a people for the same freedom that our fathers died to earn for us. The work is well written and highly interesting. It is a valuable addition to our biographic literature.

MINETTE: A STORY OF THE FIRST CRUSADE. By George F. Cram. Illustrated, cloth, 398 pp. Price, $1.50. Chicago: John W. Iliff & Co.

This work belongs to the numerous brood of historical romances that fill the land like the locusts of ancient Egypt. It is far inferior to Mr. Hewlett's "Richard Yea-and-Nay," which deals with the Crusade of a later period, and it is not to be compared with the novels of the elder Dumas or his popular imitator, Mr. Stanley Weyman; yet it is far superior to the majority of so-called historical novels of the day. The atmosphere is as wholesome as that of a story dealing with war and rapine, with fighting under the banner of the Prince of Peace and of Mahomet, could be; and, indeed, in this respect it is a better book than most of the swashbuckling romances. It deals with the great and pure love of two innocent girls of strong character and noble birth; with the intrigues and crimes of a revengeful and rejected lover, who leagues himself with the Mahometans while pretending to battle for the Cross; and with the exploits of the hero and his friends, who, like

all other such heroes, achieves marvelous feats and exhibits a tenacity of life that would put the proverbial cat to shame. Yet in the end the great Reaper garners in a full harvest. There are many strong passages, and the work abounds in highly dramatic situations, though the dialogue is often too long drawn out. It is a book that will hold the interest of the general reader who has acquired a taste for such romances, especially if he is interested in the Crusades.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Astrology and Socialism; or, The New Era. A Review and a Forecast." By Frank T. Allen. Paper, 24 pp. Price, 25 cents. New York: The Alliance Pub. Co.

"Seralmo." By Archie Bell. Cloth, 91 pp. New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

"Tales from Town Topics." Paper, 248 pp. Price, 50 cents. New York: Town Topics Pub. Co.

"Book of Secrets." By Horatio Dresser. Cloth, 138 pp. Price, $1 net. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Father Manners." By Hudson Young. Cloth, 206 pp. Price, $1 net. New York: The Abbey Press.

"Delsarte System of Expression." By Genevieve Stebbins. Illustrated. Cloth, 507 pp. Price, $2. New York: Edgar S. Werner Pub. and Supply Co.

"The American Farmer." By A. M. Simons. Cloth, 208 pp. Price, 50 cents. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co.

"Graded Physical Exercises." By Bertha L. Colburn. Cloth, 389 pp. Price, $1. New York: Edgar S. Werner Pub. and Supply Co.

"Shakespeare's Macbeth and the Ruin of Souls." By William Miller, D.D. Cloth, 126 pp. Price, 2 shillings. Madras, India: G. A. Natesan, Esplanade Row.

"Visions of Life." Poems. By Martha Shepard Lippincott. Cloth, 398 pp. Price, $1.25. New York: The Abbey Press.

"Sanity of Mind." By David F. Lincoln, M.D. Cloth, 178 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"What Say the Scriptures About Hell?" Paper, 88 pp. Price, 10 cents. Allegheny, Pa.: Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society.

"Our Accursed Spelling." Edited by E. O. Vaile. Paper, 142 pp. Oak Park, Chicago: E. O. Vaile.

"Eastern Peru and Bolivia." By Wm. C. Agle. Paper, 45 pp. Price, 50 cents. Seattle, Wash.: The Homer M. Hill Pub. Co.

"Ancient and Modern Physics." By T. E. Willson. Paper, 74 pp. Flushing, N. Y.: Charles Johnston.

"A Dream of Realms Beyond Us." By Adair Welcker. Paper, 29 pp. Published by the author.

"The Twentieth Century City." Proceedings of the Annual Convention, 1901, of the American League for Civic Improvement. Paper, 80 pp.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE pathetic apprehension of King Edward VII. that his approaching coronation festivities may be marred by failure to make peace with the Boers, on the part of the Christian Government of which he is the figurehead, imparts a peculiar interest to our leading article this month. Dr. Maxey, the author, is a close observer of racial events and a profound student of world politics. The treaty recently effected betv Great Britain and Japan, as he clearly points out, is chiefly significant because it portends the advent of a new factor in international statesmanship—the "balance of power" in the Orient. That this problem will increase in both importance and delicacy with the cessation of hostilities in South Africa is self-evident, and Dr. Maxey's paper, though brief, sheds much light on its probable effect upon European channels of diplomacy and the agencies of American commerce.

The many occurrences that seem to suggest a widespread lowering of our democratic ideals tend to develop a spirit of pessimism in the minds of most lovers of liberty in this country; yet beneath the passing phases of militarism, monopoly, and the centralization of power and authority in obedience to the "strenuous" ideal there is a deep undercurrent of fidelity to the standards of freedom and equality of rights. This is shown in an essay in this issue on "The Popular Election of U. S. Senators." Our contributor, Charles H. Fox, is a Doctor of Philosophy (Heidelberg) whose wide knowledge of history, literature, and government is fully equaled by his familiarity with American traditions and his love for republican institutions. His paper glows with reassurances of the vitality of democracy as a political sentiment and heritage, and suggests the expansion of popular liberty and sovereignty rather than their curtailment or effeteness.

Such is the tenacity and the potency of the orthodox and conventional that THE ARENA is apparently the only high-class magazine in the world that dares to publish facts or opinions

pertaining to advanced religion; yet opportunities for comparative study along this line should be welcomed by every friend of progress. In this month's symposium we present opposing views upon Buddhism, which is believed to be numerically the world's greatest religion. Our Japanese contributor is a well-known representative of the system, well qualified to speak authoritatively on its philosophy and doctrines; while the Rev. Dr. Rice, who records his actual observations of Buddhistic customs and practises, makes many strong points in favor of the Christian morality and precepts. Although an astute observer from Japan might pick an equal number of flaws, differing in kind, in many lands in which the standard of the Great Nazarene is predominant, yet the supremacy of Jesus among world-teachers must be conceded even by those to whom the acts and utterances of his professed followers are repellent.

Probably the most important contribution on the vital relation between education and democracy that has ever appeared in these pages is the "Conversation," in this number, with Rabbi Charles Fleischer. This gentleman is one of the most liberal and progressive of Hebrew scholars. He is also a profound thinker, a broad-minded teacher, and a typical representative of that capacity for keen analysis and searching criticism that is characteristic of his race. His views on our methods of public instruction and the importance of education in the perpetuity of our democratic institutions should interest every friend of the Republic, and especially those concerned in the moral and intellectual welfare of the young.

A "Conversation" between Editor Patterson and C. W. Penrose, editor of the Deseret *News,* of Salt Lake City, will appear in our next issue. The subject-matter will relate chiefly to the proposed amendment to the Constitution prohibiting polygamy and to the Mormon position on the question of plural marriage. Mr. Penrose's statements will correct many misapprehensions of the popular mind, and will enlist the attention of our lawmakers as well as that of social economists everywhere.

Dr. Keyes' excellent article on "The Physical Basis of History," announced for publication this month, is unavoidably held over till June, which number will contain, in addition, an important paper by the Rev. James H. Ecob, D.D., of Philadelphia, on "The Russian Remedy;" "Humanity's Progress," by Marvin Dana, F.R.G.S.; "The Ancient Working People," by William Bailie, and "Are Women to Blame?" by Elliott Flower, which is a most timely contribution to our series on topics of sociologic and domestic interest. Other articles are in preparation that will amply sustain THE ARENA'S leadership of the world's progressive publications and furnish information on a variety of subjects of present-day significance.

J. E. M.

THE ARENA.

VOL. XXVII. - - - NO. 6.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY REVIEW OF VITAL THOUGHT.

Editors: { CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.
B. O. FLOWER.
JOHN EMERY McLEAN.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

		PAGE
CAUSES OF THE PHILIPPINE WAR	*Hon. Samuel C. Parks, A.M.*	561
THE LATE CECIL RHODES:		
I. His Aims and Ideals	*Reginald de Quinton* An Early Associate	573
II. A Modern Cortez	*Felix L. Oswald, M.D.*	580
THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF HISTORY	*Charles Rollin Keyes, Ph.D.*	585
AN ECHO OF THE INQUISITION	*Rev. Robert E. Bisbee*	592
THE PLURAL MARRIAGE PROBLEM: A Conversation	*C. W. Penrose* Editor of the "Deseret News," Salt Lake City	604
A NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE CONFERENCE	*Rev. Hiram Vrooman*	611
THE RUSSIAN REMEDY	*James H. Ecob, D.D.*	615
A BIT OF OLD MEXICO	*B. O. Flower*	624
THE ANCIENT WORKING PEOPLE	*William Bailie*	630
ARE WOMEN TO BLAME?	*Elliott Flower*	635
THE GLORY AND THE SACRIFICE: A Story	*Eleanor H. Porter*	640
TOPICS OF THE TIMES—(*Editorial*)	*B. O. Flower*	
Some Dead Sea Fruit of Our War of Subjugation—A Great Municipal Victory—Appalling Revelations of Corruption in St. Louis—Progress Dependent on Fidelity to Ethical Ideals—A Unique Social Community—Municipalism and Co-operation in England Alarm London Capitalists		647-661
BOOKS OF THE DAY	*Studies and Reviews*	
Captain Jinks, Hero—Father Manners—The Builder and the Plan—Claudia—The Delsarte System of Expression—Marred in the Making		662-670
NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS	*J. E. M.*	671-672

$2.50 a Year . . . . . 25 Cents a Copy

Foreign Subscriptions, 12 Shillings.

569 5TH AVE. THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY. NEW YORK

RAPHAEL'S WORKS—Just Published:

EARTHOLOGY.

Humanity Characterized by the Earth, Sun, and Zodiac,
With Prognostications from the Moon.

ILLUSTRATED THROUGHOUT.

THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE.

This valuable work contains a newly revised system of Character Reading, and of its kind the most complete.

For business qualifications, marriage, diseases, mental and physical adaptability, wealth and rank, fortune and misfortune, with all the phases of human destiny, it cannot be surpassed.

Price, cloth, gilt, $2.00.

CHEIROSOPHY (The Hand).

A Scientific Treatise on Palmistry, fully illustrated with new Discoveries.

This original, complete, and descriptive method, written in condensed form, consists, first, in furnishing an accurate description through the formation of hands of mental temperaments, dispositions, characteristics, and talents; second, a complete analysis of each line and mark as to events, cause, and cure for abnormal developments with skill that seems uncanny.

Bound in heavy cloth, gilt. Price, $1.50.

The Ancient Egyptian Chart of the Earth's Zodiac,

Engraved in six colors on heavy Cardboard, with Key Book of Instructions.

Price, 35 cents.

THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
569 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Brother of the Third Degree.

By WILL L. GARVER.

A New Rosicrucian Romance.

FOURTH EDITION. - - 377 PAGES.

This is a story of medieval Rosicrucians transported to the twentieth century. The brothers, who give their name to the story, constitute a strange and fantastic society in which, though admitted to fellowship, they pass through various ordeals, both of suffering and renunciation and even yet more subtle experiences and spiritual temptations. The avowed object of the society is the development of the highest morality and the capacity to live in the pure spirit; and its members attain the most wonderful occult and clairvoyant faculties and powers.

Cloth, $1.25; paper, 50c. post-paid.

The Alliance Publishing Co.,
569 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Practical Occultis

is a very successful book by Ernest Loomis. $1.25, post-paid. It is invaluable to all w seeking perfect health and true success. Th reading of it has often led to marvelous cur aims to cure diseased circumstances as well eased bodies.

The following are titles and prices of other v books by the same author:

YOUR PRACTICAL FORCES, and how to use them in all business and art....
METHODS OF SELF-HELP.....
FORCE-MASSING METHODS.....
CONCENTRATION.....
CONCENTRATION METHODS AND HELPS

This set of six books is used as text-bo many students and teachers. The following of "Practical Occultism" recently appeared in and may therefore be regarded as unbiased. applies in substance to the other five volumes

"The teachings are uniformly helpful, simp practical. . . . They help the student to the truth for himself by acquainting him w kingly powers of his higher nature."

Our Near Future

is a book that shows the turns and changes t in society, governments, and churches dur twenty years from 1896. Sent post-paid for Other highly popular works, by

W. A. Redding, the same a

THE MILLENNIAL KINGDOM.....
THE THREE CHURCHES.....
MYSTERIES UNVEILED.....

These books contain very startling clai offer a character of evidence and proofs of the that the average mind will be inclined to re convincing.

Many people believe that these wonderful ecies are already being fulfilled, and that oth events foretold are only a little behind the vei

If these prophecies are true, it is most impo know of them as a means of financial safety.

Should Women Obey

is a reform book that would be helpful to have matrimonial difficulties, etc., to solve post-paid for $1.00.

Address all orders to

The Alliance Publishing

569 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please mention THE ARENA in writing to advertisers.

"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."
—HEINE.

THE ARENA

VOL. XXVII. JUNE, 1902. No. 6.

CAUSES OF THE PHILIPPINE WAR.

SOME months ago a prominent United States Senator was reported as saying that the real cause of the Philippine war was "the ignorance of the people." We have been led by our national vanity to believe that we are much superior to other nations, and such a statement strikes us at first with surprise and displeasure. But, upon sufficient quiet and cool reflection, candor obliges us to confess that there is considerable truth in it.

Even those who believe we are the peculiar people of God, and, therefore, know more than other nations, and are entitled to direct and control them, may learn wisdom from the history of an ancient people who claimed to be the offspring of God, and who had wise men, prophets, and priests for their teachers. No people ever assumed for themselves a greater ascendency in morals and religion, and in the favor of the Almighty, than the Jews. And yet God, speaking through the mouth of the great prophet, said of them: "My people are destroyed through lack of knowledge: because thou hast rejected knowledge, I will also reject thee. . . . As they were increased, so they sinned against me: therefore will I change their glory into shame." "Israel doth not know; my people will not consider." And Christ wept over their great city Jerusalem, saying: "If thou hadst known, even thou in this thy day, the

things that belong to thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes."

The apostle Peter, on the day of Pentecost, drew a memorable indictment against the Jews for their treatment of Christ, whom they had "taken and by wicked hands had crucified and slain." Afterward he said that through ignorance they did it, as did also their rulers. This ignorance was wilful and wicked. They had abundant means of learning the truth, but perversely refused to do it. In the case of Stephen, their ignorance became brutal and ferocious. They "gnashed on him with their teeth," and stoned him to death. The result of such criminal ignorance was the destruction of themselves and of their country.

In view of this history, no one need be startled or aggrieved that a leading public man should ascribe the origin and popularity of the Philippine war to the ignorance of the American people: an ignorance that sometimes, as in the case of Senator Platt of Connecticut, so far involves their rulers that they do not understand the Declaration of Independence.

A good illustration in point may be drawn from the Presidential canvass of 1900. In the discussions of that year, some of the most popular and influential speakers took the ground that the purchase of Louisiana by the Administration of Mr. Jefferson, in 1803, and the subsequent treatment of that Territory and its people by the Government of the United States, and the acquisition of the Philippine Islands and the treatment of their people by the Administration of Mr. McKinley, were substantially the same; and some of them went so far as to say the two cases were "exactly alike." They used this argument with a popular effect that nothing but an almost total want of information upon the subject could have made possible.

"If the Louisiana Territory, at the time of its purchase, had contained eight or ten million inhabitants; if they had been fighting many years for freedom, independence, and self-government, and part of that time as allies of the United States; if, at the time of the purchase, they had nearly achieved their independence; if they never consented to the purchase, refused

to acquiesce in it, and declared their determination to be free and independent and to govern themselves—there would be considerable similarity between the cases. But none of these conditions were present in the Louisiana case, and it fails entirely as a precedent for the other."

The fallacy of this argument was often exposed during the canvass and subsequently, by writers and speakers. Among others, it was thoroughly done by Mr. Mead, of the *New England Magazine;* and it was briefly done by Ex-Senator Edmonds, in the following words*:

"In the Louisiana instance, the military, civil, and judicial powers existing at the time of the cession, and none others, were to be administered. In the Philippine instance, all military, civil, and judicial powers necessary to govern the islands were to be administered. In the first case, existing laws were to be executed; in the second case, any and all laws thought necessary by the President were to be set up and executed. The contrast between the essential principles and the actual grants of power to the President in the two Acts could not be more complete. In Louisiana, Congress adopted the existing laws and merely changed the personnel of the administrators. In the Philippines, Congress adopted no law at all, but deposited all power in the agents of the President."

The fact that millions of men still cling to an error that has so often been exposed is a remarkable instance of the stubbornness of the people when their mistakes are founded on "a lack of knowledge."

Another instance of the lack of knowledge in the people is the belief they have always had and still have that the war with Spain was just and necessary, and in accordance with the law of nations. It will not require a lengthy examination to expose this error.

The volume entitled "Foreign Relations of the United States, 1898," which was published about twelve months ago, contains four hundred and twenty-seven pages that are entirely devoted to Spain. The first half of it, beginning with the letter of instructions of Secretary of State John Sherman to Gen. Stewart

**North American Review* for August, 1901, page 152.

L. Woodford, the new Minister to Spain, dated July 16th, 1897, and ending with the Proclamations of the President of the United States blockading the Cuban ports and calling for volunteers, of April 22d and 23d, 1898, contains all the facts necessary to an understanding of the case.

For some reason this book was not given to the public till about three years after the correspondence it contains took place. It has now been accessible about a year.

Some statements of fact and some quotations from the official correspondence will here be appropriate and instructive.

In closing his letter of instructions above referred to, Secretary Sherman says: "All that is asked or expected is that some safe way be provided for action which the United States may undertake with justice and self-respect, and that the settlement shall be a lasting one, honorable and advantageous to Spain and to Cuba, and equitable to the United States. For the accomplishment of this end, now and in the future, our Government offers its most kindly offices through yourself."

Mr. Woodford began his labors as Minister to Spain about the middle of September, 1897. It was a difficult and trying position, but by patience and perseverance he had nearly reached "the accomplishment of the end" required by his instructions in a peaceful and satisfactory settlement, when his efforts were frustrated and defeated by the very authority under whose instructions he was acting, as will appear from the following extracts.

On the 17th day of March, 1898, Mr. Woodford wired a message from Madrid to the President, in which he says, truthfully, "I have worked steadily and persistently for peace," and asks "permission to treat . . . should the opportunity ever be presented." On the 18th he wires the President a long letter, which, taking it all together, is decidedly encouraging, and in which he says "my faith in settlement gets stronger." On the 19th he wires again and says: "If you will acquaint me fully with general settlement desired, I believe Spanish Government will offer without compulsion and upon its own motion such terms of settlement as may be satisfactory to both

nations." The President's answer of March 20th, through Mr. Day, is not responsive in letter or spirit, and is much better calculated to promote war than peace. He does not acquaint Mr. Woodford fully with the general settlement desired, and winds up with a threat to "lay the whole question before Congress"; which action all the world knew would result in war.*

The natural and almost unavoidable inference from these papers is that the President had put his ear to the ground and heard the crazy, popular cry for war; had yielded to it, and concluded as he said "to lay the whole question before Congress," which he knew would make war, instead of leaving it in the hands of his faithful and indefatigable Minister, who was almost certain to make peace. However, a week after, the President seems to have experienced another change. On the 27th day of March, by his instructions, Mr. Day sent to Mr. Woodford the following exceedingly important telegram, which will be found on pages 711 and 712 of the book in question:

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE, *Washington, Sunday, March 27, 1898.*

"Believed the *Maine* report will be held in Congress for a short time without action. A feeling of deliberation prevails in both houses of Congress. See if the following can be done:

"*First.*—Armistice until October 1. Negotiations meantime looking for peace between Spain and insurgents through friendly offices of President of the United States.

"*Second.*—Immediate revocation of reconcentrado order so as to permit people to return to their farms, and needy to be relieved with provisions and supplies from United States coöperating with authorities so as to afford full relief.

"Add, if possible—

"*Third.*—If terms of peace not satisfactorily settled by October 1, President of the United States to be final arbiter between Spain and insurgents. If Spain agrees, President will use friendly offices to get insurgents to accept plan.

"Prompt action desirable.

"DAY."

On page 746 appears the following telegram from Mr. Woodford to Mr. Day:

---

*See page 692, "Foreign Relations, 1898," for these two remarkable messages.

"MADRID, *April 9, 1898.*

"ASSISTANT SECRETARY DAY, *Washington:*

"Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs has just sent for me. The Representatives of the European powers called upon him this morning and advised acquiescence in Pope's request for an armistice. Armistice has been granted. Spanish Minister in Washington instructed to notify our Department of State and yourself. Authority has been cabled to General Blanco to proclaim armistice. I sent verbatim memorandum just handed me by Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs as follows: 'In view of the earnest and repeated request of His Holiness, supported resolutely by declarations and friendly counsels of the representatives of six great European powers, who formulated them this morning in a collective visit to the Minister of State, as corollary of the efforts of their Governments in Washington, the Spanish Government has resolved to inform the Holy Father that on this date it directs the general-in-chief of the army in Cuba to grant immediately a suspension of hostilities for such length of time as he may think prudent to prepare and facilitate the peace earnestly desired by all.'

"I hope this despatch will reach you before the President's message goes to Congress. WOODFORD."

On the next day, April 10th, Mr. Woodford telegraphed directly to the President (page 747):

"I hope nothing will now be done to humiliate Spain, as I am satisfied that the present Government is going, and is loyally ready to go, as fast and as far as it can. With your power of action sufficiently free you will win the fight on your own lines."

This final effort of his faithful Minister in favor of peace was not heeded by the President. He had put his ear to the ground again; had again heard the insane popular clamor for war; had been finally overcome by its fierceness and persistence; and the next day, April 11th, sent a "war message" to Congress. He thus took the matter out of the hands of Mr. Woodford, who, according to all the indications, would, in a short time, have secured by treaty with Spain virtually all for Cuba that he had originally demanded, and turned it over to a body that he knew was in favor of war. That body took the matter up immediately and in a few days passed a series of resolutions that were tantamount to a declaration of war against Spain; and war followed, as intended by the resolutions and the message that preceded them.

Mr. McKinley, who thus took part in making the war, was a man of good personal character, of excellent domestic virtues, and his taking off was a foul and abhorrent deed. But these things do not change the nature of his Administration, nor consecrate the errors of his foreign policy.

The authorities applicable to the record that the United States has made against itself in the matter of the war against Spain are abundant and conclusive. A few only will be cited here.

Phillimore says: "It is the bounden and most sacred duty of every State to exhaust every means of redress before it has recourse to the dreadful necessity of war." (Phillimore Int. Law, Vol. 3, p. 60.)

Chancellor Kent says: "War is not to be resorted to without absolute necessity, nor unless peace would be more dangerous and more miserable than war itself. . . . Every pacific mode of redress is to be tried faithfully and perseveringly before the nation resorts to arms." (Kent's Commentaries, Vol. 1, p. 48.)

Vattel says: "Whoever entertains a true idea of war—whoever considers its terrible effects, its destructive and unhappy consequences—will be ready to agree that it should never be undertaken without the most cogent reasons." (Vattel's Law of Nations, p. 301.)

Hannis Taylor, in his recent work on "International Public Law," in discussing the subject of war, says: "In no event should force be used till all other means have been exhausted."

Woolsey and other high authorities are to the same effect.

Among statesmen, Washington held that nothing but *"imperious necessity,"* and Clay said that nothing but *"dire necessity,"* would justify war.

This principle of international law, which is so well established, is founded in humanity, reason, and religion, but it was entirely disregarded in our dealings with Spain. The record referred to and quoted above shows that there was no *"absolute necessity,"* nor in fact *any* necessity, for war. It shows that "every pacific mode of redress" had not been "tried *faith-*

fully and perseveringly" before we resorted to arms. It shows that when the negotiations between the two countries were about to succeed, and end in a peaceful settlement of all questions, including the rights of the Cubans, by treaty, they were brought to an abrupt termination by the President and Congress, and war was unnecessarily and voluntarily inaugurated by the United States, notwithstanding a note to the President from the representatives of the six great powers of Europe, including England, earnestly deprecating it.

While in the light of the foregoing facts and principles it is clear that the war against Spain by the United States was unnecessary and unjust and a violation of the law of humanity, the law of nations, and the Divine law, "Thou shalt not kill," it is a melancholy truth that a very large proportion of the people of the United States did not know this at the time the war was made by the President and Congress, and do not know it now. This want of knowledge is not confined to uneducated and "plain people," but pervades all classes, of every profession and pursuit.

If it be said in extenuation that the correspondence between Spain and the United States was withheld from publication for three years after it took place, it may be answered that it has now been published and accessible for a year, and that Messrs. Woodford and Sherman, who were parties to it and knew all about it, told the people of the United States four years ago, as from their own knowledge, that there was no necessity for war with Spain, as all questions with her might have been settled without.

This great people, which claims to be favored of Heaven and led by Providence, the Israel of modern times, neglected its opportunities for information, blindly followed its political leaders, and encouraged them to cry havoc, and let slip the dogs and wolves and tigers of war. Of us it may be said, as of God's ancient people, "Israel doth not know; my people will not consider."

A third example of the ignorance of the people upon the subject of this war is the fact that they have always regarded

the Philippine speculation as a good one, and laden with large profits to the Government and people of the United States in the near future. It certainly is a good thing, pecuniarily, to those Americans who have been appointed to offices in those islands, with large salaries, which are paid by the Filipinos; and it may prove to be profitable to Mr. Hull of Iowa and other Congressmen and speculating citizens. But there never was any reasonable probability that it would pay the Government and people of this country for its enormous cost in a hundred years. Indeed, Chief Justice Doster, a very clear and able writer, demonstrated in an article published in THE ARENA nearly a year ago that the United States Government could not make by the acquisition of those islands the $200,000,000 which the Philippine war had then cost, with interest on the outlay, in two hundred years. The outlay has now reached between three and four hundred million; and, by the same reasoning, the acquisition cannot be made to repay the money in three hundred years.

Senator Teller, in his speech in the Senate, on February 13th, made this matter very plain; and Gov. Taft, "the Satrap of the Western Provinces," in his testimony before the Investigating Committee of the Senate, admitted that his principality was a bad investment for the United States.

The great mistake of this speculation will be more evident if we consider that the money thus wasted would have reclaimed enough of our arid lands to make homes for many millions of our people, which would be worth more to our country in one year than those islands can be in a century.

Such mistakes by the people as those we have specified, and others, contributed largely to the popular feeling in favor of making the war originally, and they are largely responsible for its long and disgraceful continuance. But a want of knowledge in the mass of the people is by no means the only reason for the making and relentless prosecution of that war. A lack of principle generally, and especially among intelligent men, is quite as responsible for its origin and continuance, and for its support by so many of the people, as a want of knowl-

edge. For it is a humiliating truth that, among a large proportion of the leaders and formers of public opinion in this country, the real question, as many of them admit, is not a moral or political one, but the commercial one: Will it pay? These men want those islands for the profit they suppose can be made out of their possession and control by the United States, without regard to questions of right or wrong. These questions they consider outside the domain of business and practical politics, and mere matters of theory. There is nothing new or strange in this view of the case. It always has been the view of that character of men in all countries, and especially in England and America.

In her report of an interview in London last July with the late John de Block, Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead, of Boston, says:

"He has little to say about arguments based on justice. 'Most English people, like other people, do not think about justice,' he remarked; they ask only, 'What will be useful?' And he thinks ethical endeavor thus far has accomplished little in converting men to peace. His effort is confined to showing men of common sense, not that warfare shows them to be unchristian, but that it shows them to be fools."

So far as this goes, it is correct. But what *is* strange is the fact that Christianity in nineteen hundred years has not been able to eradicate this folly and wickedness, and that professedly Christian rulers, in direct violation of the command, "Thou shalt not kill," will slaughter for territory or trade or tribute, in cold blood and without remorse, thousands of their fellowmen—and that many of them will do this in the name of humanity, civilization, and religion.

An able and discriminating English writer of the last century, in speaking of the imperviousness of the people to the plainest dictates of reason and religion, says:

"There is no saying *what* a civilized and Christian nation (so called) may not tolerate. Recollect the slave trade, which, with the magnitude of a national concern, continued its infernal course of abominations while one generation after another of Englishmen passed away; and the united illumina-

tion, conscience, and power of the country maintained as faithful a peace with it as if the Divine anger had been apprehended against whatever should threaten its molestation. This is but one of many mortifying illustrations of how much the constitution of our moral sentiments resembles a Manichæan creation, how much of them is formed in passive submission to the evil principle acting through prevailing custom—which determines that it shall but very partially depend on the real and most manifest qualities of things presented to us, whether we shall have any right perception of the characters of good and evil.

"The agency that works this malformation in our sentiments needs no greater triumph than that the true nature of things should be disguised to us by the very effect of their being constantly kept in our sight. Could any malignant enchanter wish for more than this—to make us insensible to the odious quality, not only *though* these things stand constantly and directly in our view, but *because* they do so? And while they do so, there may also be placed, as if close by them, the truths that *show* their real nature, and might (it would have been supposed) have prevented all deception; and these truths shall be no other than some of the plainest principles of reason and religion. It is as if men of wicked designs could be compelled to wear labels on their breasts, wherever they go, to announce their character in conspicuous letters; or nightly assassins could be forced to carry torches before them to reveal the murderer in their visages; or as if, according to a vulgar superstition, evil spirits could not help betraying their presence by a tinge of brimstone in the flame of the lamps. Thus evident by the light of reason and religion shall have been the true nature of certain important facts in the system of a Christian nation; nevertheless, even the cultivated part of that nation, during a series of generations, shall have directly before their sight an enormous nuisance and iniquity—yet never be struck with its quality; never be made restless by its annoyance; never seriously think of it."

It would be difficult to find a more terrible indictment than the foregoing, drawn by an Englishman against "a series of generations" of his countrymen; yet every reader of English history knows it to be true. And it is also true that the same charge can be safely made against "the cultivated part" of this nation to-day.

We justly boast of the wonderful progress that we have made in the last century in science, art, literature, and in almost every department of human learning. But we cannot boast of any recent advancement in politics or morals or in devotion to the rights of men. In these respects both rulers and people have deteriorated, and the course of our Government for the last few years has been reactionary and opposed in principle and practise to the methods of its great founders and preservers. Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln would be entirely out of place among the men who now govern this country, and could not commingle and agree with them politically a single day. Their fidelity to political and moral principle would be represented as treason to their country.

SAMUEL C. PARKS.

Kansas City, Mo.

THE LATE CECIL RHODES.

I. His Aims and Ideals.

THE testament of Cecil Rhodes has been aptly termed "Cæsar's Will." It is not alone the largess bequeathed by him to the English-speaking race that will bring about a reaction in common opinion regarding the man whose body lies now in the hills of Rhodesia, but men will be forced by the large ideas expressed in the will to feel, as only those who knew him long and personally know, that all his actions—good, bad, and indifferent—were rooted in one grand conception: the Federation on democratic lines of the four great English-speaking divisions of the British Empire. Even this large idea had become wider in Rhodes's mind before he died, for it is written between the lines of the will that his eye ranged far beyond the present bound of practical politics to a time when the great Federation should embrace not only the British commonwealths and dominions but the United States of America and possibly the Socialized German Empire.

Balked as he was in realizing the lesser of these great ideas, he seems to have been stimulated by his own failure in this to sketch the larger plan. "A Federal Parliament, five years in Washington and five in London," is now the scale of measure. And among his last words were these: "So little done; so much to do!"

Now, what Rhodes's ideal was in the days before the Jameson raid I had from his own lips in the early eighties. From his first arrival at the diamond mines to join his brother, whose claims adjoined mine, and through the long period of the incubation of his idea until he was finally launched on his career of exploiting the industries of South Africa, I was an intimate business associate of Rhodes, and thus had many facts on which to base my inferences as to his aims and the means he would be likely to adopt to attain them.

This first ideal was a Federation of all the interests of the British world on the basis of an improved United States Constitution. As a first step he hoped to bring all the South African States into harmonious confederation in such a way that they should be independent of the Colonial Office in Downing Street. He would then have a fulcrum on which to work for a larger scheme. The tie would be loosened until Great Britain and an amalgamated South Africa could be reunited into a larger whole, each on equal terms with the Dominion of Canada and the Commonwealth of Australasia. India and the tropical dependencies or Crown Colonies of the superseded Empire would be "Protectorates" under the rule of a great Federal Parliament. This Federal Parliament, as Mr. Rhodes sketched it to me, was to be an entirely new body. The oft-mooted plan of "Colonial Members" in a House at Westminster had no place in it. On the contrary, the British dominions should send their representatives to the new Anglo-Saxon Parliament on equal terms with the rest of the constituencies. The existing British Parliament should confine its attention to "home" legislation—should become in fact a State Legislature, and leave all matters concerning the Imperial Commonwealth to the new Federal Ministry.

The reigning House might furnish this new organic whole with a hereditary titular President with an automatic authority, which might be regarded, as it now is, as both potential and impotent. It would at any rate be a living seal for the final reference of validity. There would be a Federal Cabinet, wholly responsible to the Federal Parliament, the members of which would be themselves responsible to the unit they represented.

To effect this stupendous revolution—to transform at a stroke the Imperial idea into the idea of a true Democracy embracing half the world—Rhodes relied on his power to mold all South Africa into such a shape that he would be able to say to the Imperial Ministry, "Concede to us dominion, or ——?" That was to be the first step. Having thus obtained "dominion" for South Africa, he would then make

Canada and Australasia parties to his project, and would doubtless find support in Ireland and in the by-that-time rejuvenated Liberalism of England.

Those who value Benjamin Kidd's study of "Western Civilization" will see that this great plan lies in the path of evolution. In Rhodes's mind the Old World idea of the State as representative of existing interests alone has passed away, and the center of the evolving drama is projected into the future. But Rhodes reckoned without Kruger and the obstinacy of Old World ideas. Under the influence of the astute Dr. Leyds, backed by the Hollander adventurers in finance and politics, and in the last event under the ægis of one or another of the European powers, Kruger's ideas took the form of a scheme of South African nationality diametrically opposite to that of Rhodes, and, as far as the horizon extended, as large. In the mind of Oom Paul, South Africa was to be the arena of a Netherlands Empire drama. As soon as dogged insistence could get rid of the sole tie that bound them to Great Britain (the troublesome word "suzerainty," which curtailed all dealings with foreign powers), the two republics were to form an alliance with one or more European States. Not only Transvaal and the Orange Free State were to be Netherlandized, but the whole of South Africa.

It takes a little thought to realize this idea of a Netherlands Empire. Some of us are too likely to consider the Dutch nation as too well content with the prosperity of Batavia and the wealth of Java and Sumatra to remember that Admiral Van Tromp once sailed up the Thames with a broom at the masthead, and that the mention of "New Amsterdam," Capetown, and the East Indies recalls to the Dutch mind the days when they had the best start for empire beyond the seas. But those accustomed to see with the eye of the historian that great wars arise not *out* of trifles but only *about* them have long realized that this Boer war was at bottom a race struggle, though precipitated by immediate causes connected with taxes, concessions, gold, diamonds, and pompons.

For a few years Cecil Rhodes believed that, by means of

the Africander-bund of which he was for a time the idol, he could make head against and finally swamp Kruger and his Hollanders. He had the sympathy of a very large party in the Transvaal—strong in that it consisted mainly of the pure Boer element led by General Joubert and Justice Kotze of the Supreme Court. Moreover, before Steyn got into power, the Orange Free State was quite in line with the true Africander idea. As Joubert said on one memorable occasion: "We are Africanders, not Hollanders. Africa is our mother-country, not Holland. The language we speak is Africansche, not Hollandsche."

The Africander-bund had, moreover, the secret of modern colonial democracy—the feeling that links with a mother-country must be wholly sentimental to be adamantine. The Africanders were therefore less inclined to a Netherlands than to a British Empire, for they could contrast British rule in Cape Colony and Natal with Krugerism in the Transvaal. There were many of Kruger's young Africanders who felt aggrieved that nearly all the officers and concessions in the Transvaal, which the President had once encouraged them to fit themselves to hold, had under the influence of Dr. Leyds and under the new conditions arising from the development of the mines been made over to the imported Netherlanders. On the top of this tide of Africanderdom Rhodes rose to the Premiership of Cape Colony.

For a time he schemed against his rival Kruger with success; and finally, by means of the prevailing discontent,—on which he had indeed poured no oil, having got the "Reform" movement in Johannesburg well under way,—he believed that he was nearing his immediate goal of South African consolidation. The result of the Reform agitation was to be the building up of a broad and liberal democracy on the ruins of the oligarchic and "Netherlandesque" republicanism of the two Dutch republics. Even in Cape Colony there was room for more progressive ideas, and British control might be made a shadow that cast no shade. When the psychological moment had come, South Africa from Table Bay to the Portuguese

boundary could be engineered into amalgamation as easily as diamond mines.

This is just how things stood in Cecil Rhodes's mind up to and during the year 1892. It was then that Paul Kruger stole the Presidency from Joubert by the method of "counting out." Joubert was urged to head a revolution by arms. He declined, saying that, palpable as was the theft of his right, gross as was the tyranny against the numerical majority of the voters, yet he would not for such a cause raise brother's hand against brother.

We can fix this moment as the time when whatever secret doubts Rhodes may have had as to the practicability of his ideal scheme took shape, and "the current turned awry." Rhodes's plea for the native-born was dropped for a while in favor of Imperial Opportunism. Judging by recent events, it was not that he lost faith in his ideal but that he foresaw that a period of Imperialism pure and simple was a necessary stage in its evolution. Whatever his inward thoughts, he now by means of his agents began those diplomatic or backstair negotiations with the British Ministry about which so much has been asserted and so much denied. Was it "the stormy petrel of the Foreign Office," the Colonial editor of the London *Times,* or the demure young lady who knew the ins and outs of South African politics (and the only woman who could meet Rhodes on his own ground, or for whom he had a corner in his scheme of life),—was it Miss Flora Shaw who tempted Rhodes from his scheme of "Africa for the Africanders?" *Quien sabe?* The fact remains that at this point the policy changed, and Miss Shaw became the link between Rhodes and Chamberlain.

Whatever the reasons for Rhodes's change of attitude, the mischief lay in his not disclosing the change to the Johannesburg Reformers. Worse than this, he only gave a half-confidence to Dr. Jameson. A study of the evidence makes it probable that Jameson felt that for obvious reasons his principal meant him to act without orders. At any rate, he made the famous raid on his own responsibility, with the historic

result: "My God! Jim has kicked over my apple-cart!" Kruger and Leyds had now the very excuse they needed for rushing *their* scheme by force of arms. The link of "suzerainty" was snapped; and when before the Parliamentary Committee Rhodes declared that he had acted all through, not for Africander but entirely for Imperial ends, Africanderdom united itself under the banner of Kruger. The Reformers wanted as before a purely South African amalgamation, but Rhodes looked above their heads and saw in the sky the little cloud of Imperial annexation. On the surface the fact was too palpable that he had betrayed his co-conspirators.

From that time till now Rhodes's name has been under a cloud, which even his bravery at the post of danger in Kimberley failed to dispel. The instinct of his judges tells them that this act of betrayal must be explained before he can be put on a pedestal. However great the ends, a Metternich policy is discredited in the modern world. Yet Mark Antonys will not be wanting; and when what remains of Cecil Rhodes has lain for a long time in "The View of the World" (the name of the mountain where Rhodes lies buried), he may be reverenced as the "Father of a South African Commonwealth."

Meanwhile we must recognize that Rhodes's *methods* were those of the business-man pure and simple. "I never met the man I could not square, and I will square the Mahdi," said he, when putting his scheme for the Cape-Cairo wire before a group of capitalists. "Square and conquer" was his motto. It was thus that in the early eighties he made his first great political stroke. He had persuaded the British Governor, Sir Hercules Robinson, to fling the mantle of "Protection" over the Hinterland of South Africa. Troubles arose; Rhodes got himself sent up as "Commissioner of Bechuanaland." The filibusters from the Transvaal had seized on several hundred square miles of the richest part of Bechuanaland. In exchange for a compact severing them from their native republic, Rhodes guaranteed them "British titles" to the farms stolen from the Bechuanas. It was from this vantage-ground that he sprang at his long-dreamed-of prize—Rhodesia, a vast territory, the

richest in all South Africa, as it will one day prove. When he first came to the diamond fields to join his brother, he at once left our beaten track of working in "pay-ground" and staked out for himself and selected associates a low-grade "barren" tract, despised by "experts" but indispensable, as he foresaw, to the deep working of the adjoining De Beers. From this "barren" Hinterland he finally annexed the riches of the De Beers, became the dictator of the Company, and laid the foundation of his power. The poor son of an English clergyman meant to have wealth just as the young French ensign meant to have an army. And both meant to use the power when it came.

We thus have Rhodes the arch-materialist, as many paint him, and the visionary Utopia-builder, as many will paint him; ruthless in pursuit of gain, and caring nothing for gold; cursed as the cause of war, yet looking to the reign of universal peace; —and the paradoxes are explicable. In all his enterprises, however vast, he used to the full the licensed business-morality of the present day—a code that will doubtless be restricted as our evolution progresses, but that so far has seemed indispensable to great consolidations, political and economic. But in Rhodes's case business consolidations were a step to wealth, and wealth to the acquisition of territory either for himself or for his Imperial tools, and territory and power again steps to Imperial rule. From Imperial rule it was to be a step to a democratic Federated Commonwealth of South Africa, and the topmost rung of the ladder was to rest on that idea for which we have found no title, but which consists in the Federation on democratic lines of all peoples whose language is of Teutonic root—a Federation passing into an International Socialism that "ignores patriotism as the last refuge of the scoundrel."

Democratic Federation was the ideal of Cecil Rhodes's life. He wrecked himself by his temporary Imperial Opportunism—and *he knew it.*

REGINALD DE QUINTON.

Baltimore, Md.

II. A Modern Cortez.

THE career of Cecil Rhodes, the founder of the South African Empire, has again confirmed the truth of a saying ascribed to the poet-philosopher Lucretius, *viz.*, that "a great builder needs the assistance of all the gods to avoid the task of a destroyer."

The modern Cortez was gifted with a rare combination of the qualities that can reconcile men to power. He was a mental and physical giant, but had mastered the art of condescension, and succeeded in making nearly all the agents of his ambition his personal friends. His habit of self-banter disarmed the envy that haunts the path of parvenus. In 1885, when his yearly income already exceeded half a million, he entertained his London friends with anecdotes of the time when financial straights tempted him to all sorts of sartorial and culinary experiments. "We used to buy flour to cheapen the price of bread," he laughed, "and turned out biscuits that had at least one obvious advantage: the rats that raided our shanty every night could not gnaw them."

Rhodes had the eloquence that has been defined as the art of persuasion, and differs from rhetorical trickery as poetic inspiration differs from the artifices of the versifier. Like Hernan Cortez, he valued wealth only as a means to ulterior ends. In less than ten years after his first arrival in South Africa he had acquired a controlling interest in the richest two mines of the eastern continent, but deliberately relinquished more than one chance for doubling his fortune rather than miss the winter terms of a British college, where he had resolved to complete his education.

He loved science for its own sake and was probably sincere in assuring his Oxford teachers that he "hated to go back to that cursed drudgery"—meaning his Kimberley enterprise, which netted him from $40,000 to $50,000 a week. "The trouble is," he added, "that a man nowadays has no right to miss a chance like that; it's like neglecting the only road-horse that

can be relied upon to go. It's no use having grand projects if you lack the money to back them."

"Qui non habet in nummis
Dem hilfts' nix dass er frumm is,"

—as Dr. Luther ventured to summarize a prosaic but sadly undeniable truth.

These projects pursued him like the goblins of Goethe's wizard-apprentice, and often in numbers that strained the limits of his enormous resources; but he was capable of dismissing his ways and means committee to devote an afternoon to experiments with some scientific novelty that had happened to attract his attention.

With a working capacity hardly surpassed by that of the First Napoleon, he combined an almost misfortune-proof fund of good humor. When the Boers trapped him in Kimberley and captured hill after hill of the surrounding highlands, he quizzed their hobbies in a manner that kept the garrison convulsed with laughter. "Don't grudge them a little comfort," said he, when a trained baboon had escaped across the ramparts and was suspected of having deserted to the camp of the enemy; "they will drag him before the Holy Inquisition for dancing on Sunday."

He had promised every survivor of the siege a bounty of £100, and afterward, when the prospects of rescue had considerably brightened, added a guaranty of £250 for every invalided defender of the precarious stronghold. His liberality, indeed, made his great wealth a blessing to the poor of nearly every South African city, and Cecil Rhodes may be said to have combined all the conditions of popularity, and, with one exception, all those of success. Like the conqueror of Mexico, the African autocrat lacked patience,—patience in the sense of tolerance,—as well as the prudence that can await the coöperation of time.

In 1519, after the battle of Tabasco, it became evident that the semi-independent provinces of the Mexican Empire would rally to the standard of the invader, and that the conquest of the capital would be effected without risking the life of a Span-

ish soldier; but Cortez could not wait. His horror of Aztec superstitions impelled him to choose the alternative of an immediate attack, in defiance of present and prospective perils, including the risk of giving his Spanish adversaries an opportunity for misconstruing his motives. Even thus the ambition of the South African reconstructor was wrecked by his headlong attacks upon an obstacle that might have been surmounted with the aid of time.

The ultimate goal of his political operations was the establishment of a South African Union, either under a British protectorate or under the flag of a federal republic. As early as 1881 his plans began to point to a purpose of that sort. It became the day-dream of his later years—an ideal not attainable, as he gradually recognized, without the sacrifice of a good many Boer bigots and Griqua savages; but from the viewpoint of the bold projector those impediments deserved no consideration for their own sake: nay, in a choice between two types of barbarism, the Hottentot seemed the more respectable biped of the two.

Dutch-African conservatism had so often thwarted the projects of the restless innovator that his at first rather facetious antagonism gradually took the form of a fierce monomania; at the mere mention of the "close-fisted catechism-mongers," the would-be reformer's brow darkened, and his best friends were more than once appalled by the reckless ferocity of his invectives. "Psalm and Schiedam yahoos," "brainless and heartless bigots," and "consecrated clowns" were his mildest epithets in referring to the citizens of a commonwealth that he described as a "monstrous anachronism," "an oligarchy of hypocrites fattening at the expense of their dupes, and inciting a horde of superstition-bestialized hoodlums to trample down all symptoms of progress, and howl at night under the window of every rationalist." Hence the astonishing violation of political amenity that seemed to contrast so strangely with the habits of the accomplished reformer; hence also his indifference to the charge of complicity in the outrage that finally precipitated the desperate war.

Rhodes gloried in that impeachment and lavished his wealth and his influence to shield the perpetrators of the fatal raid. Their leader became his bosom friend; he paid Dr. Jameson a princely salary to accompany him on all his zigzag rambles through Europe and Africa; he made him his financial representative in transactions involving enormous sums; he intrusted him with his political secrets, and a few weeks ago died in his arms, defiant of meddlers and of all the odium provoked by the recklessness of the ill-fated expedition.

Yet that odium was undoubtedly the main cause of his premature death. The conquest of Mexico did not save Cortez from the storm of reproach that masked the envy of his rivals; his treatment of the vanquished prince and the methods of his audacious campaign had given his enemies an advantage that for a couple of years decided the bias of public opinion—and that period sufficed to blight the career of the gallant adventurer.

That history of his ruin repeated itself in South Africa. Cecil Rhodes scorned to mention the grievance of his financial reverses, but the loss of popularity overtaxed his staying powers. The war had made martyrs and heroes of his adversaries—of partizans whom he despised more than Chinese Gordon despised the Mongols, whom he hated more than William of Orange hated the Spaniards.

With all the self-sustaining resources of his pride he could not help accusing himself of a serious mistake. If his anti-Boer fanaticism was justified, he had overrated the intelligence of the British public. If it was founded on prejudice, he had underrated their sense of justice. For his friends there was only scant consolation in the political results of the war. The edifice of the South African republic had collapsed, but the Kimberley Samson staggered out of the ruins with a death-wound.

For the last six months he had strained all his energies to complete his work by effecting the moral annihilation of his foes, and some specifications of his impeachment are not easy to controvert; but their very cogency suggests the question:

Would not time, aided by such influences as the testimony of the refugee Outlanders, have been certain to effect a reaction of public opinion; and should Cecil Rhodes not have been able to recognize the probability of that result?

Perhaps he was; but he could not wait. He was worn out by the same impatience and vehemence of resentment that had killed Hernan Cortez, and distracted and killed Suwaroff, Bonaparte, Byron, Skobeleff, and Charles Parnell. And it must be admitted that the predominance of the characteristics that constitute the power of such men almost precludes the development of the gifts that insure the rewards of the cautious plotter. Energy such as theirs may be incompatible with patience. Their combination would imply temporary omnipotence, and is at least rare enough to explain the fact that a mission of destruction is apt to recoil upon the destroyer.

FELIX L. OSWALD, M.D.

Springfield, Mass.

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF HISTORY.

THE New History is genetic. From effects it strikes at once at causes. Henceforth history must deal with physical origins. The peopling of the different parts of the earth, the acquirement of national traits of character, and the molding of the mental aptitude of races must now be considered largely functions of environment.

Accounts of warring rulers no longer constitute the history of mankind. Decisive battles of the world have been inevitable for reasons far deeper than mere caprice of petty prince. The segregation process in nations, everywhere and at all times, has been upon physiographic lines. Invariably in vain have been the mightiest efforts of so-called world-conquerors to overstep these boundaries, which Nature so immutably has set. We look beyond the will of man for an adequate cause for the distribution of peoples.

When a definite plan shall be discernible in the arrangement of the earth's grander features—distribution of land and water, trend of mountain ranges, location of great lakes and great basins, courses of principal rivers—the guiding thread will be furnished to the vast labyrinth of human history as we have long so imperfectly known it. The finding of a regular geometrical form to fit our globe would reduce the whole problem to simplest terms. The recent efforts to discover this simple crystal shape is, as it were, fraught with unusual interest. Fanciful as the idea may seem at first glance, there is vast merit in the suggestion.

The attempt to reduce the earth's grander features to a definite plan is one of the great problems with which geologists to-day are wrestling. That the present distribution of the land and water areas of the globe is anything more than the result of mere chance has probably been by most people never questioned. That the continents by their forms and relative positions have a deeper causal significance than scientists have been able to give them has been widely asserted. That mountains

and valleys are produced according to some special law has been time and again speculated upon by geologists. The opening of the twentieth century finds a new impulse given to the consideration of this theme.

Ever since mankind began seriously to consider the grander features of the globe with respect to their causes, there has been a determined effort to discern some regular system in the physiognomy of our planet. The present arrangement of land and sea has been—from the time when earth-study developed into a science—a proposition against which geologists, in all their vigorous assaults, have made but small impress.

Why should the land segregate around one pole of the earth to form a northern land hemisphere? Why should the oceans gather around the opposite pole to constitute a southern hemisphere of seas? Why should the land stretch out southward in three long fingers, and interlock with three longer, larger, northward-extending prolongations of water? There must be some deep-seated reason for such regularity in the arrangement of the earth's greatest features. There must be some genetic principle at the bottom of this special facial expression of our globe. There must be some schematic form, according to which are determined the locations of mountain ranges and great valleys, broad domes and vast basins, inland seas and oceanic isles.

Most of us have been taught that in shape our earth is a sphere. We have learned also that our first conceptions in this regard have to be modified somewhat, and that the earth's form cannot be considered that of a perfect globe. There are many deformations recognizable, and these appear to be continually growing in number as refinement in investigation increases. The polar diameter of the earth, for instance, has proved to be shorter than any other. Then the equator has been found to be an ellipse instead of a circle. Now appear reasons for believing that the southern polar region, in place of being so flattened as the northern, is really drawn out. Our planet must be, therefore, considered top-shaped. Turnip-shaped would be perhaps nearer. Sir William Herschel says simply

that the earth is earth-shaped. This statement is far more significant than might at first appear; for there is no shape, with which we are acquainted, that is exactly like that of our earth.

Earth-students of all times and all civilizations have divined that some sort of symmetry existed in the arrangement of the grander features of the world. Greek and Roman philosophers found all the geographical characters of their world centered in the Mediterranean region. Medieval cosmologists, deeply dyed by the anthropocentric religious dogma of their age, fancied that their world was designed on the plan of the cart-wheel. Now, with the whole globe known and the causes producing the various features rigidly inquired into, the possible existence of a regular symmetry acquires new interest.

Briefly stated, the problem is: On the theory of a constantly contracting globe, what change in shape would the terrestrial sphere naturally undergo—that is, what regular faceted form would the earth tend to assume? Gravity demands that the outer rigid crust shall close closely over the shrinking interior. According to the principle of least action, there must be in this movement a minimum readjustment of the rigid crustal shell. Now, it is well known that, among all the simple geometrical figures, a given surface includes a maximum bulk when in the form of a sphere, and a minimum bulk when in the form of a four-sided body, or tetrahedron. In the case of the shrinking earth, the question that suggests itself is, Do the grander geographic features of our globe give in their arrangement any evidence of deformation toward any regular geometrical form?

Recent progress in earth-study has been so rapid that few persons, besides the professional geologists themselves, have been able to keep up with the quick march of events. Few among the present generation of geologists fully appreciate what formidable stumbling-blocks some of the more simple geological problems were sixty years ago. The first serious geological attempt to fit the spherical earth to an angular figure that might find expression in the inequalities of the earth's surface was by the French savant, Elie de Beaumont. In 1852 this famous scientist formulated his great theory of mountain

systems, in a ponderous work of three elaborate tomes. His idea was that, taking as a base the figure that geometricians call the five-sided twelve-faced form, or pentagonal dodecahedron, the mountain-chains of the globe are more or less regularly distributed and that they cross one another in accordance with the regular symmetrical network of the form mentioned. Those ranges that are parallel were supposed to be formed during the same geological period.

The reference of the earth's geographical features to a regular geometrical basis has never received much support outside of France. Among those who have recently advanced views on this subject may be mentioned especially Daubrèe, Michel-Lévy, and Laparent.

In this country about the only person who has given the subject serious attention is Professor Richard Owen, brother of the former United States Geologist, Dr. David Dale Owen. To him is due the honor of first conceiving the idea of the tetrahedral or four-faced symmetry, and also of formulating a plan in which the rhombic dodecahedron is the fundamental or schematic form.

The most remarkable conception, however, of a regularly deformed earth, and one that is at present receiving much attention, is the hypothesis of a tetrahedral globe, as proposed by William Green. Under a title that calls to mind the medieval cosmologies, a very ingenious scheme is unfolded. Green was not a professional scientist, but an English merchant who lived in Honolulu. It is probably on this account, shut off from the scientific world and far removed from large libraries, that the work of this original thinker was received with more or less ridicule when it first appeared, twenty-five years ago. While he was not the first to suggest the tetrahedral conception, the idea was no doubt original with him.

In considering the possible tendency of the earth to assume a regular geometrical form, it must not be inferred that the amount of deformation would give rise to anything like a perfect shape, such as is assumed in crystal development. In the case of the four-faced body, for example, we would not expect

four flat surfaces. The figure would have developed its most general form, as it is termed in crystallography. In the tetrahedron, each face would be a low, six-faceted pyramid, with curved surfaces. With its fullest number of convex faces and its usual habit, it resembles a diamond pebble.

Should there be discernible in the earth any tendency toward the development of a regular, faceted figure, the values of the deformation would probably not be measurable, even approximately, by ordinary geodetic methods. Adoption of different and more refined means in geodesy might furnish exact measurements. Notwithstanding the fact that in this connection instrumental measurements are not feasible at the present time, it is believed that the angularities would be sufficiently marked to affect the manner in which the land and water and the grander features of the earth are distributed.

The essential idea may be briefly explained. If we take a commom school-globe and inscribe upon it the four-faced figure that we have called the tetrahedron, we find the Arctic ocean occupying the middle of one of the four faces. The edges of this face pass around through the middle of the great land belt of the northern hemisphere. From the latter extend southward along the three lateral edges of the four-faced shape the three great southward projecting land areas, which finally taper out into the great southern belt of seas. Out of the latter rises the Antarctic continent, which thus occupies the position of the fourth corner of the regular figure. The actual disposition of the land and water on the globe and the theoretical arrangement on the four-faced figure are the same.

Singularly enough for this theory, experiments with short iron tubes, balls, rubber balloons, and gas bubbles in water, all show that tetrahedral collapse, as it is called, actually does take place. The geology of the globe also bears out the tetrahedral hypothesis to a remarkable degree.

Heretofore, the arrangement of the land areas and the great bodies of water as they exist to-day has received no satisfactory explanation. On the theory of tetrahedral collapse, the present distribution and plan naturally follow.

There is another regular geometrical form toward which the geoid, as indicated by its great surface features, has been thought to tend in the course of its secular cooling. This is the rhombic dodecahedron. The idea was first suggested by Richard Owen, and has many facts to support it. Geometrically, the rhombic dodecahedron is derived from the same general form as the tetrahedron. The change of the possible shape of the one is thus not fundamentally different from that of the other. In many respects the rhomb-faced figure, as projected on the earth's surface, furnishes a more satisfactory plan than does the tetrahedron.

While theoretically the four-faced form is the figure toward which a collapsing globe would naturally tend, there might be in reality, owing to the introduction of various outside factors, a slightly different form followed. This would not invalidate the general theory. The rhombic figure is such a form.

Owen's manner of reasoning is exceedingly clear. By him the polar axis of the earth is regarded as extending from the center of one rhombic face to the center of the opposite one. The sharper four-sided angles of the dodecahedron are then near the Aleutian Islands, New Zealand, and, on the earth's equator, at Sumatra and Quito; while the remaining two lie in the Alps and south of the Cape of Good Hope. Thus oriented, the centers of rhombs are usually occupied by water or low land; while the ridges of rhombs are generally lines of mountain ranges or water-sheds, and many of the apices are characterized by vicinity of volcanic groups.

Whatever faceted geometrical form is finally selected, we should expect to find the great world-ridges following approximately the edges of the faces. In the central portions of the faces we should expect marked depressions to exist. Every scheme should present these as essential features.

Fanciful as speculations of this kind may be regarded, it is now quite certain that the mountain ranges and other great features of our globe must have some kind of systematic arrangement intimately connected with their origin.

The broken folded tracts of the earth, which in their local

development and intensified expression we call mountains, are now considered as ranking very differently among themselves, according to their origin. The general conception of the foldings of the globe is that they are exceedingly complex in their character; that the little wrinkles may ride, as it were, on larger folds; and that these again may rise out of still greater swells. Structural mountains may thus be likened to the waves of a tempestuous sea. Within the province of the mightiest rolls it is possible to arrange all mountainous inequalities of the earth's surface in accordance with these relationships.

Modern geology teaches us that our grand old earth is not dead and inert, as all stony masses were once thought to be. In all the rocks are motion and constant change. Continuously going on in them are transformations that are akin to those changes with which we are so familiar in the biological world. All are believed to be only slightly different manifestations of the same great force.

The face of earth is capable of giving expression to emotions as deep and as varied as those that flit across the human face.

Historians have been prone to dwell upon the moral, social, and physical causes affecting the development of civilization and liberty. The last named group of agencies is usually given the last and least important position. The latest investigations demonstrate that the element of physical environment should have first place in the category of civilizing factors. Not only is it the prime motive force, but its influence is greater than all other causes combined; for it lies at the base of them all. One of the chief missions of modern geology has been to supply tangible data for showing how intimate are the relations between man and his surroundings.

Students of minerals are able to reduce all components of the earth's crust to definite crystal form. In the recognition of a distinct tendency toward regular crystal form in the collapsing shell of the earth, we may soon be able to reduce all human history to terms of definite and regular geometrical control.

CHARLES ROLLIN KEYES.

Des Moines, Iowa.

AN ECHO OF THE INQUISITION.

THE *Christian Advocate,* of New York, the "great official" organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, contains an editorial, January 30, 1902, entitled "A Momentous Issue." When we examine the "issue" it proves to be the case of Professor Charles W. Pearson, of the Northwestern University, a Methodist institution situated at Evanston, Illinois. The Professor is charged with heresy. The *Advocate* says:

"Professor Pearson has declared the Biblical miracles *myths.* The miracles, then, never having occurred, the accounts are false. If this be true, there is no adequate proof that God has ever made a revelation of supernatural facts or supernatural truths to man, who therefore must confront the hopeless mystery of existence without His aid [*sic*]!

"But if the Bible miracles are not myths, but accounts of real events attending the establishment of the kingdom of God on earth, may His Spirit enlighten the eyes of this professor that he may see that 'he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know.' Pending that merciful manifestation, let him awake to the fact that his long years of service constitute no reason for permitting him to turn the guns of the fort against those who erected it, their sons and their daughters.

"The policy of smoothing these statements over with a lecture or a reprimand, or a tacit agreement on the part of the professor not to fan the flame of controversy with other radical statements at the present time, will not suffice. It will neither be worthy of the trustees, of the denomination, nor of the common honesty. Either Professor Pearson believes what he has printed or he does not; if he does, his sentiments disqualify him for the position there. If he does not believe it, his indiscretion disqualifies him. Any claim from any quarter that he should remain impeaches either his sense or his morality.

"If professors avowing such views are to be retained in Methodist institutions, even at the price of silence hereafter,—since without explicit retraction their mere presence there will be a perpetual reaffirmation of those views,—then among the chief foes of the Methodist Episcopal Church must be counted officers responsible for such retention."

In the next number of the *Advocate,* the editor states at some length what Methodism stands for. The statement is intensely interesting as showing what the church really believes, and what it is to be a Methodist heretic:

"It [Methodism] is committed in essence to the belief that the Old Testament contains a system prophetic of and preparatory to the events and teachings recorded in the New Testament; that, to establish the earlier dispensations linked together in the Old Testament, miracles were wrought—*events which did not occur in the order of natural law* [italics ours], but resulted from a special Divine interference intended to prove that 'the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.'

"Methodism stands upon the belief that Christ forever is God and is 'with God;' that he is the Messiah of whom Moses and the prophets spoke and wrote; that he did many 'mighty works'—among them was feeding a multitude with a few loaves and fishes; that he walked upon the sea and held out his hand to sinking Peter; that men born blind he sent away seeing; that to the widow of Nain he gave back her son alive again; that in response to his command Lazarus, dead for days, 'came forth'; that after his own death he arose from the dead; and that, after the form which they had recognized when Thomas was absent and when he was present, he literally ascended till 'a cloud received him out of their sight.' It believes that the apostles also, in his name, healed the sick and raised the dead.

"Methodism also believes that, amidst circumstantial variety, the substance of the accounts in the New Testament is a record not of 'myths,' but of actual facts supernaturally caused. Methodism finds inextricably interwoven with these records the truth, confirmed by observation of mankind and by individual experience, that 'every man' must be 'born again' through personal operation of the Spirit of God—a change in no genuine case to be explained wholly by natural causes; that without a provision analogous to Jesus Christ's life, sufferings, and death God could not have justly remitted the penalty incurred by responsible human beings who had broken His law; that this life is a probation, and that those who pass through it, to the last intelligently and obstinately refusing to obey, can never enter into life eternal. Hence, Methodists believe in working out their 'own salvation,' giving all diligence to make

their 'calling and election sure,' and, knowing both 'the terror' and 'the joy' of the Lord, they are impelled to the most zealous efforts to save others.

"With these convictions and feelings they [the Methodists] are persuaded that any education which, either openly or insidiously, contradicts these principles, deadens their spirit, or works the same effect by ignoring them, is hostile to Christianity and especially to Methodism, which was raised up in the providence of God to preach the letter, infuse the spirit, and promote the life of godliness."

Other Methodist papers make utterances to the same general effect. The *Zion's Herald* demands the immediate retirement of Professor Pearson from a Methodist university. The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* has the following:

"The views which Professor Pearson has expressed concerning the Bible, and especially in their implied denial of the supernatural character and power of Christ, come as a great surprise to those who know him. The surprise was the greater that he should utter revolutionary statements that would, if true, remove the very foundations of the Methodist Church, while holding a position in an institution founded for the purpose of counteracting such views, and while he was a member of a church a fundamental article of whose creed is belief in miracles."

A little later the *Zion's Herald* informs its readers that Professor Pearson's resignation has been accepted, and that he will soon enter the lecture field, his topic being "Biblical Miracles." The *Herald* then affirms that, the Northwestern University being relieved of responsibility for the Professor's teaching, "no unbrotherly feeling is left behind," but adds, with what sounds like a note of exultation in the thought of his final downfall: "The course which he now proposes to take will excite pity rather than censure. He is likely for a time to find his heresies profitable, as is usually the case. But the end cometh."

These utterances and demands of the Methodist press naturally arouse curiosity to ascertain what manner of man he is for whose teachings the Church can no longer be responsible, and to learn what is the nature of those teachings.

Only brief extracts had been given by the opposition, and these might possibly be misleading. Accordingly, I wrote to Mr. Pearson for a pamphlet and a personal statement. The following is the reply:

1930 Sheridan Road, Evanston, Ill., March 17, 1902.

Rev. R. E. Bisbee, Milford, Mass.:

Dear Sir—As requested in your letter of March 15, just received, I send you all my writings that in any way illustrate my relations with the M.E. Church. They are named in the order of publication, and are as follows:

1. Methodism; a Retrospect and an Outlook. 1891.
2. Creed and Practise. 1900.
3. Address before the Alumni Association. 1901.
4. Open Inspiration. 1902.
5. Ethics of Reform Agitation. 1902.
6. Letter to *Northwestern Christian Advocate*. 1902.
7. Farewell to Professors and Students.

As to my personal history, the facts are briefly these: I was born in 1846. My father was an English Wesleyan preacher, and I was brought up "after the straitest sect of our religion." At fourteen, however, I went to sea, and at nineteen to Buenos Ayres, where I was converted and joined the M. E. Church. I was asked to teach in the Mission School and did so for more than a year. Believing that I was called to preach, I took the advice of Dr. William Goodfellow, the superintendent of the work in South America, and in 1867 came to Northwestern University, Evanston, for further preparation.

After graduation I was invited to teach in the University and did so for five years, when I joined the Michigan Conference on probation. I was stationed at Bangor, Mich., and preached there for six months, when doctrinal difficulties and partial loss of health led me to resign.

I returned to Evanston and was invited to resume my relation as teacher and remained in the service of the University until my resignation on Feb. 11 of the present year. It will be thus seen that as student and teacher I have spent the whole thirty-five years of my adult life, except the six months of ministerial work, in connection with the Northwestern University.

I resigned in order to save the University from embarrassment. The urgency of the Methodist press and the Chicago Methodist preachers was such that, if the Trustees had not accepted my resignation, they must themselves have resigned. Personally, they treated me in this matter as heretofore, with the utmost kindness and consideration, and have continued my salary till Jan. 1, '03, while entirely releasing me from service. Many of them sympathize largely, and some of them wholly, with my views, but they are "trustees," and think themselves compelled by that relationship to be conservative.

To me, the difficulty seems to be that those who might lead will

not, and that those who desire to do so cannot. Our General Conference is too hurried and unwieldy for serious deliberation, and doctrinal questions are refused a hearing even in committees. An individual editor, preacher, or professor who makes any serious effort to assert the claims of knowledge, reason, and conscience is not answered by argument, but simply crushed by authority. It is an ominous situation and can be ended only in one of three ways: (1) genuine repentance on the part of the church and the acceptance of all new truth and new obligation; (2) the deterioration of the church by the loss of its more enlightened members and the acquisition of the ignorant and superstitious who are won by mere declamatory preaching; (3) the failure to gain even such recruits and the gradual disintegration of the body. Growth or decay is inevitable. There is no standing still.

You are at liberty to publish any part of this letter you choose. Yours truly, C. W. PEARSON.

On examining the documents referred to by Professor Pearson in the foregoing letter, we find that he has been trying for a number of years in a perfectly frank and manly way to secure some changes in Methodistic statements of doctrine. To this end he sent two open letters to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church urging the necessity of creed revision. These letters were afterward published in pamphlet form and entitled "Creed and Practise." From these letters the following extracts are taken:

"The knowledge of the world has been revolutionized, but the preaching of the Methodist Church has not kept pace with the general progress of scholarship or even with the progress in its own colleges and theological seminaries. The essentials of religion are indestructible and eternal, but its formulas and symbols are frail and perishable. We have the water of life in an earthen vessel, and it is hardly too much to say that that vessel has been shattered. We need a reconstruction, and a necessary preliminary is a thorough testing of all our doctrines and usages. We must prove all things and hold fast only that which is good. We must avail ourselves of all the new helps, recognize all the new truths, strengthen our teaching by all the newly discovered and powerful arguments and analogies. True science is a most emphatic teacher of morals and a mighty pillar of faith. Many of the leaders of modern thought who are looked upon as heterodox have a far more vivid apprehension of spiritual things than the ordinary orthodox theologian. . . .

"No appeal to the conscience can prosper if the intellect is unconvinced. Every great prophet of every age has declared the whole counsel of God as he understood it, and we must be as faithful to our light as our fathers were to theirs. . . .

"Let us know the results of modern scholarship. Let us hear all that can be said for and against our traditional opinions. If the new views are wrong, overcome them by facts and arguments. If they are right, accept and preach them, but do not by a timid neutrality sap the mental and spiritual life of the Church. Let us have done with evasion and compromise, and let vital and earnest preaching be heard from every pulpit in our Church. Let men be urged to speak the truth and do the right at all costs. The result will doubtless discredit some of the traditions of the elders and destroy some of their fine-spun speculations, but it will mightily establish every truth of God and it will give the Church power over man. Grow or die is the alternative before every church, as before every other organization. Let us grow. . . .

"We have no awe-inspiring infallibility and authority; we have no venerable antiquity, no masterpieces of music, painting, sculpture, architecture, or literature; no temporal sovereignty and vast wealth to preserve us as an organization. We live by appealing to the reason and conscience of men; and if, by any infatuation, we should dare to set ourselves against the advancing tides of scholarship, philanthropy, and progress, their waves will in a very few years sweep us out of existence. Our Church would drop out of sight as a mere bubble upon the stream of time—a sad ending to our brief heroic history.

"Much depends upon the action of the General Conference. If, after some routine business and a scramble for offices, it adjourns without any serious effort to put itself in line with the best thought and aspiration of the world of to-day, calamity will be brought measurably nearer and decline may become ruin.

"Every man in a legislative assembly has need to bear in mind the warning, 'Go not with the multitude to do evil.' It is easy to acquiesce and throw the responsibility upon the leaders and upon the majority, and thus it is that again and again great ecclesiastical assemblies have by a heedless and gregarious vote committed themselves to false opinions and mistaken policies, which have immediately taken root and grown, and have gathered vested rights and supporters, and in some instances have plagued and hampered many generations before the mischievous act could be undone. The mistakes of creed-

makers are more enduring even than the blunders of architects, and some of those mistakes now stand as the most grim and monstrous of all exhibitions of human folly. Majorities are slow to learn that truth is as imperious a master of a majority as of a minority. Majority votes can alter no fact. They cannot make evil good, or error truth. Let us, then, profit by the experience of the past; let us obey God's law of progress; let us again become a pioneer church, and by our example provoke other denominations to zeal for truth, to love, and to good work. . . .

"Our twenty-five articles of religion keep many thoughtful and conscientious persons out of our Church. Why not allow men to differ about all the obscure and uncertain points of theology and shorten the creed to which all must assent to these three sublime general statements?—'What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?' (Micah vi. 8.) 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' (Matthew xxii. 37-39.) 'Now abide faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.' (I. Corinthians xiii. 13.) This is a creed equally well adapted to all countries and all times, whereas our present articles of faith represent conceptions that are passing rapidly away even in Christendom itself—conceptions that ought not to be, and indeed cannot now be, transplanted into heathen lands. Remember Colenso. The motto of the Evangelical Alliance runs as follows: 'In things essential, unity; in things non-essential, liberty; in all things, charity.' It is a noble creed, and should be interpreted by the words of Jesus above quoted. . . .

"Whatever may have been the use and even the necessity of elaborate creeds in a past age, they are manifestly a great hindrance to the practical work of the church in our day. They are more than a hindrance. They are an active disintegrating force. They are destroying us. Let us cease to make willingness to assent to them the test of admission to the ministry or membership. Let the test be ability, character, and service, or, in the good old phrase, 'gifts, grace, and usefulness,' and leave opinion entirely free; and then error will gradually fade with the growth of intelligence, and, best of all, the energies of the church, released from a burden of care and controversy and apologetics, will have leisure and inspiration for more earnest efforts to remove the heart-breaking sorrows and burdens, the vice, the poverty,

the disease, the ignorance which are still so painfully prevalent in our own and every nominally Christian land."

These strong and truly earnest Christian utterances of the memorialist were ignored by the General Conference. It was after this that Professor Pearson prepared his celebrated pamphlet on "Open Inspiration *versus* a Closed Canon and Infallible Bible." In this he strikes with all his force, having doubtless in mind the maxim that one cannot create a revolution with rose-water. If his purpose was to wake up the Church his success was eminent. Vehement protest was made on every hand, with the result already noted. The following passages gave the greatest offense:

"Jesus told the scribes and Pharisees that they made 'the word of God of none effect through their tradition.' Very many of our religious teachers are to-day doing the same thing. Modern preaching lacks truth and power because so many churches cling to an utterly untenable tradition that the Bible is an infallible book. This dogma is their besetting sin. It is the golden calf of their idolatrous worship. It is the palpable lie that gives the ring of insincerity to all their moral exhortations. If theologians wish to regain their lost intellectual leadership, or even to possess an influence on the thoughtful part of the community coördinate with that of poets, philosophers, and men of science, they must throw aside the dogma of an infallible Bible as completely and frankly as Protestants have thrown aside the dogma of an infallible Pope. . . .

"Most of our present preaching is evasive; most of our Sunday-school teaching is inadequate and almost farcical. . . .

"It does not require the exceptional courage and foresight of a Strauss to recognize the mythical character of the Biblical miracles. We live in the day of Darwin and Huxley, of the Encyclopedia Biblica and of the science of criticism, and for the churches to ignore the conclusions of the whole scientific world and of their own best scholars is at once fatuous and culpable."

But there were other passages which the Methodist press as a rule took particular pains not to quote. Some of them are as follows:

"The great spiritual teachings of the Bible rest upon absolute and eternal truth, but its history and science are always

imperfect and often erroneous. Only the most ignorant still believe in witchcraft and demoniacal possession. Not the 'stars in their courses' only, not merely astronomy, but geology and biology have shown that the story of creation in Genesis is poetic and not scientific. The Church cannot afford to uphold primitive conceptions which are opposed by every schoolbook on the subjects in question, or barbarous ethics which are condemned by every moralist and legislator.

"It will be asked in dismay by conservative people what is left to the Church if it accepts these views. I answer, an infinitely truer, richer, and more spiritual religion. Faith, hope, and charity are left. The moral law is left. The Bible itself is left, and all its spiritual teachings are freed from the dead body of tradition and quickened into new life.

"The great task of the Church is to continue and expand the work of Jesus, to get rid of the traditions which 'make the word of God of none effect,' and to develop faith in direct and immediate communion with the Father. In other words, we must discard all error as soon as we discover it to be error, and accept all truth as soon as we discover it to be truth. Spiritual revelation in the past legendary age was bound up with legend; spiritual revelation in the present scientific age must be based upon science. 'The truth shall make you free,' says Jesus. The love of truth is the great liberating and unifying force in all lines of inquiry and conduct. Truth is real and objective, and is eventually discovered by all honest and competent seekers after it. But those who wilfully refuse or neglect the truth have no basis of agreement whatever, but are at the mercy of their individual prejudices and caprices and are lost in the endless mazes of error.

"Religious teachers cannot safely oppose or ignore the exact sciences. Ignorant men, no matter how pure and honest they may be, cannot to-day direct the world's affairs. Nor can wise men, leaders in science, in commerce, and in finance, economists and philanthropists, work effectively through merely secular agencies. They must lay hold upon the mighty spiritual aspirations through which man joins his feebleness to the omnipotence of his divine Creator. The existing churches by laying aside their legends and superstitions and accepting reverently all truth as it is revealed, must become fit agencies for the best minds to utilize or must yield to newer and more progressive organizations. The evasion and suppression of truth, if persisted in, becomes mere priestcraft and imposture, and leads to the decay and death of any church that permits it."

So much for Professor Pearson and his opponents. It is unfortunate that the Methodist Church is so constituted that it cannot keep such a man within its folds. Granted that it cannot, where is the fault? It seems to lie in a false assumption of what is essential to church organization. This false assumption has been in vogue for many centuries, and nearly all ecclesiastical organizations are based upon it. It is the assumption that an agreement in doctrine, or even opinion, constitutes the true bond of union. This assumption Professor Pearson has sufficiently answered. It should be rather an agreement of purpose and life.

There can be no doubt of the sincerity of those who oppose Professor Pearson. As the church is at present organized, perhaps they could not do otherwise; but it is well to remember that some things may have become essential to Methodism that are not essential to Christianity. The only things essential to Christianity, in the last analysis, are the spirit of love and the spirit of truth. A belief in miracles as "events which did not occur in the order of natural law" is by no means essential.

Christianity is not an invention: it is a revelation. It existed before Christ as much as electricity existed before Franklin and Morse. Christ revealed it, exemplified it, enforced it. Miracles called attention to it, and may have been of weight with some minds to prove its truth. As Christianity in its essence existed before the miracles of Jesus were wrought, so miracles cannot be essential, but accidental. If they have become essential to Methodism, or if a belief in them has, it is because this has been made so by the legal authorities of the church. The same authorities can change the relation of a belief in miracles to the church. As the *Christian Advocate* says:

"It is apparent how necessary it is for the Church to distinguish wisely between essentials and non-essentials, adhering with undying tenacity to the former and granting liberty in the latter. The scope of non-essentials varies from age to age, and the Church needs to be vigilant lest essentials should be classed with non-essentials. To class non-essentials with es-

sentials is *bigotry;* to class essentials with non-essentials is to substitute license for *liberty.*"

And again:

"There are methods of changing everything in Methodism —doctrines included—when the legal numbers of the ministry and laity shall determine upon so doing."

The question as to how long a man should remain in the church after he has rejected some of its so-called essentials of the faith is a matter of dispute. If everything in Methodism can be changed, it is hard to see how this change can be effected unless the freest discussion is allowed to its preachers and teachers. As in an attempt to reform a political party, some will doubtless work within and others without. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.

Jesus and his disciples taught their revolutionary doctrines within the temple and the synagogue. Paul did the same, dividing many a congregation and disturbing the peace of many a household. John Wesley lived and died within the folds of the Established Church. Others equally conscientious have sought to build up rival organizations, and accomplish their purpose by different means. Who shall say what is always wise and right?

It is also an open question as to what extent the past has a moral right to bind the present and the future.

> "Though dead men's fingers hold awful tight,
> And there are the doctrines in black and white,"

—it may be the duty of the hour to "rise and break the will."

The purpose of this paper is not to enter into all the intricacies of the discussion, but simply to set forth the question at issue, to show the difficulties of the problem, and to give both sides as fair a hearing as possible with the space at command. I have called it "An Echo of the Inquisition," not with any purpose to reflect on those engaged in the controversy but to show the inherent and inevitable cruelty of a system based upon a false assumption. A man may enter the church in his youth with all sincerity, accept its doctrines on what seems to him an overwhelming weight of authority, may put all the

strength of a mighty purpose into his work and add thousands to the fold; but if in the course of time, in the maturity of his powers, he comes to look at things in a new light, is forced by his convictions to discard some things he once held sacred and even essential, he must either repress his thoughts, hide his light, or get out. This is the cruelty of it. This is the echo of the Inquisition.

After all, the question of belief is largely a matter of words —of definition. "Let me define my terms," said a certain scholar, "and I will subscribe to any creed in Christendom." "I believe in the gospel account of the birth of Jesus," said a learned Professor; and then he winked to his old pupils, for they knew what he meant by the "gospel account."

We are constantly changing our creed, often unconsciously and in spite of ourselves. We use the old terminology, but with new or added meanings. Professor Pearson demands a new terminology—a revised and honest expression. We may not agree with him in all his conclusions, but it is hard to find fault with his purpose and spirit. The church that has no place for such a man should give itself a thorough examination, and ask itself seriously if it has a right to be called Christian.

ROBERT E. BISBEE.

Milford, Mass.

THE PLURAL MARRIAGE PROBLEM.

A Conversation between EDITOR CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON *and* C. W. PENROSE, *on*

THE AIM, SCOPE, AND METHODS OF THE MORMON CHURCH.*

Q. Mr. Penrose, in view of the proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States in reference to polygamy and polygamous practises, what is the attitude of the Mormon people?

A. It is one of quiet waiting without any special action. We object to it on these grounds: (1) It is entirely unnecessary. Utah has legislated against these offenses directly in her constitution. She also has very stringent statutes providing severe penalties for their infraction. These are ample to meet the situation. (2) The proposed amendment would be virtually a stigma on the State. It would presuppose the prevalence of polygamy notwithstanding the understanding between this State and the nation, in regard to this matter, on the admission of Utah into the Union. Full faith has been kept with the nation, and both the nation and the State forbid the performance of plural marriages. As a matter of fact, none are being entered into. (3) It would injure business and hinder the progress of the State because it would be a virtual notice to the world that society here is in such a condition that Christian people would hesitate about taking up their residence and investing capital in such a community.

*The accompanying Conversation recently took place in Salt Lake City, Utah, between Mr. Patterson and Mr. C. W. Penrose, while the former was on a six-weeks tour of the Western States. Mr. Penrose is editor-in-chief of the *Deseret News*, and is one of the most prominent Mormons in the Union. The current discussion, in and out of Congress, of the question of anti-polygamy legislation renders his remarks of timely interest and importance, and they may be regarded by our readers as being in the fullest and most accurate sense authoritative.—J. E. M.

Q. Then the church no longer sanctions plural marriage?

A. It does not. The president of the church is the only person holding the keys of authority. He has not only declined to authorize plural marriages, but has expressly forbidden such unions.

Q. Are there not people at the present time in the State of Utah living in the plural marriage state?

A. There are persons who contracted such marriages many years ago who live with their families and refuse to separate from them, as they regard the union entered into with their wives as binding upon them through all eternity. Their numbers, however, are comparatively few, and are decreasing rapidly year by year through the death of one or more of the parties.

Q. Do you consider it wise or just for these people to separate from their families, each man retaining but one wife?

A. I certainly do not. It would be in my opinion not only unwise but cruel. The ties of affection that unite them cannot be sundered, and as the wives and children are dependent upon the husbands and fathers they should be supported, cared for, and educated, and not become a burden upon the public. On the score of morality as well as charity and regard for their religious views, they should not be forced to dissolve their relations—seeing that except in a very few instances they cannot be regarded as in any way injurious to the public, for in the large majority of cases they are elderly persons with no family increase.

Q. In the past, Mr. Penrose, what percentage of the Mormon people have contracted plural marriages? The general opinion in the East has been that a great majority had entered into such relations.

A. The Utah Commission appointed by the President of the United States under the Edmonds act of March 22, 1882, reported—after the operations of that act in disfranchising all polygamists, male and female—that they had disfranchised about 12,000 persons. This was undoubtedly an exaggeration, as may be seen from the election returns before and after the

act went into force. But, taking those figures as correct, and in view of the statement of that body that each polygamist must have had at least two wives, this would leave 4,000 male polygamists, the population of the State being then about 160,000, about 30,000 of whom would be non-Mormons. But there were some polygamists who had a greater number than two, and this would reduce the figures considerably. Testimony before Congressional committees at the time was to the effect that not more than two per cent. of the Mormon people had entered into that state.

Q. Would any considerable number of the Mormon people be willing to return to the plural marriage condition?

A. That is rather a difficult question to answer definitely. Sentiment has greatly changed on that subject, and there would be so many obstacles in the way that I must answer in the negative.

Q. In most other churches there are two wings—liberal and conservative. Are there any such divisions in your church, Mr. Penrose?

A. There are not. Questions of importance are freely discussed by the leaders of the church and those associated with them in the priesthood, and when they reach an agreement such matters are submitted to the vote of the church members assembled in general conference, which is held semi-annually, when all the official acts of the institution are also placed before the members for their vote, to be accepted or rejected. The church is one, and is united on both doctrine and discipline.

Q. Have the lay members of the church the final authority as regards any question of doctrine or practise?

A. They have in the way I have explained, so far as its acceptance as church polity is concerned; but the church looks for guidance to the presiding authorities and to its president as the prophet, seer, and revelator announcing the mind and will of Deity. That which he proclaims by the word of the Lord has to be accepted by the body in order to become a doctrine or rule of the church. The power to accept or reject is

retained by the body. This action, however, would not affect the truth or untruth of any principle so revealed. Truth cannot be changed by the action of any person or body. The decision of the body of the church would simply determine whether it should become a part of the church doctrine or regulation. One of the fundamental rules of the church is that "all things shall be done by common consent."

Q. What progress is the church making at the present time in membership?

A. Additions are being made to its numbers in all the missions now conducted, which extend into most of the civilized nations and among some semi-barbarous people, as for instance among the Maoris of New Zealand, the Samoans and other South Sea Islanders, the Hawaiians, etc. There are about fifteen hundred missionaries now in the field who travel "without purse or scrip," receiving no pay for their services, but either paying their own expenses or depending upon friends inspired of God to assist them.

Q. From what country do you draw the largest percentage of your membership?

A. From the British Isles and Scandinavia and the various States of the Union, particularly the Southern States.

Q. Does the church favor emigrating to Utah, or aid in bringing immigrants to the State who formally adopt the Mormon religion?

A. The church does not furnish any fund for emigrating purposes. Many years ago there was an aid society called the Perpetual Emigration Fund Company, which furnished means to assist church members in their emigration; but that was dissolved by act of Congress, and now there is no such effort being put forth nor money furnished for that purpose. No special effort is made to induce people to come to Utah. However, every year there are some members who desire to take up their residence in this State, and as this is the headquarters of the church it is a place of attraction for all faithful Latter-Day Saints, and they are welcomed by their co-religionists.

Q. What are the requirements of one becoming a member of the Mormon Church?

A. He or she must be a believer in God the Father, in Jesus Christ the Son, and in the Holy Ghost; must repent of all sin by determining to forsake it and live a life of righteousness; must be baptized by immersion in water by one having authority in the church to perform that ordinance, and must receive the laying on of hands by one having authority to bestow the gift of the Holy Ghost. Being thus "born of water and of the spirit," he or she enters into the church and kingdom of God.

Q. Is the Book of Mormon considered an inspired work, and does it in any way supersede the Old and New Testaments?

A. It is considered an inspired record written by prophets on the American continent many centuries ago upon metallic plates, which were hidden in the earth by the last of the prophets, named Moroni, who was the son of the Prophet Mormon, who abridged the writings of the former prophets; therefore, the record is called by his name. It was translated by Joseph Smith, under the gift and inspiration of God, into the English language, and has since been translated into other tongues. It corroborates in doctrine the Bible, but does not in any way supersede the Old or the New Testament, but harmonizes with them both.

Q. What is the relative position of the sexes in the Mormon Church?

A. They are on a perfect equality as to membership and its rights and privileges. But only the males are ordained to the priesthood and ministry. Women may speak in the churches and exercise those spiritual gifts which were enjoyed by the primitive Saints, but they are not clothed with authority to administer the ordinances of the church or to direct its affairs. They have, however, an equal vote with the male members at all conferences and similar assemblies. They are organized into societies of their own: the elderly women into relief societies in which they hold their own meetings, conduct their

own business affairs and own their society property, and the younger women into mutual improvement associations having similar rights, privileges, and advantages. In the household they are regarded as the helpmeet, companion, and copartner of the husband. The principle is maintained that "the man is not without the woman, nor the woman without the man in the Lord." Still, the husband is the head of the wife, not the wife the head of the husband.

Q. What is the position of the church in regard to woman suffrage?

A. The church supports both the theory and the practise of woman suffrage. It was established in Utah when the Mormon people were in full control of the Territory. It is given to women equally with men in affairs of the church, and it is held that they should enjoy it also in the State, which they do at present under the statutes and constitution of the State. Women's property rights are also equal to those of men.

Q. Mr. Penrose, you have a magnificent Temple here in Salt Lake, and I am told that non-Mormon people are never allowed to enter it. Would you kindly give me the reason for such exclusion?

A. Previous to its dedication, prominent non-Mormons in this city were invited to go through the building and inspect it, which they did with a great deal of curiosity and satisfaction. After its dedication it could not be entered by any one without written permission from the bishop of the ward in which the church member resides, countersigned by the president of the State of Zion to which the ward belongs. Only members in the best standing are permitted to enter the Temple, which is dedicated to the performance of ordinances of a sacred character for the living and for the dead. These may only be attended by such recommended persons. That is why no non-Mormon is allowed to enter that edifice.

Q. Does the priesthood offer up prayers for the departed?

A. No; prayers are not offered for the deceased, but baptisms and other ordinances are performed by the living in their behalf. One who has himself attended these ordinances and

is recommended as worthy to enter the Temple may be baptized for his dead relatives and ancestors. He cannot believe or repent for them, but may attend vicariously to the earthly ordinances necessary in their behalf. We believe that departed spirits are personal entities who can exercise their own agency as when in the body—can reform and progress and become obedient or rebellious as they may choose—and are all capable of receiving salvation.

Q. Do you believe that any will be eternally lost?

A. Not any except those designated as "sons of perdition." These are exceptional persons—few in number—who, having received light and knowledge from God direct, wilfully turn from the truth, fight against God and the light, become so corrupt as to be irredeemable, and thus are fit companions for the devil and his angels; and they are the only ones who will not eventually be brought up out of darkness and sorrow into life and some degree of glory. All will be judged "according to their works," and each will enter into the "mansion" or estate for which he has fitted himself by his own acts—redemption coming, however, through the atonement of Jesus Christ.

Q. In conclusion, Mr. Penrose, let me ask what you consider the immediate prospects of the church?

A. Gradual growth in unity, numbers, wealth, and influence throughout the world, power of resistance without violence to all encroachments, and ultimate prevalence over all the earth by the dissemination of light and truth and the overcoming of darkness and error. Our weapons are not carnal but spiritual, and we have the utmost confidence and assurance that the system that its opponents have been pleased to call "Mormonism" will triumph over everything that is raised against it; that finally it will prepare the way for the coming of Christ as King of kings and Lord of lords, the complete redemption of the earth and its inhabitants, and the fulfilment of all things spoken of by the prophets of God since the world began.

A NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE CONFERENCE.*

A NATIONAL Coöperative Conference has been called by The Co-workers' Fraternity of Boston to be held in Lewiston, Maine, from June 20th to the 24th inclusive. The Co-workers' Fraternity is a college organization with a charter from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and is composed of the following persons: The Rev. Hiram Vrooman, president of the Fraternity and minister of the New Jerusalem Church, Roxbury, Boston; Bradford Peck, president of The Coöperative Association of America, of Lewiston, Maine; Henry D. Lloyd, the world-famous author of "Wealth against Commonwealth," "Newest England," "Labor Copartnership," and other books; Prof. Frank Parsons, of Boston University, and an authority of international reputation on economic subjects; Prof. Elmer Gates, a scientist of wide reputation whose large laboratory is at Chevy Chase Circle, Washington, D. C.; B. O. Flower, founder and one of the present editors of THE ARENA, the great reform magazine; Willis J. Abbott, one of the most eminent reform editors in the nation, at the present time editor of *The Pilgrim,* published at Battle Creek, Michigan; J. Pickering Putman, noted architect, Boston; Harry C. Vrooman, president of the Western Coöperative Association; Charles E. Lund, secretary of The Coöperative Association of America; George F. Washburn, proprietor of a large department store in Boston and a reformer of national reputation; The Hon. Carl Vrooman, regent of the State Agricultural College of Kansas; James E. Young, attorney; Arthur D. Ropes, business man; Arthur E. Harris, artist.

---

*Those of our readers desiring to attend this immensely important Coöperative Conference, which, it is not improbable, may mark an opening epoch in social progress in the United States, can obtain programs and full information concerning reduced railroad fares and cost of living in Lewiston by addressing The Co-workers' Fraternity, 164 Magnolia St., Roxbury Station, Boston, Mass.—ED.

The Co-workers' Fraternity is the owner of ninety per cent. of the capital stock of The Coöperative Association of America and of the Massachusetts Coöperative Association, and is to receive ninety per cent. of the capital stock of several other coöperative associations that are now being formed. By owning the controlling interest in these various coöperative companies this college organization will receive an income for developing its schools and colleges and has become legally qualified to act in the capacity of trustee for the permanent honesty and integrity of this entire coöperative movement. It furthermore brings together into organic federation and cooperation these various coöperative organizations.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted by The Co-workers' Fraternity in calling this National Conference:

"*Whereas,* In our belief, the economic power has superseded the political power and is now the militant and ruling power of the world, and industrial coöperation is the only force capable of democratizing this economic power, and

"*Whereas,* This Co-workers' Fraternity and The Coöperative Association of America are organic parts of a coöperative movement which, in our belief, has already demonstrated by a success unprecedented in this country that it is qualified to represent the interests of true democracy in coping with the gigantic trusts and monopolies in the final struggle for supremacy, and

"*Whereas,* The Coöperative Association of America has within the past year accumulated a quarter of a million dollars of property and is now doing a volume of business equal to $600,000 annually, with *conditions established favorable to its future growth in compound ratio,* and

"*Whereas,* We, as the Co-workers' Fraternity Company, own 90 per cent. of the capital stock of the Coöperative Association of America and are thereby legally empowered to be, in fact and in truth, the trustee of the rights of all co-workers of said Association and to give our guaranty for the permanent integrity of its coöperative purposes and the continued honesty of its administration; therefore, be it

"*Resolved,* That we hereby call a National Coöperative Conference to be held in Lewiston, Maine, from June 20th to the 24th inclusive, 1902, and that persons throughout the nation who believe in the ideals of coöperation and who believe that coöperation is capable of democratizing the economic world be invited to attend this Conference as delegates for the general purpose of studying this movement, which has already made such signal success at Lewiston and which is now

branching out into various parts of the United States, and for devising some method by which they may all unite their forces and thereby give to this movement a momentum that will proceed with irresistible power in paving the way for the Coöperative Commonwealth."

The opportune time for the first real representative national conference of coöperators in this country is now. The country is dotted with small but noble coöperative societies and stores struggling against odds to survive and grow. The time is ripe for all these enterprises to seek the mutual advantages of union. The opportunity seems to be open for the first time in this country for a national federation of all coöperative interests.

The margin of profits in business on the whole has been greatly reduced during the last decade. The small percentages that are saved on discounts and by large purchases are oftentimes sufficient to give success to a coöperative enterprise that is in position to take advantage of them, where, without these discounts, failure would ensue.

It is essential for the rapid development of coöperation in this country that all coöperative stores make their purchases together, and furthermore that they push the sale and increase the consumption of coöperatively manufactured goods. A concerted effort should also be made for educating the public upon the subject of coöperation and thereby provide for an ever-increasing patronage from the public and the rapid extension of coöperative industry.

It can be truthfully said now that industrial coöperation has at last been successfully started in this country, and therefore I believe that it may be expected to proceed with the same electrical rapidity with which things move generally in the United States. From the June meetings in Lewiston it is expected there will proceed a new and widespread impulse for the establishment of industrial coöperation.

The State of Maine is an ideal summer resort. Delegates will find that attendance upon this Conference will be in fact a delightful summer outing. The local committee is arranging for pleasure parties and pleasure excursions for the enjoy-

ment of the visitors. The large City Hall and Coöperative Hall owned by the Association have been secured for the entire five days' session. There will be a business meeting each day devoted to developing and more firmly establishing coöperative enterprises. Public mass-meetings will also be held daily, at which many eminent men and women will be the speakers.

(Rev.) HIRAM VROOMAN.

Boston, Mass.

THE RUSSIAN REMEDY.

THE protagonist in the great world-drama of to-day is, by common consent, Russia. We may think of the semi-barbaric conditions, if we please, and quote Milton's picture of the Creation—"Now half appeared the tawny lion, pawing to be free." We never forget, however, that it is a lion that will bound to kingship the moment his limbs are released. A sense of primal vigor, unwasted vitality, boundless reserve of forces, is synonymous with the name of Russia. We are likewise conscious of a certain directness of vision and freshness of feeling that Americans, especially, have been in the habit of monopolizing. But it would be well for us to remember that, while we waited to be driven from our system of human slavery by fire and sword, a Russian Czar by one sweep of his pen struck off the chains of serfdom from millions of his subjects. While Christian Europe and America were busy with their mighty armaments, at the same time uttering "great swelling words" about universal peace and the disarmament of the nations, the Russian Cæsar startles the world by his Peace proclamation—the greatest utterance by far of the century, and one of the great utterances of time. Of course, we pious Englishmen and Americans cannot credit the semi-barbarous Czar with good faith. We have demonstrated our own superior faith and righteousness by making a most unblemished, even shining, record at the World's Peace Conference—then forthwith plunging into three of the most questionable wars of modern times.

If this sort of thing continues much longer all eyes will be turned toward the Steppes of Russia for the "Man on horseback." He will not come "with confused noise of battle and garments rolled in blood," but as the Deliverer and Restorer. Even now it is being whispered that the great social emancipation that prophetic hearts are foretelling will be heard first like an incoming tide from those same boundless plains.

It is quite startling to our modern European smugness to find that the great Unitarian uprising in New England was anticipated several centuries by those early nomads the Cossacks. The Stundists, the apostles and martyrs of our latest social gospel, seem to have come to their philosophy not so much by original insight as by a sort of atavism in which there is a rebirth of the doctrines and practises of the ancient Slavs.

When we consider that this immemorial love of liberty, religious, political, and social, is joined with that peculiar Russian directness and spiritual sturdiness which marches in a straight line from the inner conviction to the practical enforcement, we may expect to be awakened some fine day by a social upheaval, as remarkable and unheralded as the Emancipation and Peace proclamations. If, as seems imminent, the next movement in the drama is to be the establishment of constitutional monarchy, when the mind of the people will get utterance in the government, we may be sure that profound and sweeping changes will astonish the civilized world. The ineradicable instincts of liberty are in the hearts of the people. In and through all the tumultuous, often savage, history made by the nation, the voice of the wild winds of the mighty Steppes is heard in unfailing undertone—"We must be free; we must be free!"

Two sets of influences are at work in the national life. They converge to the same point—as yet undefined but great and radical changes in government, as concessions to the demands of the people. The Nihilists of Russia must not for a moment be confounded with the wide-mouthed, rampant gentlemen of our red-flag processions and curbstone oratory. No; the true Russian Nihilist is single-hearted as a saint; as heedless of self, as devoted as a martyr. He comes of an ancient and honorable line. In remote generations of ancestors we see him the same indomitable man. Courtier, priest, or Cossack, it mattered little; first and always he must be free. He has always been as jealous of Church as of State. When Church and State struck hands, and, as one overwhelming power, confronted him, it never occurred to him to bow his

neck, but, taking his life in his hands, he fled to the Steppes—the great mother and teacher of free men.

We must not think of the Steppes as a huge, gaunt realm stretching lone and vast to a semi-arctic sky; possessed by wild beasts and wilder men; a boundless range of robber caravans; a retreat for rebels and outlaws who found in the savage loneliness of the interminable plains a protection more unassailable than armed forts. In those forlorn and lonely villages, in the hearts of those half-wild, solitary shepherds, have been nursed the great thoughts and purposes that *cannot* die out of human life. These progenitors of our modern Nihilists looked coldly upon the importation of Greek Christianity. They yielded reluctantly to its domination. They were the first to detect the ominous portents of a union between Church and State. Brotherhoods and societies were formed among those shepherd communities for the avowed purpose of keeping alive the ancient Slav spirit of independence, and resisting the encroachments of a debauched and perverted government. Much of the history that rings with the atrocities of Cossack uprisings and rebellions and massacres and reprisals and robberies is simply the inverted story of the monstrous usurpations and bloody exactions of an ambitious government, whose cruelties of administration were only equaled by the crudity and remorselessness of its religious superstitions. Successful rebellions go down in history with the name of the rebels writ large and fair—as martyrs and patriots. Unsuccessful rebellions go down to swell the account of the successful tyrant. Through all these direful centuries, from the introduction of Greek Christianity till the "unification" of Russia in Peter the Great, who announced himself as sole head of both Church and State, the people never once consented to such a union. "The people have persistently resisted the centralizing aims of ambitious politicians."

Those centuries of unceasing turmoil and bloodshed and cruelty were the great school of Russian Nihilism. How can we blame men for rejecting both Church and State when Church and State had joined hands to "reverse the history and

traditions" of the people? The true Russian Nihilist of to-day is not for a moment to be thought of as a solitary man with a grievance or as a crank with a wild theory. Back of him is a long line of the prophets and apostles and martyrs of liberty. Round about him is a great cloud of witnesses, the unknown, the humble, the true-hearted who have peopled the mighty Steppes with memories and traditions of a race who "counted not their lives dear unto them" when liberty was imperiled. What the wild, irregular, outspeaking prophet was to Israel, the true Nihilist is to Russia. He strikes a deep chord in the popular heart. The government fears him and executes him, yet stands in awe of him as a distinct sign of the times.

We may expect much, therefore, from this insistent and relentless Nihilistic agitation. Its occasional tragedies stir the national imagination with pictures of the mighty days of old. Its remorseless criticism sharpens the popular political wits. Its deadly earnestness stings and rebukes the national apathy. Its virile logic and penetrating insight expose the anomalies of the present order. Even its Cassandra ravings are not without effect upon a people whose coldness is shot through with veins of Orientalism. The Russian year is not all arctic. A short, fierce summer drives its tropic heat into the sodden earth. A sudden outburst of social emancipation from the rigors of Russian despotism will not surprise those who have read the history with sympathy and with clear vision. "A nation shall be born in a day." The ancient prophecy has surprised our faith by its long tarrying. It will perhaps again surprise our faith by the unexpected quarter whence the fulfilment comes.

Over against the Nihilists with their fierce political methods is another class of agitators, more pacific in method but none the less persistent and determined in spirit—the school of Tolstoy. In the popular estimation of Europe and America, Tolstoy is regarded as a sort of social John the Baptist: "a voice crying in the wilderness;" a solitary genius, sitting apart from the people in his mental and moral elevation; a modern Isaiah,

whose voice rolls down upon a besotted and heedless nation. Some such picture of lonely and hopeless effort, of single-handed combat against impossible odds, of intellectual and spiritual forlorn-hope, comes to us with his name.

Every great man is great not by his difference from his fellows, but because he embodies more perfectly the spirit of his age. Into him have entered, as a true possession, the thinking and feeling and hoping and purposing of the common life of the people. Tolstoy is but a sign of his times—one of the long and honorable line that has never "failed of a man to sit on the throne." Tolstoyism is simply Nihilism (in the Russian sense) carried over into the intellectual realm. When the spirit of revolt is rife among the people, we find political leaders casting off old dogmas of the State, intellectual leaders rejecting outworn philosophies and sciences, while religious leaders are busy deposing ancient and decadent doctrines and customs of the Church. The methods may be various and the fields of operation apparently remote from one another, but the spirit is one—resistance to absolutism always and everywhere. This is characteristic of Slav history from Rurik to the last Nicholas.

By this token must we judge Tolstoy and his school. You ask, Has he advanced the solution of the standing problem of socialism—the vast inequalities in the conditions of the people? We answer no, if your question is put in the temper and method of political economy. No one is at all deceived by this startling picture of a Count hammering at the last in a corner of his summer palace. I doubt if he mends a shoe as well as his lumpish moujik neighbor, at work in a corner of his hovel. The Count in his big boots and peasant blouse, at work with his laborers in the field, does not deceive any one by his dramatic exhibition. His moujik neighbors know perfectly the great gulf that lies between him and them. We who look on see that the substance of the problem remains untouched, and he himself, by his self-assumed attitude as teacher and benefactor, plainly declares that he is still consciously the superior man acting a part among inferiors. If he could have over-

ridden the stanch will and sound sense of his clever wife and disposed of his vast property, and in deed and in truth could have settled down to peasant life, Russia would simply have had one more moujik, a rare and imposing moujik to be sure, but one whose son would be a moujik indeed.

In one generation Russia would slump back into the old slough. What then? Are Tolstoy and his followers simply engaged in a drama, serious, tragic, or serio-comic according to the predilections of the audience? No; Tolstoy is a Titan groping with insistent purpose and unfailing heart to get his mighty hand upon some world-force that he may wield to the accomplishment of his object. Or, if you please, he is a blind Samson, feeling after the central pillars of human wrong, willing to die with the multitude if only the unhallowed temple may fall. This sight of a great soul, utterly self-devoted to the cause of his suffering and needy countrymen, is the telling thing in Tolstoy and his school. He is a consummate artist, but never an artist for art's sake—always for man's sake. He is a courtier, but not to kings. He pays court to the human soul. He is rich, but not toward himself, nor toward his rich friends—always toward the man who needs. He is famous, but he diverts the gaze of an admiring world from himself to his moujik neighbors.

Tolstoy, by his teachings and by his life, is sounding through the world with the voice of a trumpet this one truth: Birth, education, literature, art, religion are ours—to make them man's. A gift in your hand means, first, last, and imperatively, but one thing: ministry, distribution. You shall not wait for a better system. You shall not first attack or abolish some ancient custom. Human need is as insistent, as autocratic, as hunger. This moujik who grooms your horse, or plows your field, or blacks your boots, is dull, brutish, ignorant, poor—in body and soul. Every pore of his being is an open mouth crying to you, "In the name of God, give, give, give!" There is your mission field—the world's mission field. There is your social problem—the world's social problem. In solving that problem by your truest thought and deepest sympathy will you

get kindly light, leading into the darkness and involution of the great world-problem.

All the leaders of the new and living literature of Russia have been characterized by the same intensity of purpose and singleness of aim. Pushkin the poet, who would have been the Russian Laureate if the Czar had been at all in the Laureate business, is the solitary exception. He seemed content to be the "idle singer of an empty day," or, as the old prophet sarcastically puts it, content to have "a pleasant voice and play well on an instrument." To read his dainty bits of song in their savage historic setting is like trying to listen to a nightingale on the field after battle. The melody silts down into the awful undertone of sobs and groans of dying men. Under the very tree where the heedless poet sits in song, a score of mangled corpses lie, with distorted faces to the moon and hands clutched into the bloody sod.

These Russian songlets, springing out of the reeking soil of the national history, remind one of the "Decameron," springing in flimsy texture and wanton color out of Boccaccio's terrific description of the plague.

In the great prose masters—Gogol, Turgeneff, Chernishevsky, Tolstoy—we catch again the deep Russian note of earnestness, intensity, purpose. After Pushkin, it is like passing through a blossoming orchard full of birds and bees and coming within sound of the sea. "Sad sincerity" is too tame a term for such men. They wrought in a tumultuous, devouring passion for their great cause. *"Give us Russia or we die!"* was wrung from their hearts. Poverty, imprisonment, exile, death —these have been their portion. They have done for the intellectual and religious life of Russia what the Nihilists have done for its political life. Their revolutionary, inexorable truths have proved to the national Church what the shot of Karakasov, the bomb of Grinevsky, and the handkerchief of Sophie Lvoovna have been to the national government. When such a bit of contemporaneous history as this can be written of a people, the beginning of the end is at hand.

"Young men who have been delicately brought up learn the

trade of the blacksmith, the carpenter, the shoemaker, or the locksmith in order to come more immediately into contact with the artisan classes; young women of the best families work in the factories like common peasants, or take a share as agriculturists in the labors of the field. Sometimes the propagandist becomes a tutor in a nobleman's family, or a governess engaged to teach languages in the house of a landowner, or even a woman doctor, winning friends for the cause in the guise of nurse and attendant."

These two classes of agitators are never jealous of each other; they never foil each other by cross-purposes. Their common enemy is the double-headed Autocracy, Church and State.

A blow at either is a blow at the other. Every assertion, whatever form it may take, of the right of the individual to himself, religiously or politically, is a blow direct at one or the other of these twin heads with one body. Tolstoy may call himself a man of peace. He may preach non-resistance to evil—back of him a society of "milk-drinkers;" yet, in spite of himself, he is hailed by Russia and the world as a mailed knight-errant whose every word is a telling blow of sword or thrust of lance.

Under this double process of agitation the progress of Russia has astonished the world. Her last century has been an apocalypse. A recognized literature of masterful force and artistic grace; an intolerant religious system, honey-combed by the inroads of freethought; a new education; a new social spirit; an unparalleled advance in internal improvements; a reformed judiciary with attendant reforms in legal procedure and punishments; the rigors of militarism humanized; the concessions of autocracy to practical constitutionalism; the emancipation proclamation; the peace manifesto! What a century! Compared with the endless debates and forensic reforms and pamphlet victories of Europe and Europeanized America, Russia's day is as our thousand years.

What, then, is the Russian remedy? Just this: Execution, not debate; the thing done, not argued; the fact accomplished,

not rehearsed as a dream. Two things fit Russia for this practical enforcement of ideals. First, Russia is young in national life. She has not yet lost faith in spiritual and intellectual convictions. We Europeans and Europeanized Americans have the caution and conservative timidity of middle life and old age. While we are peering and droning over our documents, this young, burly, self-confident giant comes and glances over our shoulder, and roars: "Yes; that's a good thing! I'll do it!"—and he does it. In the second place, this fearlessness and self-confidence of youth is reenforced and sustained by the Russian temperament. The cool, passive Russian blood is just dashed with Orientalism enough to give potency to mysticism and virile substance to ideals. Europeans, like ourselves, are bad sleepers and worse dreamers. The Russian sleeps calmly and dreams lucidly. He wakes believing in dreams. Then with dogged insistence, and when deeply roused with volcanic heat, he lives for, fights for, dies for his dream. To this vast, mixed, and dubious world-problem—the redemption of the people—Russia comes not as a "young Daniel to the judgment," but as a regenerate Samson to the long-deferred, long-prayed-for execution of judgment.

JAMES H. ECOB, D.D.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A BIT OF OLD MEXICO.

THE Mexico of to-day reminds one of Japan a quarter of a century ago. It is a nation of vast and almost inexhaustible resources, which has slept through the ages, but which is now awakening into the new life of Western civilization. The marvelous material achievements of the sister Republic on the north are as a wonderful dream that haunts the imagination of the most of her people, but which is only realized in a limited degree by the majority; hence, here we find the interesting phenomenon of two civilizations in juxtaposition. The dreamy, listless, careless past and the awakened, bustling, and progressive present are face to face. The antithesis is startling. Take, for example, the city of Chihuahua, the capital of the State of the same name. Here we find two distinct civilizations, with ideals and dreams of life diametrically opposed, jostling each other at every turn.

Chihuahua is a town of about 30,000 inhabitants, of which perhaps 3,000 are foreigners—mostly English-speaking people. It is often called *the* American city of Mexico, largely owing to the thrifty spirit of push and energy that exists by the side of the easy-going life of the Mexicans and Spaniards. Here are to be found two large smelters, an extensive beef cannery, a clothing factory, a brewery, a soap factory, and other manufactories, which seem almost incongruous in the midst of the unique, old-time architecture that characterizes the place and reminds one more of the scenery of Palestine than anything in the United States.

I. WHERE THE SPIRIT OF THE PAST STILL DREAMS.

To the traveler, old Chihuahua, or that part of the town that represents the Mexico of the past, possesses a peculiar charm. The city lies at the base of the foothills of the Sierra Madre Mountains, on a plateau that is chiefly given over to stock cul-

ture and the cultivation of cereals. The majority of the homes are of adobe, a large proportion of which are covered with cement. Many are tinted various hues and colors, and not a few are painted to imitate the different kinds of marble, the whole serving to give a touch of Oriental brightness to the streets and adding much to the picturesqueness of the town, which, however, to the traveler from the States, is full of striking and impressive objects. Here, for example, are men wearing brilliant shawls and tall sombreros, many of which are ornamented with gold or silver laces, or made striking with vivid color effects. A bright sash is no uncommon sight, even on those whose clothing is far from the best. On every side one sees the little burros, loaded with heavy packs, patiently trudging along the streets, seemingly at peace with all the world. The town is also alive with the little Chihuahua dogs, clean, graceful, and attractive, with marvelous voices for such small creatures. The bull-fight, which regularly occurs on every Sunday afternoon, and the cock-fights, which may be seen almost any time, stamp the town as a true offspring of old Spain.

Most of the houses are flat-roofed and are but one story in height. There are few windows opening on to the streets, and thus we find long wall-like stretches, with wide doors at intervals, and little save the changing color of the exterior or a slight variation in the sky-line to indicate the existence of different houses. When once admitted to the interior, however, a far different scene greets the eye, if the house be that of a Mexican of means. The homes are built in the form of hollow squares, and the large courtyards are frequently filled with the most luxuriant growth of subtropical vines, shrubs, and flowers. Especially are roses in abundance, and their deep, rich perfume is mingled with various other fragrant blossoms, filling the air with exquisite odors. The doors of all the rooms open into this fairy-like garden, which is the pride of the home-loving and wealthy Mexican.

The courtyards of the very poor, however, are far from attractive. Frequently there are no signs of vegetation. The

bare, brown, dusty court is filled with a numerous brood of dirty children and little barking dogs, all apparently joying in the careless, simple life that makes so few demands upon the energies of its denizens. Here the poor seem to drift through life, little stimulated by ambition, content to dream rather than act, dwelling in a land where the weather is never cold enough to quicken the energies as it does in the northern States, and with simple tastes that are quite satisfied with an all-year-round diet of Indian meal and beans, varied occasionally with a little sugar-cane and other sweets. If the Mexicans resembled the Japanese in their love of bathing, they would be far more attractive; but for long generations the water facilities were very meager, especially during the long dry season, and even now the poor man must supply himself with water that at intervals is liberated from the great reservoirs and runs down gutters or trenches dug in the sides of the streets—and these facts doubtless account for much of the dirt one encounters among the poor.

From the high suburban lands one can gain an excellent view of the city and surrounding country. The old part of the town and the arid plains and mountains that form the background suggest in an almost startling manner the cities and towns of the Far East—of Asia Minor, Syria, or Palestine. Here for long squares stretch the low, flat-roofed houses, which look as though they might have been modeled after the homes of ancient Capernaum, and which in their various color effects suggest the Orient—white, green, brown, pink, blue, and light gray; while here and there, peeping up from the courts, we see the green tops of trees and shrubs, which are one of the chief glories of the homes of the wealthy among the people. Instead of the synagogues of olden times in Galilee, we here behold the stately towers of the great Cathedral, the less pretentious but graceful spires of the Church of Guadalupe, and the ancient but still less impressive church of San Francisco, the latter being built sixty years before the foundation of the city.

The sun, as in most southern lands, shines very brilliantly

over Chihuahua, emphasizing almost to exaggeration the high lights, and at times throwing over the town, plain, and mountains a sheen of golden light.

In that part of the city presided over by the spirit of the past are many objects of interest, chief among which are the great Cathedral and the Tower of Hidalgo. The former is a noble structure, erected at a cost of $800,000, the money being raised by the levying of a small tax upon the output of the famous mines of Santa Eulalia, fifteen miles from the city. The building shows the signs of age and the still more savage hand of man in hours of war. But for the student of history, and especially for those who love the heroes and masters of progress, the Tower of Hidalgo holds special interest; for here it was that the great father of Mexican independence was incarcerated prior to his execution.

Hidalgo, Juarez, and Diaz are regarded as the three great emancipators and representatives of republican Mexico, the former being frequently styled the Washington of Mexico.

Hidalgo was a Mexican priest who ever evinced a passionate love for his people and a desire to see Mexico prosperous and independent of the burdens and oppressions of Spain. He introduced the silk-worm into Mexico and promoted the culture of the vine. This greatly offended the Spanish government, and as a result the vines and trees were destroyed. Hidalgo retaliated, raising the standard of revolt, and for a time conducted a remarkably successful campaign. The Church, however, soon arraigned herself against the cause of freedom, and the priest, who had been passionately followed by the native Mexicans, was betrayed by one of his own officers. He was finally arrested and confined at Chihuahua until the order for his execution was carried into effect. To-day the most commanding and imposing monument in the city of Chihuahua is the great statue of Hidalgo, which faces the State House and occupies the site of his execution; and he is a dull-eyed Mexican indeed whose face does not brighten at the mention of the name of the martyr of liberty.

II. WHERE THE SPIRIT OF THE FUTURE WAVES HER WAND.

Such is the Chihuahua of the past, shadowing forth in a striking way a civilization that is vanishing before the imperious demands of modern life as surely as did the civilization of the Aztecs go down before the sword and the Cross of Spain. And nowhere is the subtle but very real warfare between the Mexico of past generations and the awkward Mexico of to-day and to-morrow—between the spirit of the listless, decaying yesterday and the restless, onward-moving genius of material progress—more strikingly in evidence than in this great city of northern Mexico, where, jostling side by side with the ancient cathedrals, the historic churches, and the famous prison tower, rise noble and stately modern buildings and great manufacturing and commercial houses that speak of the new order, impregnated and infused with that wide-awake, progressive, and indomitable spirit which has lifted the sister Republic of the north to the first place among the nations of the world.

Among the most striking of the public buildings of the new Chihuahua is the Palace, or State House. It is a large, imposing edifice, built in the form of a hollow square and occupying a large area opposite El Plaza Hidalgo. This noble structure, which is richly furnished, is in every way a credit to the growing State.

Another building that rises high above all the structures in the neighborhood, save the Palace and the great Cathedral, and that is strictly modern in all its appointments, is the new and magnificent Theater of Chihuahua, built by the State at a cost of $1,000,000. It is a splendid edifice, larger and more attractive in its interior than any theater in New York City, excepting the Metropolitan Opera House. The interior of the theater resembles the French and Continental opera houses rather than the theaters of the United States. On the invitation of His Excellency, Don Miguel Ahumada, Governor of the State of Chihuahua, we attended a Sunday evening performance, in which home talent presented a bright Spanish comedy and a

musical afterpiece. The Governor takes great pride in his theater, and is doing a great work in stimulating the musical, artistic, dramatic, and literary tastes of his people. And indeed the splendid progress that has marked the history of Chihuahua during recent years is very largely due to this thoroughly progressive statesman, who has done much to attract foreign capital and enterprise to his State; and his efforts to improve the capital city and bring it into line with the larger demands of modern commercial life will be appreciated far more in the future than they are to-day, because a large proportion of the population is unawakened to the possibilities that lie at its door.

B. O. FLOWER.

Boston, Mass.

THE ANCIENT WORKING PEOPLE.

WE have hardly yet arrived at the conception of history, as an interpretation of the economic activities and intellectual development of the race, that Buckle, in his monumental effort, attempted nearly half a century ago. Accounts of dynasties, battles, sieges, and political intrigues still occupy a preponderant place in popular historical writing. To be at once an economist, a sociologist, and a political philosopher, attractively combining these qualities to illumine the history of peoples, demands gifts as high as they are rare.

Especially difficult is the task of a writer who sets out to depict a widespread social and industrial movement of ancient times. Not only are authentic records meager and imperfect, but from authors whose opinions on other matters may be considered trustworthy no impartial or accurate statement with respect to the condition and aspirations of the laboring classes can either be expected or obtained. Nor is this due so much to inability or lack of veracity on the part of ancient writers as to the prevalent class bias incident to a society based upon slavery and in which consequently labor was habitually looked upon as a degradation.

About thirteen years ago there appeared from the pen of C. Osborne Ward, a brother of Lester F. Ward, the eminent American sociologist, a remarkable book containing the fruits of much learning and extensive research in a field seldom trodden by the historian. A second volume of the same work, "The Ancient Lowly," has been recently published. The first was devoted to the uprisings of slaves in early times, for which the data were found chiefly in the fragmentary remains of ancient writers, some of whom were contemporaries of the events recorded. It also described the organizations of the slaves and other ancient workers. This study is carried down in the second volume to the year 303 of our era. Inscriptions

preserved to the present day on stones and monuments that have been discovered in the ancient cities of Italy and Asia Minor form the basis of these investigations. The so-called trades-unions are traced by Mr. Ward to the laws of Solon and the Twelve Tables of Numa.

His enthusiasm for paternal socialism carries the author quite beyond his function as a historian. In the religious rites and ceremonies of the lowly his fervid imagination sees the fraternal labor union. In their sacramental feasts he discovers the common table of the socialist community, uniting in brotherly love thousands of humble toilers. He appears to confuse the plebeians of ancient Rome with the laboring classes who possessed no political status at that period of her history. But the plebs, whose legally recognized leaders were the tribunes, had struggled for centuries to gain political rights and finally succeeded; while the servile working people, who were then the economically productive class, remained to the end outside the pale of citizenship.

When we approach the study of ancient society from the standpoint of sociology, we learn that the family hearth, the domestic altar and worship, formed the strongest bond that held together the men of those times. Religion was the keystone of the social structure. Yet Osborne Ward hesitates not to classify as labor unions, fraternally bound by an economic tie, associations that were primarily religious. He concedes, however, that these tutelary organizations cultivated the belief in the coming of a Savior who would redeem the world, and that they erected temples to their chosen gods. We might add that "Saviors" were not infrequent phenomena in those days—the Great Nazarene being but one among many.

With undisguised admiration, Ward expatiates upon the circumstance that the unions were modeled after the family, having meals in common, a paternal head wielding much authority, besides other patriarchal characteristics. But this merely indicates the stage of social development, the family and not the individual forming the unit of society. Not only was it the social unit, but the family was also the fountain of

religious worship. No family, no religion; and without a form of worship man became a social outcast. He could have neither political nor legal status.

Again, in the blending of the family, religion, and society, does Mr. Ward recognize socialism, and he deduces a communistic basis for his ancient labor unions. In later times, however, as Mommsen has shown, the original religious character of the unions becomes merely a cloak for other objects.

It is in his explanation of Christianity that this investigator best displays his peculiar genius. If not novel, his views have at least the merit of sincerity. Jesus is no longer a great spiritual teacher, not to say divine, nor merely a moral lawgiver. Rather is he a walking delegate, a peripatetic labor agitator, an itinerant social reformer. The apostles are all connected with their respective trades-unions. Luke, who was their historian, was in fact president of a union of journeymen doctors. Paul likewise was a walking delegate and a powerful agitator. Christianity, in short, from the beginning was an industrial movement, spreading among the working class, who saw in this new religion a promise of economic emancipation.

Let us candidly admit that this picture of the early Church is not wholly destitute of truth. Yet the evidence as here presented is by no means conclusive. Nor need we deny that, on a thread of conjecture supported by hypothesis, he has woven a texture displaying some interesting and instructive historic truth.

Throughout this pretentious work the partizan palpably usurps the place of the historian. Except perhaps in pointing to sources of original information, serviceable to the special student, Osborne Ward's book conspicuously fails as a lasting or important contribution to sociology. Its style is diffuse, florid, and bristling with needless repetition. Few readers would have the patience to go through the twelve or thirteen hundred close-packed pages; and it is doubtful if they would find enough reward for their pains. The author indulges in a display of languages both living and dead, which, while evi-

dence of his linguistic accomplishments, is more likely to repel than attract the class of readers who desire to learn about the struggles and organization of the ancient workingmen.

If the conclusions set forth in this work are sound, trades-unionism in ancient times was ramified over the then civilized world, embracing millions of laboring men and women within its beneficent folds. Its members were the first to accept the Christian gospel, with its ideas of universal brotherhood and equality, which thence spread from the bottom upward through all ranks of society. The unions were friendly societies, supporting, without the taint of charity, disabled and out-of-work members. It would appear indeed from numerous extant inscriptions that these associations of laborers were ostensibly burial clubs. Among other activities they conducted free schools for the children of the workers. From the Roman government they took contracts for many kinds of industrial undertakings, erected public buildings, constructed roads and bridges, and supplied munitions of war to the imperial armies. They threw their influence in favor of candidates for public office who promised to turn over such contracts to organized labor. In a word, they aimed to become privileged monopolists, seeking their own immediate ends like their successors, the guilds of later times, or the great corporations of to-day, that exploit the general welfare for their own emolument.

To Osborne Ward, however, those ancient working-class politicians are worthy the emulation and imitation of their modern descendants. Let us go back, he cries, "to that pure, sweet, lovely, self-supporting socialism outlined by the great law of Solon!"

Though they flourished, we are told, for about nine centuries, an appalling tragedy seems to have at last terminated the commendable efforts and growing power of these vast economic associations. About the year 303 A. D., the emperor Diocletian allowed himself to be persuaded to countenance a wholesale massacre of organized toilers. They were charged with harboring Christians, whom persecution sought to devour. Notwithstanding our author's habit of jumbling indiscrimi-

nately together all matters pertaining to the unions and Christianity, it is evident that the ghastly scheme of extermination perpetrated in numerous cities of the empire was after all only one of the many attempts officially to stamp out the robust and rapidly spreading religion of Jesus Christ. Mr. Ward closes with a lament that after the date of this massacre all records of the labor unions disappear. But he passes over a more potent cause of the decay and ultimate obliteration of the ancient workingmen's movement. This was the gradual rise of feudalism as a new economic basis of society, which began with the overthrow of the empire by the barbarians.

WILLIAM BAILIE.

Boston, Mass.

ARE WOMEN TO BLAME?

THERE is food for thought in two incidents recently reported that directly affect the welfare of working-women. They seem to indicate that, while woman is making phenomenal progress where such progress naturally would be least expected, she is not holding her own in those departments of the business world that she first "invaded."

In both Washington and Chicago complaint is made that preference is given to men in making civil-service appointments that are open to both sexes. This is not only possible but legally permissible, because the law gives the department head making a requisition for a clerk or a stenographer the right to say whether he will have a man or a woman for the position. There may be ten women ahead of the first man on the "eligible list," but, if the department head prefers a man, the man will get the job and the women will have to wait. And that men are preferred has been conclusively proved; indeed, it is frankly admitted. Now, the question is, Why? That is what women are interested in knowing. Is it a mere matter of prejudice, or are they in any way to blame?

The woman suffragist naturally will say that it is due to politics; that men are wanted because men can *vote*—and in some instances that may be true. If it were possible to select the particular individual desired, doubtless it would be true in many instances, but in the civil service this cannot be done. There is no opportunity to reward political services in that way. The Republican official making a requisition for a male stenographer may have a Democrat certified to him for the place, and politically a Democrat would be of less use to a Republican official than a woman who took no interest in politics whatever. Still, it may be admitted that in some circumstances political considerations may occasionally account for this preference on the part of municipal officials, but that certainly cannot be true of the governmental departments at Washington.

When the first prejudice against women clerks and stenographers was overcome, there was a great demand for them. They were neater than men, less obtrusive, more conscientious, and more trustworthy, it was said. They did not want to smoke in the office, and certain other masculine failings were notable for their absence. Apparently they were to have everything their own way in those lines of work for which they were so well qualified; yet now we find the preference given to men—not only in the public service, but in many business establishments as well. Why?

The answer has been given in both Washington and Chicago, and in almost the same words in each case. In effect it is: Because woman is not willing to relinquish those prerogatives to which she has been accustomed; because, while claiming equality, she demands more than equality; because she presumes on her sex in a sphere where there are supposed to be no sex considerations. In the business world she would be considered as a man whenever that is to her advantage, and never otherwise. She asks that her sex be forgotten when that is for her benefit, and that it be remembered when it will entitle her to any favor.

"We have found that woman will take all the privileges due her under the rules, and a few more," was the explanation of a Washington official who was asked the reason of the preference for men. "For instance, every clerk is entitled to one month's vacation and one month's sick leave each year. The latter is supposed to be taken only in case of necessity, and few of the men ever use it up, while most of the women take it right up to the last minute. In that they presume upon their sex, for one hesitates to call them to account as he would the men. Then it takes them longer to get ready to begin work and longer to get ready to quit. About fifteen minutes at each end of the working-day is devoted to 'prinking,' and here again they presume on their sex. If a man did it, he would be called to account about the second day; but a woman would think she was insulted if anything were said to her. Let a man and a woman enter the office at the same

moment, and the man will be at his desk and at work a good fifteen minutes before the woman is ready to begin her labors; and the time she takes to make herself look presentable is taken, not out of her own time, but out of the time for which she is paid by the Government. These may seem to be small matters, but they are annoying to the one who has need of her services, and in time he naturally acquires a preference for a male stenographer, who expects no unusual consideration and can be reprimanded without danger of a flood of tears or a flashing, indignant eye. A woman takes, not as a favor but as a right, what a man would not dare take at all, and then relies on her sex to protect her from criticism or reproof. Of course, not all of them do this; but there are enough, so that the department head feels that he is taking long chances if he accepts a woman as a stenographer."

"Frankly," said a Chicago municipal official, discussing the same subject, "women are not as amenable to office discipline as are the men. One hesitates to speak to a woman as he would to a man, and in many instances she takes advantage of this. In private life it is a feminine privilege to be unpunctual and dilatory, but the privilege cannot be extended in the business world. If she keeps us waiting when we call to take her to the theater, we laugh and make a joke of it; but if she keeps us waiting when we have need of her services in a business way, we inwardly decide that we will replace her with a man when opportunity offers. This was well illustrated in a case that came under my observation recently. The young woman in question was supposed to report promptly at 9 o'clock, and surely that is not too early; but it was close to 9:30 when she reached her desk.

" 'You should try to be more punctual, Miss Smith,' suggested the man who was waiting to dictate some letters to her.

" 'Why, I was in the office right on the minute,' she protested, indignantly.

" 'Not at your desk,' he returned.

" 'Oh, no; of course not,' she answered. 'I had to straighten my hair out a little.'

"That was her idea of punctuality. That she was not at her desk was of no importance so long as she was in the *office* on time. Further than that, the office work is a secondary consideration with some women; there are other matters that they deem of more pressing importance. I have known of cases where they calmly asked for a few days off to help with the spring house-cleaning, and they certainly seem to have little appreciation of the annoyance even a brief absence occasions. While at work they are frequently more trustworthy than the average man, but there is a greater uncertainty as to when they will be at work. In a word, they expect the same gallant consideration to be shown them in the business world that they receive in private life, and their calm assumption of this sex privilege makes them more difficult to manage in an office force. Understand me, I do not bring this charge against all; but it is true of enough of them, so that most department heads prefer to take chances with a man."

In some of the large corporations practically the same statement is made, but in the case of these there is the further consideration that they frequently desire employees who can be promoted when there are vacancies, and women are eligible for but few of the higher positions. Here the civil-service idea, instead of helping them, operates to their disadvantage. At the same time women are doing better with the corporations than in the public service. Possibly this may be accounted for, in a measure, by the fact that a woman will work for less money than a man will accept; and, of course, the same argument applies to all lines of private business. Yet it cannot be denied that the male stenographer is increasing, rather than decreasing, in popularity in the business world, especially when the duties of a private secretary are in any way included in the work. In explaining this so far as he was concerned one business man told a story that is amusing and also illustrative of the manner in which woman's very femininity sometimes stands in her way.

"No more girls for me," said this man, brusquely; "it's too hard to discharge them if they don't suit. When a man fails

to come up to specifications, you can tell him so and that settles it; but with a girl—" Here he frowned and then sighed, as if he had been through some particularly disagreeable experience. "Well, I had one not long ago," he went on, "and she couldn't spell. That seemed to her a trifling matter, but not so to me. However, I put up with her work for a while simply because she was a woman, but finally I had to let her go. And what do you suppose she did? Why, sir, she came into my private office and wept on my desk until she had me unfit for work for all the rest of the day. I felt as if I had been through a melodrama in real life. That settled me, and I'll take no chance of repeating the experience."

In presenting these observations there is no desire to rail at woman. She has done, and is doing, extraordinarily well in the business world; she has been successful where the disadvantages have been great and the prospect of success slight; she has invaded new fields and seemed to thrive on obstacles. But is she not losing in those fields she already has conquered? And if so, why? Is she to blame? Have the men quoted stated the case correctly? Does she tire of her long-sought equality with man the moment she has won a victory? Is it only when battling against odds, against prejudice, that she shows to advantage in the business world?

Of course, woman will never be entirely supplanted in the fields now open to her; but if the tide has set ever so slightly against her it is well that she should know it and give consideration to the reasons therefor. These may also explain why her labor is so generally quoted at a smaller price than man's, which certainly is unfair if she does as much and as good work. The fact that she will work for less will make her an important factor in the labor world, whether or not man excels her; but if some of the more highly paid avenues of employment ostensibly within her reach are being closed to her, it is advisable that she should know why in order that she may remove the cause. The subject certainly seems to be one that deserves her attention.

ELLIOTT FLOWER.

Chicago, Ill.

THE GLORY AND THE SACRIFICE.

A Story.

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER.

The Hon. Peter Wentworth was not a church-going man, and when he appeared at the prayer-meeting on that memorable Friday evening there was at once a most irreligious, impious interest manifested by every one present, even to the tired little minister himself. The object of their amazed glances fortunately did not keep the good people long in suspense. After a timid prayer—slightly incoherent, but abounding in petitions for single-mindedness and worshipful reverence—from the minister's wife, the Hon. Peter Wentworth rose to his feet and loudly cleared his throat:

"Ahem! Ladies and gentlemen—er—ah—brethren," he corrected, hastily, faint memories of a godly youth prompting his now unaccustomed lips; "I—er—I understand that you are desirous of building a new church. A very laudable wish—very," with his eyes fixed on a zigzag crack in the wall across the room; "and I understand that your funds are—er—insufficient. I am, in fact, informed that you need two thousand dollars. Ahem! Ladies—er—brethren, I stand here to announce that on the first day of next January I will place in your pastor's hands the sum of one thousand dollars, provided—" and he paused and put the tips of his forefingers together impressively, "provided you will raise an equal amount on your own part. The first day of next January, remember. You have nearly a year, you will notice, in which to raise the money. I—er—I hope you will be successful;" and he sat down heavily.

The remainder of that meeting was not conspicuous for deep spirituality, and after the benediction the Hon. Peter Wentworth found himself surrounded by an excited crowd of grate-

ful church members. The honorable gentleman was distinctly pleased. He had not given anything away before since—well, he had the same curious choking feeling in his throat now that he remembered to have felt when he gave the contents of his dinner pail to the boy across the aisle at the old red schoolhouse. After all, it was a rather pleasant sensation; he almost wished it had oftener been his.

It was not until the silent hours of the night brought a haunting premonition of evil to the Rev. John Grey that the little minister began to realize what the church had undertaken. One thousand dollars! The village was small and the church society smaller. The Hon. Peter Wentworth was the only man who by even the politest fiction could be called rich. Where, indeed, was the thousand to be found?

When morning came, the Rev. John Grey's kindly blue eyes were troubled, and his forehead drawn into unwonted lines of care; but his fathers had fought King George and the devil in years long past, and he was a worthy descendant of a noble race and had no intention of weakly succumbing, even though King George and the devil now masqueraded as a two-thousand-dollar debt.

By the end of a week an urgent appeal for money had entered the door of every house in Fairville. The minister had spent sleepless nights and weary days in composing this masterly letter. His faithful mimeograph had saved the expense of printing, and his youngest boy's willing feet had obviated the necessity of postage stamps. The First Congregational Church being the only religious organization in the town of Fairville, John Grey had no hesitation in asking aid from one and all alike.

This was in February, yet by the end of May there was only four hundred dollars in the Fund treasury. The pastor sent out a second appeal, following it up with a house-to-house visit. The sum grew to six hundred dollars.

Then the ladies held a mass-meeting in the damp, ill-smelling vestry. The result was a series of entertainments varying from a strawberry festival to the "passion play" illustrated.

The entertainers were indefatigable. They fed their guests with baked beans and "red flannel" hash, and acted charades from the Bible. They held innumerable guessing contests, where one might surmise as to the identity of a baby photograph or conjecture as to the cook of a mince pie. These heroic efforts brought the Fund up to eight hundred dollars. Two hundred yet to be found—and it was November!

With anxious faces and puckered brows, the ladies held another meeting in that cheerless vestry—then hastened home with new courage and a new plan.

Bits of silk and tissue-paper, gay-colored worsteds and knots of ribbon appeared as by magic in every cottage. Weary fingers fashioned impossible fancy articles of no earthly use to any one, and tired housewives sat up till midnight dressing dolls in flimsy muslin. The church was going to hold a fair! Everything and everybody succumbed graciously or ungraciously to the inevitable. The prayer-meetings were neglected, the missionary meetings postponed, the children went ragged to school, and the men sewed on their own buttons. In time, however, the men had to forego even that luxury, and were obliged to remain buttonless, for they themselves were dragged into the dizzy whirl and set to making patchwork squares.

The culminating feature of the fair was to be a silk crazy-quilt, and in an evil moment Miss Wiggins, a spinster of uncertain age, had suggested that it would be "perfectly lovely" to have the gentlemen contribute a square each. The result would have made the craziest inmate of a lunatic asylum green with envy. The square made by old Deacon White, composed of pieces of blue, green, scarlet, and purple silk fastened together as one would sew the leather on a baseball, came next to the dainty square of the town milliner's covered with embroidered butterflies and startling cupids. Nor were the others found wanting in variety. It was indeed a wonderful quilt.

The fair and a blizzard began simultaneously the first day of December. The one lasted a week, and the other three days. The people conscientiously plowed through the snow, attended the fair, and bought recklessly. The children made themselves

sick with rich candies, and Deacon White lost his temper over a tin trumpet he drew in the grab bag. At the end of the week there were three cases of nervous prostration, one of pneumonia, two of grippe—and one hundred dollars and five cents in money.

The ladies drew a long breath and looked pleased; then their faces went suddenly white. Where was ninety-nine dollars and ninety-five cents to come from in the few days yet remaining? Silently and dejectedly they went home.

It was then that the Rev. John Grey rose to the occasion and shut himself in his study all night, struggling with a last appeal to be copied on his faithful mimeograph and delivered by his patient youngest born. That appeal was straight from the heart of an all but despairing man. Was two thousand dollars to be lost—and because of a paltry ninety-nine dollars and ninety-five cents?

The man's face had seemed to age a dozen years in the last twelve months. Little streaks of gray showed above his temples, and his cheeks had pitiful hollows in them. The minister's family had meat but twice a week now. The money that might have bought it for the other five days had gone to add its tiny weight to the minister's contribution to the Fund.

The pressure was severe and became crushing as the holidays approached. The tree for the Sunday-school had long since been given up, but Christmas eve a forlorn group of wistful-eyed children gathered in the church and spoke Christmas pieces and sung Christmas carols, with longing gaze fixed on the empty corner where was wont to be the shining tree.

It was on Christmas day that the widow Blake fought the good fight in her little six-by-nine room. On the bed lay a black cashmere gown, faded and rusty and carefully darned; on the table lay a little heap of bills and silver. The woman gathered the money in her two hands and dropped it into her lap; then she smoothed the bills neatly one upon another, and built little pyramids of the dimes and quarters. Fifteen dollars! It must be five years now that she had been saving that money, and she did *so* need a new dress! She needed it to be

—why—even decent!—looking sourly at the frayed folds on the bed.

It was on Christmas day, too, that the little cripple who lived across the bridge received a five-dollar gold piece by registered mail. Donald's eyes shone and his thin fingers clutched the yellow gold greedily. Now he could have those books!—his eyes rested on an open letter on the floor by his chair: a mimeograph letter signed "John W. Grey." Gradually his fingers relaxed; the bit of money slipped from the imprisoning clasp, fell to the floor, and rolled in flashing, gleaming circles round and round the letter, ending in a glistening disk, like a seal, just at the left of the signature. The lad looked at the yellow, whirling thing with frightened eyes, then covered his face with his hands, and burst into a storm of sobs.

On the twenty-sixth of December, the Rev. John Grey entered on his list: "Mrs. Blake, $15.00; Donald Marsh, $5.00."

The little minister's face grew pale and drawn. The money came in bit by bit, but it wanted twenty dollars and ninety-five cents yet to complete the needed thousand. On the twenty-seventh day the teacher of the infant class brought a dollar, the gift of her young pupils. On the twenty-eighth, nothing came; on the twenty-ninth, five cents from a small boy who rung the bell with a peal that brought the Rev. John Grey to the door with a startled hope in his eyes. He took the five pennies from the small dirty fingers and opened his mouth to speak his thanks, but his dry lips refused to frame the words.

The morning of the thirtieth dawned raw and cloudy. The little minister neither ate nor slept now. The doorbell rang at brief intervals throughout the day, and stray quarters, dimes, and nickels, with an occasional dollar, were added to the precious store until it amounted to nine hundred and eighty-nine dollars and eighty-five cents.

When the Rev. John Grey looked out of his bedroom window on the last day of that weary year, he found a snow-white world, and the feathery flakes still falling. Five times that day he swept his steps and shoveled out his path—mute invitations to possible donors; but the path remained white and

smooth in untrodden purity, and the doorbell was ominously silent.

He tried to read, to write, to pray; but he haunted the windows like a maiden awaiting her lover, and he opened the door and looked up and down the street every fifteen minutes. The poor man had exhausted all his resources. He himself had given far more than he could afford, and he had begged of every man, woman, and child in the place. And yet—must two thousand dollars be lost, all for the lack of ten dollars and fifteen cents? Mechanically he thrust his hands into his pockets and fingered the few coins therein.

It was nearly midnight when there came a gentle tap at the study door. Without waiting for permission the minister's wife turned the knob and entered the room. Her husband sat with bowed head resting on his outstretched arms on the desk, and her eyes filled with tears at the picture of despair before her.

"John, I suppose we can take this," said she, in a low voice, reluctantly laying a little pile of silver on the desk; "there's just ten dollars there." Then she recoiled in terror, so wildly did her husband clutch the money.

"Where did you get this?" he gasped.

"I—I saved it from time to time out of the household money. I meant you should take it and go out to cousin Frank's for a rest and vacation after this was over," said she, doggedly.

"Vacation! Mary—vacation!" he exclaimed, with unutterable scorn. Then he fumbled in his pocket and brought out a little change. With trembling fingers he picked out ten pennies and a five-cent piece, putting a lone quarter back in his empty pocket.

"Thank God, Mary—we've done it!" and the man's voice broke, and a big tear rolled down his cheek and splashed on a dingy nickel.

New Year's night there was a jubilee meeting in the town hall. The Rev. John Grey hurried through his bread-and-milk supper in some excitement. He was to preside, and must not be late.

The hall was full to overflowing. On the platform with the minister sat the deacons of the First Congregational Church—and the Hon. Peter Wentworth. The well-fed, well-groomed, honorable gentleman himself looked about with a complacent smile—this was indeed a most delightful occasion.

The Rev. John Grey's address was an eloquent tribute to the great generosity of their distinguished fellow-townsman. The minister's voice trembled affectingly, and his thin cheeks flushed with emotion. The First Congregational Church was deeply indebted to the Hon. Peter Wentworth, and would fain express its gratitude.

The minister's wife listened with a faraway look on her face, and little Donald Marsh gazed with round eyes of awe at the great man who had been so very generous; while over in an obscure corner of the hall a pale little woman stealthily rearranged the folds of her gown, that she might hide from inquisitive eyes the great darn on the front breadth of her worn black cashmere.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

By B. O. Flower.

SOME DEAD SEA FRUIT OF OUR WAR OF SUBJUGATION.

In his testimony before the United States Senate Committee, Governor Taft made a humiliating admission that should strike horror to the mind of every American. He admitted that the frightful torture known as the "water-cure treatment" was used occasionally by the soldiers of this Republic to force the unhappy Filipinos to disclose desired information.

This treatment consists of placing the victim on his back and pouring water down his throat until the body is so distended as to cause exquisite suffering, which is intensified by the fear entertained by the victim that his stomach will burst. It is a reversion to the brutal spirit that made the days of the Spanish Inquisition the darkest page in the history of Christian civilization. Nor is the treatment as outlined above the worst that reports from the Philippines indicate as being indulged in upon occasion by our soldiers. It would be difficult to imagine anything more debauching and degrading, or better calculated to arouse all that is most brutal and savage in the nature of our soldiers, than to be compelled by officers to assist in such barbarous and inhuman actions.

All students of history and human life know full well that when injustice and savagery are once awakened and practised they rapidly brutalize those familiar with them. A people that tolerates a government practising any injustice to others will ere long be oppressed; and officers who become brutalized and hardened by torturing the weak enemy will ere long show the same brutality toward those under them. Therefore, the story of the frightful death by torture of Private Edward C. Richter of the United States Army in the Philippines is not altogether surprising. According to the very circumstantial report of the death, given by a companion who was ordered by his officer to pour the ice-water, young Richter was among a group of his

comrades, who after being paid off had indulged too freely in liquor. He became hilarious and disregarded an order of the superior officer to remain silent. Accordingly, he was bound hand and foot and had ice-water poured on his head until in agony he expired.

In this war of subjugation—this relentless attempt at forcible annexation, which Mr. McKinley on one occasion characterized as being "criminal aggression" and "something not to be thought of"—horror treads on the heels of horror. Here, for example, is one of the fruits of our criminal aggression. It is a typical case, a news item that went out in March and attracted little attention because the people are becoming accustomed to such appalling facts. We take it as it appears in the news columns of one of our exchanges:

"A tourist car carrying 18 insane men under the guard of a detachment of 105 soldiers rolled into the Omaha depot on the 16th. The lunatics were American soldiers who had gone violently crazy under the hardships and vices attendant upon military service in the Philippines."

Below is another humiliating bit of testimony, which but for General Miles would not have come to public notice, and which throws a strong sidelight on the tendency of an army engaged in a war of conquest to degenerate and become brutal. Near the close of last year Major Cornelius Gardner, civil governor of the Philippine province of Tayabas, forwarded to Washington a detailed report that appears to have been promptly pigeonholed by Secretary Root. After General Miles had referred to its existence, some members of the Senate Committee called for it, and on April 10 it was laid before the Senate. In this report Major Gardner says:

"Of late by reason of the conduct of the troops such as the extensive burning of the barrios in trying to lay waste the country so that the insurgents cannot occupy it, the torturing of natives by so-called water-cure and other methods to obtain information, the harsh treatment of natives generally, and the failure of inexperienced lately-appointed lieutenants commanding posts to distinguish between those who are friendly and those unfriendly and to treat every native as if he were, whether or no, an *insurrecto* at heart, this favorable sentiment, above referred to, is being fast destroyed and a deep hatred toward us engendered. If these things need be done, they had best be done by native troops, so that the people of the United States will not be credited therewith.

"Almost without exception, soldiers and also many officers refer to natives in their presence as 'Niggers,' and natives are beginning to understand what the word 'Nigger' means. The course now being pursued

in this province and in the provinces of Batangas, Laguna, and Samar is in my opinion sowing the seeds for a perpetual revolution against us hereafter whenever a good opportunity offers. Under present conditions the political situation in this province is slowly retrograding, the American sentiment is decreasing, and we are daily making permanent enemies. In the course above referred to, troops make no distinction often between the property of those natives who are insurgent or insurgent sympathizers, and the property of those who heretofore have risked their lives by being loyal to the United States and giving us information against their countrymen in arms. Often every house in a barrio is burned. In my opinion the small number of irreconcilable insurgents still in arms, although admittedly difficult to catch, does not justify the means employed, and especially when taking into consideration the suffering that must be undergone by the innocent and its effects upon the relations with these people hereafter."

Under the title of "Three Forms of Torture Applied by Americans to Natives in the Philippines," the New York *World* of April 18 contained the following, which cannot fail to awaken horror and humiliation in the mind of every conscientious lover of the Republic. The revelations being brought to the light of day by the Senate investigation seem incredible, and indicate that the ferocious inhumanity of the Spanish Inquisition and the savagery of the red men of America have been present in the army of the Republic. Read the following description, as given by the *World,* of the way our soldiers have tortured the Filipinos, and then resolve whether or not the hour has arrived when every American patriot should insist that this cruel, unjust war of subjugation or criminal aggression must be brought to an immediate close:

"Water-Cure," No. 1.—This is used to extort information from Philippine prisoners. The victim is first bound hand and foot and laid on his back on the ground. Great quantities of water are then forced down his throat until he can hold no more. Pressure is then applied to the stomach until some of the water is expelled from the mouth, when more water is forced down. This process is repeated until the victim either gives the information required or dies.

"Water-Cure," No. 2.—Used to extort information from prisoners and also as a punishment for enlisted men. It consists in tying the victim securely and then pouring ice-cold water, a little at a time, on his face or dropping it on the back of his neck or on his head. This is an ancient form of torture, and was used during the Inquisition, sometimes, in preference to the rack or searing with red-hot irons. It is certain to drive the victim insane in a short time, or kill him.

Progressive Wounding.—This is a form of torture practised by officers sometimes when they wish to impress the natives, and it may be

compared to the blowing of Indian leaders from the mouth of cannon by the British during the Sepoy Mutiny, except that it is more lingering. The victims are bound to trees and shot—not to kill, but merely wound them. If they do not die from loss of blood, they are shot again the following day, and this is kept up from day to day until they die. Three days is usually the limit they can live. The North American Indians formerly used this form of torture, except that they wounded their victims with arrows. In the testimony given at the court-martial of Major Waller at Manila recently this form of torture was described.

In the same issue of the *World,* Richard O'Brien, formerly a corporal in Company M, Twenty-sixth United States Volunteers, now living in New York, gave the following detailed description of the barbarity and wanton brutality of our soldiers —practised on the defenseless inhabitants of Barrio la Nog:

"It was on the 27th day of December, the anniversary of my birth," said Corpl. O'Brien, "and I shall never forget the scenes I witnessed on that day. As we approached the town the word passed along the line that there would be no prisoners taken. It meant that we were to shoot every living thing in sight—man, woman, and child. The first shot was fired by the then first sergeant of our company. His target was a mere boy, who was coming down the mountain path into the town astride of a caribou. The boy was not struck by the bullet, but that was not the sergeant's fault. The little Filipino boy slid from the back of his caribou and fled in terror up the mountain side. Half a dozen shots were fired after him. The shooting now had attracted the villagers, who came out of their homes in alarm, wondering what it all meant. They offered no offense, did not display a weapon, made no hostile movement whatsoever, but they were ruthlessly shot down in cold blood—men, women, and children. The poor natives huddled together or fled in terror. Many were pursued and killed on the spot.

"Two old men, bearing between them a white flag and clasping hands like two brothers, approached the lines. Their hair was white. They fairly tottered, they were so feeble under the weight of years. To my horror and that of the other men in the command, the order was given to fire, and the two old men were shot down in their tracks. We entered the village. A man who had been on a sick-bed appeared at the doorway of his home. He received a bullet in the abdomen and fell dead in the doorway. Dum-dum bullets were used in that massacre, but we were not told the name of the bullets. We didn't have to be told. We knew what they were.

"In another part of the village a mother with a babe at her breast and two young children at her side pleaded for mercy. She feared to leave her home, which had just been fired—accidentally, I believe. She faced the flames with her children, and not a hand was raised to save her or the little ones. They perished miserably. It was sure death if she left the house—it was sure death if she remained. She feared the American soldiers, however, worse than the devouring flames."

The pitiful plea advanced since these sickening revelations of barbarity—that the Filipinos are even more savage and cruel in their punishment and torture than our soldiers have been—is no justification for the indelible stain that has been placed on our flag, or for the injury to civilization and to our nation in particular that has resulted from the action of certain officers and soldiers of our army in this brutal war of subjugation. In this connection it should be remembered that, when General Miles pointed out that this war had been conducted with marked severity, Secretary Root promptly and positively asserted that "it is not a fact that warfare in the Philippines has been conducted with marked severity; on the contrary, warfare has been conducted with marked humanity and magnanimity."

It would be interesting to know, in view of the documents that the Senate Committee has had the War Department turn over and the sworn testimony of witnesses, what President Roosevelt's Secretary of War would consider "marked severity."

Another incident that should tend to awaken every conscience-guided man and woman in the Republic is found in the brutal slaughter of Filipinos without trial by Major Waller. It will be remembered that the apologists for our present blood-and-iron, benevolent-assimilation policy insisted that the atrocities must have been occasioned by insanity. They pointed out the fact that the tropical sun, exposure, and the irregularities of army life wrought terrible havoc in the sanity of soldiers from the temperate zone. The trial of the Major, however, proves that the apologists were entirely at sea, as will be seen from the following despatch published in the *Boston Transcript* for April 8:

MANILA, April 8.—Major Littleton W. T. Waller of the Marine Corps, at to-day's session of the court-martial by which he is being tried on the charge of executing natives of Samar without trial, testified in rebuttal of the evidence given yesterday by General Jacob H. Smith, who commanded the American troops in the island of Samar. The major said General Smith instructed him to kill and burn; said that the more he killed and burned the better pleased he would be; that it was no time to take prisoners, and that he was to make Samar a howling wilderness. Major Waller asked General Smith to define the age limit for killing, and he replied: "Everything over ten." The major repeated this order to Captain Porter, saying: "We do not make war in that way on old men and women and children." Captain David D. Porter, Captain Hiram I. Bearss, and Lieutenant Frank Halford, all of the Marine Corps, testified corroboratively.

The defense requested that a subpœna be served on the adjutant-

general, demanding the production of the records of the massacre at Balangiga of the detachment of the Ninth Infantry, in order to refute the statement of General Smith to the effect that the attack on the troops was made according to the laws of war. The request was granted.

General Jacob H. Smith, military commander in Samar and Leyte, testified yesterday before the mixed court-martial which is engaged in trying Major Waller and Lieutenant Day on the charge of executing natives without warrant. General Smith praised the work of the marines, but his evidence indicated that Major Waller was governed only by the rules of war, particularly order 100. He had given Major Waller no special order concerning captured natives. He did not see Major Waller's order. If he had, he would have altered it, omitting the appeal to the marines to avenge their comrades who were massacred at Balangiga, the operations in which disaster, General Smith said, were according to the rules of war, with the exception of the mutilation of the dead. He would have also changed the instructions to punish treachery with death to an order to punish those guilty of treachery according to the summary law prescribed in order 100. General Smith added that he had misunderstood the telegram he had received regarding the execution of natives, and was not aware of the facts until General Chaffee, while making a tour of Samar, told him that he had been doing promiscuous killing. General Smith denied this, whereupon General Chaffee told him of the trouble in Basey.

Touching this subject the *Boston Globe,* a daily with strong imperialistic leanings, observes in its editorial leader of April 10:

Major Waller of our own army in the Philippines has testified in his own defense that General Smith instructed him to "kill and burn," telling him that "the more we killed and burned the better pleased he would be," and adding that there was "no time to take prisoners," as he intended to "make Samar a howling wilderness."

Moreover, every word of Major Waller's testimony is just as firmly secured by affidavits as was General Delarey's declaration. When Major Waller asked General Smith to define the age limit for killing, he replied: "Everything over 10." This testimony is corroborated by Captain David D. Porter, Captain Hiram I. Bearss, Lieutenant Frank Halford, and others. General Smith denies, indeed, that he told Waller to kill. But he admits that he told him "not to encumber himself with prisoners." It is also recalled that while in command at Samar General Smith issued a circular, in which he said: "Every native will henceforth be treated as an enemy until he has conclusively shown that he is a friend." He also declared that his policy would be "to wage war in the sharpest and most decisive manner," and that "a course would be pursued that would create a 'burning desire for peace.'"

General Smith excuses himself by asserting that his instruc-

tions were within the rules of civilized warfare, and that there must have been a misunderstanding. But it will be remembered that General Funston argued that the forging of papers, the deception and treachery practised, by which he was able to capture Aguinaldo, were also within the rules of civilized warfare. One thing must appear plain to right-minded men and women: that if such methods, deeds, and practises are "well within the rules of civilized warfare," then war is essentially demoralizing, debasing, and disintegrating in its influence over the moral nature, upon the development of which depend religion, ethics, civilization, and enduring growth—something that every man, whether Christian or not, who cares for the exaltation and ennoblement of manhood must relentlessly oppose as he would fight a deadly contagion.

We are glad to see that the horror and indignation of the nation have stirred up our tardy Administration, and that President Roosevelt has ordered investigations and court-martials; though we could wish that he had acted before the aroused conscience of the people practically forced action.

The fact that our soldiers are becoming familiar with despotic acts and savage practises, and that they see on every hand a disregard for the very things our fathers held most fundamental and essential to a republic—such as freedom of the press, respect for civil authority, and the rights of man—should be the subject of the gravest concern to thoughtful lovers of free government everywhere.

* * *

A GREAT MUNICIPAL VICTORY.

One of the most important elections held in recent years occurred in Chicago on April 1, at which time the voters of the second city in America declared overwhelmingly in favor of municipal ownership of street railways and of gas and electric-lighting plants; also in favor of the nomination of city officials by direct vote at primary elections. The results are highly significant in many particulars, not the least of which are:

(1) The emphatic affirmation of the contention of reformers, that all the people need is the opportunity to secure honest, wise, and effective legislation and competent leadership.

(2) The fact that the people want the referendum and are quick to employ it intelligently to express their sentiments.

(3) The fact that the corrupt government and the plunder of the taxpayers that are becoming a crying scandal and an overshadowing menace to free government can be promptly and effectively curbed, in spite of the combined influence of monopoly, the political boss, the party machine, and the trust newspaper.

(4) The fact that along this line of advance lies the quickest and surest method of rescuing the Republic from the grasp of predatory bands known as monopolies and trusts, whose rapacity is only equaled by their demoralizing and debauching influence on national and individual life.

The history of this notable victory is very significant. A year ago the Illinois Legislature passed an advisory legislation bill, very faulty in many respects, not the least of which was provision that a request for an advisory vote on any municipal or other question must be signed by at least twenty-five per cent. of the registered voters. This high percentage of course makes referendum voting highly improbable, even in the presence of grave municipal corruption and wrongs against the people. Still, it affords the possibility of voters being able to express their will; and under the energetic leadership of Daniel Cruice, a brilliant young lawyer of Chicago, who became the commander-in-chief of the referendum league, a vigorous campaign was inaugurated for the securing of a properly signed petition by the requisite number of 104,000 voters. The *Chicago American* also boldly championed the movement and fought for it with ability and persistency; 109,000 signatures were secured to the petition before the time limit expired; 30,000 signatures came in later and served to emphasize the widespread interest and determination of the electorate.

The opposition was not slow to act. The enormous streams of wealth that flow into the pockets of the few and should benefit the municipality were too precious to be menaced. So long as the present order prevailed the corporations, the press, and the political machine would dominate government, and the wealth of the municipal Golconda would continue to enrich the few and in a small way also fatten corrupt public opinion-forming influences and legislators. If the people were to be afforded the opportunity to express their sentiments all this would be changed. It would be next to impossible to corrupt a whole electorate; hence, a strenuous attempt was made to discredit enough signatures to bring the number below the requisite 104,-

000. The effort, however, failed. Then the capitalistic press began to assail the movement or to injure it by innuendos and that faint praise which is at best a weak apology. The *Chicago American,* however, dealt sledge-hammer blows for the referendum and in favor of the proposition to be voted upon; but the corporations counted upon the influence of the capitalistic press and the political machine so to sway the voters that either an insignificant referendum vote should be cast or the proposition should be negatived. But here they made precisely the same mistake as did the street-railway company of Boston when the celebrated referendum vote on the Tremont Street tracks was taken. The corporation had the active advocacy of the dailies enjoying the greatest circulation, and, in fact, were strongly opposed by only one paper of somewhat limited circulation, so they were quite confident of victory until the morning after election, when it was found that the voters of Boston had repudiated the monopoly's demand by over 25,000 majority.

In Chicago the result of the election was as follows: For municipal ownership of street railways, 124,594, or nearly 60 per cent. of votes for candidates; against, 25,987, or less than 13 per cent.; affirmative majority, 98,607. For municipal ownership of lighting plants, 124,190, or nearly 60 per cent. of total vote for candidates; against, 19,447, or about 9 per cent.; affirmative majority, 104,743. For nominations for city officers by direct vote of the people at primary elections, 125,082; against, 15,861; affirmative majority, 109,221.

Unfortunately, this strong and powerful demand of the people is not binding on those charged with the enforcement of the people's wishes. It is only advisory; therefore, its influence on Chicago politics will be indirect. It will, however, doubtless greatly encourage the friends of pure government and make corrupt politicians more wary; while the moral effect on the nation and city cannot fail to be of great importance. It is one of the first decisive victories in a great onward movement that is everywhere being felt in American municipal life. It shows the politicians that the people are at length becoming thoroughly awakened, and that neither the wealth of corrupt corporations, the political machine, nor the press will hereafter be able to stem the tide of an aroused electorate, which is day by day taking its ideas and opinions less and less from the daily press and the political bosses.

APPALLING REVELATIONS OF CORRUPTION IN ST. LOUIS.

The report of the Grand Jury sitting at St. Louis, Mo., and made public on April 5, is one of the most amazing exposés of the plundering of the cities and the debauching of officials through corrupt corporations seeking enormously valuable franchises that have ever been published. These revelations, with the exposure of corrupt practises in Philadelphia and New York made in recent years, speak of a deadly poison working in the political life of the nation, which, if not arrested at an early day, will destroy free government and demoralize citizenship beyond hope of rehabilitation. Americans must awaken from the lethargy that enthralls them, else our civilization will go the way of ancient Persia, Greece, and Rome.

The Grand Jury indicted several persons, and its report says:

"A far-reaching and systematic scheme of corruption has been carried on for years by members of the municipal assembly. These members form what are called 'combines' for the special purpose of holding prospective legislation until their demands in the way of money considerations are complied with.

"Instead of discharging the duties of office for the public good and in accordance with their oath, they become organized gangs for plunder, using their office to enrich themselves at the people's expense.

"Our investigation, covering a period of ten years, shows that with few exceptions no ordinance has been passed wherein valuable privileges or franchises are granted until those interested in the passage thereof have paid the legislators.

"No municipal corporation has ever had its most valuable franchises so recklessly and scandalously disposed of for a consideration which found its way, not to the city treasury, but into the itching palms of the public pilferers.

"The persons against whom indictments for bribe-giving and bribe-taking have been returned are but a small percentage of those whom inquiry convinces us deserve to wear the garb of convicts."

The report further asserts that the people of St. Louis have but a vague conception of the extent of the corruption and venality that have prevailed among the city's officials. It finds the conditions almost "too appalling for belief." So long as enormously valuable franchises that belong to the city are given to private corporations or turned over to them for a pittance, the city will not only be robbed of millions of dollars that should reduce taxes or build schools and libraries and otherwise benefit the public, but her officials will become corrupt and the moral ideal of the people will be lowered.

We have slept overlong. Direct legislation and municipal ownership will solve the vital public question. Awake! Organize! Agitate! Rest not until the victory has been won in spite of a sleeping daily press and the enormous pressure of corrupt corporations and party machines.

* * *

PROGRESS DEPENDENT ON FIDELITY TO ETHICAL IDEALS.

"Bad men," says Victor Hugo, "spring from bad things; hence, let us correct the things."

Now, in life there are certain basic or fundamental springs of action or guiding motives that determine the trend or course of conduct, and that carry with them blight or blessing in proportion as they move along the plane of right conduct or of low self-desire; that is, of desire that sacrifices the rights, the interests, and the happiness of others to the success of self, or that exalts materialistic aims above the demands of sound ethics or spiritual truth.

The great battles of the future will be fought between the basic ethical truths that have illumined the teachings of every great religion and philosophy, and the materialistic selfishness that has eaten the heart and soul out of every great civilization of the past, which exalts such demoralizing precepts as "The end justifies the means," and "Might makes right."

Here lies one of the most important duties for teachers and leaders of thought, and here is found a lesson of supreme importance for the young men and women of our age. The happiness and full-orbed development of all the people, no less than the majestic upward sweep of social and national life, wait on the recognition of the supremacy of the moral order, on the right of justice, freedom, and fraternity to a paramount place in the web and woof of individual and national life, and on the relegation to the rear of expediency whenever right is at stake.

* * *

A UNIQUE SOCIAL COMMUNITY.

All readers of THE ARENA are doubtless familiar with the marvelous tales of the Inca civilization of ancient Peru, brought to Europe by the conquering Spaniards—a civilization

in which, to use the words of a modern historian, "there was no such thing as a poor or discontented man, in which everybody worked, from the Emperor down, a reasonable length of time, at tasks fitted to their strength and their ability," and one that was in many respects incomparably superior to that of any Christian nation of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. But comparatively few people are aware of the fact that in the land of the ancient Incas is a small but flourishing social community that for about fifty years has been steadily growing in numbers and wealth.

In 1853 one Don Jose Rodriguez, a man of strong individuality, of considerable wealth, and possessing pronounced ideas along social and economic lines, headed a little band of sixty-six persons, all holding similar views, and founded a community on a large land grant that he had received from the Peruvian government on the Cototo River. As founder and leading spirit, Señor Rodriguez assumed the general direction of the infant colony, which, however, was soon reorganized into a compact social organization, conducted on lines as rigid and methodical as the great business enterprises of our land. The colony has steadily grown, its additions being largely from births, though many persons from without have found an asylum within its borders. The membership is not confined to Peruvians. Indeed, according to Dr. Bliss in his Encyclopedia of Social Reform, its membership includes Americans, English, and Germans. Racial prejudices are present, however, as no Indian or negro is allowed to join the community. Others are welcomed on their presenting satisfactory proof of good character and upon payment of $500. The colony up to 1895 had reached a membership of one thousand.

The week contains five working-days, Saturday and Sunday being left free to the members. The working-day is eight hours, but no member is compelled to work beyond four hours a day. Overwork receives additional remuneration. Food is distributed alike to all members of the community; but if one desires luxuries, or if he would dress in a more elaborate manner than his neighbors, he can supply himself with these extras by paying for them, the pay being readily earned if he is willing to work extra time. In speaking of this unique and little-known community, Mr. Bliss, in the above-mentioned work, observes:

"Lands, tools, and products are the property of the community, and all surplus products are sold abroad, the proceeds going to the common treasury. . . .

"The community is divided into departments, divisions, and sections. Each section chooses and may remove its own head, and heads of sections nominate division directors, who in turn choose department chiefs. These last are removable only by a majority vote of the community. They are, in effect, ministers of works, of education, trade, and health, those being the titles of the departments; and collectively they constitute a tribunal discharging duties elsewhere confided to ministers of justice and finance.

"The Department of Works looks after agriculture, stock-raising, mining, manufactures, and all public works. That of Education deals with schools, music, and the mechanic arts; that of Trade with exports, imports, and the distribution of products; that of Health with houses, hospitals, and young children. An hour's work is the unit of the financial system. . . .

"There is no marriage law. A man and woman live together in free union, and either may find another mate when tired of the arrangement. A woman at the approach of childbirth goes to a hospital and stays there with her child until it is weaned. Then she leaves it in the hospital to the care of trained nurses.

"From the hospital the child goes to a public school, where it lives night and day until grown to the age when work is exacted of all. Then the new member of the working community is set at whatever task his or her aptitudes, as developed at school, seem to point out as the proper one. The pay is the same for every kind of labor.

"Private houses at Buenos Amigos are plain, but airy. A large, common building is handsomely built of freestone and marble taken from the community's quarries. The streets are well made and clean, and an aqueduct to bring in water from the Cototo River is nearly completed. All these public works are carried on by the labor of the community, under the direction of the department. When one department has more workmen at its command than it needs they are turned over to such departments as are short of hands. Thus everybody is kept busy at least four hours a day, and as much longer as he will, with pay for overtime."

* * *

MUNICIPALISM AND CO-OPERATION IN ENGLAND ALARM LONDON CAPITALISTS.

In England the municipalization of natural monopolies on the one hand and the rapid growth of the coöperative societies on the other have at last alarmed those who live by interest and speculation in stocks and bonds, as will be seen from the following extracts from a recent issue of *The Financier and Bullionist,* of London:

"Articles have appeared from time to time in *The F. and B.* calling attention to the serious extent to which the profitable employment of

capital in this country was menaced by hostile agencies—stealthy or overt. Endeavors have thus been made to galvanize capitalist interests out of their complacency, in view of what may happen. It has been pointed out, for example, that, while capital has been identifying the Socialist movement with silly processions and frothy gatherings at street corners, it has been slow to realize the tremendous Socialistic squeeze which is being applied to it per the medium of municipal undertakings. . . .

"Municipal enterprise, however, is but one form of pressure tending to very grave consequences. Another is the Coöperative Movement. It is no exaggeration to say that the capitalist interests of this country have been fatuously oblivious to the growth of coöperation—a growth in power and resources which is all the while more formidable though little realized by these threatened interests. Nor is it even an exaggeration to say that private capital is already between the hammer and the anvil of the two forms of Socialism mentioned—the municipal and the coöperative. It stands to reason that when the application of capital accumulations in one direction is prevented by municipal monopoly of great undertakings, and when, on the other hand, manufacture as well as distribution is largely passing under the control of coöperative societies, there is an ever-diminishing chance of even moderately profitable investment in home enterprises. Here, therefore, we have the antithesis of America's modern tendency. In America there is the tendency to combine capitalistic omnipotence with efficiency and, perhaps, cheapness; here the tendency is quite as notable to overwhelm capitalistic by cooperative enterprise. . . .

"The competition of coöperative societies, aggregated on a colossal scale, is formidable enough in distributive enterprise, as traders and investors in retail undertakings are painfully aware. But in other quarters there is a disposition to believe that, whilst coöperation may be formidable as a distributive agency, it is not likely to make any great headway in other directions—notably in respect of production. The comfortable sleep which that false lullaby is inducing may prove fatal. The Coöperative Society does not deal in half-pounds of butter over the counter. It operates on a gigantic scale, and adopts every expense-saving expedient. It is already so strong and so resourceful that the wonder is that private enterprise has not been crushed out of existence already. It has its own fleet of steamships plying to and from countries whose produce it imports. It has depots in European and American cities. And it is becoming a great home manufacturer. It has shoe and textile factories in different trade centers in England. Taking the English and Scottish wholesale societies together the total value of their production during 1900 was £4,165,030, or 19.4 per cent. of their sales. Such facts as these do not confirm the supposition that coöperative production—starting late compared with coöperative distribution—has been making contemptible progress. But that is not all. The volume of coöperative production in the United Kingdom is very much more than the £4,000,000 and over with which the wholesale societies are credited. Besides

the productive works of those societies there are societies exclusively devoted to production, and it is reckoned that the total value of coöperative production in this country now amounts to something like £12,000,000! If that be so, then the productive output of the wholesale societies —over £4,000,000, as stated—is just about one-third of the total."

The fact that the movement inaugurated at Rochdale sixty years ago by twenty-seven poor weavers has grown to have a membership of 1,700,000, and that it does a yearly business of over $300,000,000, affords grounds for apprehension on the part of the class-conscious capitalists; while the splendid results that have followed the municipalization of natural monopolies by cities in Great Britain are bound to lead to the extension of these wise and prudent measures in other cities. Mr. J. B. Wallace, A.M., the thoughtful editor of *Brotherhood,* commenting on the alarm cry of *The Financier and Bullionist,* says:

"Municipal undertakings—such as gas-works, electric-lighting, waterworks, tramways, and workmen's dwellings—have resulted in much advantage to the public; namely, in better and cheaper service, in wholesomer and pleasanter conditions, in shorter working-days for employees and sometimes in improved wages. To the humane citizen, whether wealthy or poor, all this is reason for rejoicing; but the unhappy capitalist who has allowed his humanity to be overlaid by his class-consciousness sees only that opportunities for capitalistic exploitation of the public are beginning to disappear. May such opportunities soon have passed away forever. That there are capitalists whose humanity and public spirit are stronger than their class-consciousness, and who work hard to improve the life-conditions of all their fellow-men, is one of the indications that men are essentially divine and that a unity of life is pressing forth to manifestation through them."

Private capitalism is in truth, as the editor of *The Financier and Bullionist* asserts, between the upper and the nether millstones. Two mighty movements, now only in their infancy, but destined rapidly to grow, are bearing down upon the feudalism of capital, which has already encompassed the virtual enslavement of the millions for the enrichment of the few—an enslavement demoralizing alike to all the people, and immoral in that it is in direct antagonism to the Golden Rule and the growing demands of Fraternalism.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

REVIEWED BY B. O. FLOWER.*

CAPTAIN JINKS, HERO. By Ernest Crosby. Illustrated by Dan Beard. Cloth, 394 pp. Price, $1.50. New York: Funk & Wagnalls, publishers.

A Book Study.

I.

In "Captain Jinks," Mr. Crosby has performed the difficult feat of writing an extended satire that holds the interest of the reader in a compelling way from the opening page to the closing sentence. This is doubtless due to a combination of causes, chief among which are the charming simplicity of the author's style, the timeliness of the subject, the fact that the volume abounds in palpable hits and bristles with brilliant and biting satire, and is full of grimly humorous situations, while a strong human heart interest pervades the work. Never before have the absurdity and essential criminality of the rôle that the Republic is to-day assuming been so vividly held up to the scorn of freedom and justice loving people as in this work. The author tears off the toggery of false pretense and pitilessly exposes the brutal greed, the lust and savagery that lurk underneath the shallow and sophistical claims of militarism and imperialism. The absurd reverence for authority which is the opportunity of despotism, the sanctimonious hypocrisy of a venal press, the brutal disregard for every sentiment of justice and humanity that dominates the modern spirit of materialistic commercialism, are all emphasized in such a way as to compel the reader to think.

There is about Mr. Crosby something of the combined spirit of Juvenal, Tacitus, and Rabelais. He possesses a strong and healthy intellect. He has not lost the power of initiative or of original thought. He is absolutely sincere and deeply in earnest. In addition to these vitally important qualifications he possesses the advantage afforded by a fine education; and this doubtless has led him to avoid the common error of those unskilled with the pen, seen in the employment of exaggerated language and the effort to complement biting sarcasm and keen satire with inflated verbiage. In this book the most telling home-thrusts are thrown off in a delightfully artless manner. "Captain Jinks" is a work that we believe is destined to hold a permanent place in the satirical literature of our language.

---

*Books intended for review in THE ARENA should be addressed to B. O. Flower, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

II.

The personality of a man of such courage and conviction and keen mental acumen as are evinced by the author of "Captain Jinks" is interesting, especially at a time like the present, when arrogant authority is so rampant that the frank criticism of a pernicious military measure made before a committee of the United States Senate, at the request of the committee, by the head of the army, has so incensed the President that he seriously considers disgracing and retiring a brave and honest soldier who spoke from practical knowledge and uttered a warning the soundness of which must impress every thoughtful citizen who appreciates the despotic tendencies of modern bureaucratic rule.

Ernest Crosby is a son of the eminent New York divine, the Rev. Howard Crosby. On the day of his birth his father cast his vote for John C. Fremont for President of the United States. The boy was raised in a home where moral convictions were wholesomely nourished, but where there was little of that narrow-minded bigotry which warps the brain and dwarfs the soul. The youth had the advantage of the best educational influences afforded in our great metropolis. He was educated at Columbia College, and immediately after graduation took up the practise of law, and, like President Roosevelt, soon entered political life. Indeed, as has been pointed out, the early public careers of these two men were parallel in many ways. Mr. Crosby succeeded Mr. Roosevelt as the representative of the twenty-first district of New York City in the State Legislature; and he was for two years chairman of the Committee of Cities, the most important committee in the house. Three times he succeeded in carrying a high-license bill through the two houses, only to see it vetoed by Governor Hill. His experience in legislation, however, was a revelation to the young enthusiast. Here he found everywhere the death-dealing lobbies influencing legislation for selfish ends. Something of the unwelcome awakening of this epoch of his life may be gleaned from the following extracts from one of his poems, in which he boldly attacks the betrayers of the electorate:

Up to the State-House wend their way
  Some scores of thieves elect;
For one great recompense they pray:
"May we grow rich from day to day,
  Although the State be wrecked."

Up to the State-House climbs with stealth
  Another pilgrim band,—
The thieves who have acquired their wealth,
And, careless of their country's health,
  Now bleed their native land.

And soon the yearly sale is made
  Of privilege and law;
The poor thieves by the rich are paid
Across the counter, and a trade
  More brisk you never saw.

* * * * * * * *

At last the worthless set adjourn;
We sigh with deep relief.
Then from the statute-book we learn
The record of each theft in turn,
The bills of every thief.

Now at a shameful scene pray look;
For we who cursed and swore,
Before this base-born statute-book,
Whose poisoned source we ne'er mistook,
Both worship and adore.

"For law is law," we loud assert,
And think ourselves astute;
Yet quite forgetful, to our hurt,
That fraud is fraud and dirt is dirt,
And like must be their fruit.

In 1889 President Harrison nominated Mr. Crosby for the important position of Judge of the Court of First Instance, in Alexandria. This nomination was promptly followed by an appointment by the Khedive of Egypt. It was practically a life position, but Mr. Crosby was far more than a brilliant young politician. From the first he was a conscience-guided man, incapable of rising to coveted heights if by so doing he would have to depart from his high ideals of justice and right. He was one of those too rare natures so happily characterized by Edwin Markham in these lines:

Though every leaf were a tongue to cry, "Thou must,"
He will not say the unjust thing is just.

While in Egypt the young judge came under the influence of that great conscience force of our age—that austere prophet of sturdy morality, Count Tolstoy; and, seeing and feeling more than ever that civilization to-day imperiously demands that self-interest and personal aggrandizement be subordinated to the larger requirements of the race, that the higher law imposes a solemn trust on all who would be loyal to the higher self, he resigned his position, determined to devote his life to social reform and progress in his native land. He returned to America by way of Russia, that he might confer with the great iconoclast who insisted on taking Jesus seriously. This communion with Tolstoy only served to root and ground his recently formed determination. Since that day Ernest Crosby has been an apostle of justice, freedom, and altruism. In every fight he has been found on the side of righteousness and true civilization. Brave yet gentle, just yet generous, pitiless in the unmasking of corruption and evil yet tender and loving in his concern for the unfortunate, a brilliant scholar whose whole life-work is illumined by love and guided by enlightened conscience—he is one of the leading figures in a coterie of scholarly young men who to-day are fighting a magnificent battle for the fundamentals of free government, liberty, justice, and progress. Such, in a word, is the author of "Captain Jinks," and, whether we agree with his conclusions or not, no right-minded man can fail to respect and admire the nobility of character and the moral heroism exhibited in such a life.

III.

The story opens with a delightful description of a lovable little boy—a farmer's son, who is passionately fond of horses and indeed of all the domestic animals of the farm. He is six years old at the opening of the story, and as a birthday gift he secretly hopes he may receive a toy farm-yard. Instead, his father brings him a large box of gaily-colored lead soldiers, with movable bayonets and reversible guns. The officer wears a white plume, and is a miracle of color in red, blue, and gold. Still the child is bitterly disappointed with his gift, as he has never heard of soldiers until his father awakens his imagination with tales of war and exciting adventure.

"What are the bayonets for?" queries the lad.

"To stick into bad people, Sam," replies Colonel Jinks.

"And have the bad people bayonets, too?"

"Yes, Sam."

"Do they stick their bayonets into good people?"

"Oh, I suppose so. Don't bother me."

From this moment the child becomes more and more interested in soldiers. Later, when visiting the town near by, he witnesses the dress parade of the John Wesley Boys' Brigade belonging to the Methodist Church of the town, and the scene fires the youth with military ardor. He joins the brigade, and later enters "East Point." Here hazing and the absurd caste spirit so evident in army life are satirized in a brilliant and effective manner. At "East Point" the youth meets a "college widow" in the person of one Marion Hunter, and is completely captivated by the showy but shallow girl. With this episode the story takes on the interest of a love romance.

The life at the army school serves the author the purpose of laying the foundation for a powerful exhibition of the savagery lurking in militarism. As the story proceeds Mr. Crosby develops this idea in a strong, clear, and irresistible manner, and shows how essentially similar are the two.

While at the military school of East Point the Cubapino War breaks out, and the room-mate of the hero, one Cleary, convinces young Jinks that his dearest wish—that of becoming a hero—may be speedily realized if he enters the army. Cleary resigns from East Point and becomes a staff correspondent on the *Daily Lyre*, a "yellow" journal largely responsible for the war. His father is a large stockholder in the paper, and Cleary conceives the plan of booming his journal and helping along his friend by spread-eagle write-ups of the young man, who, through the influence of an uncle in the United States Senate, has already been appointed Captain. The young soldier is photographed in various attitudes before leaving for the front, in order to enable the *Daily Lyre* to make a sensation as soon as he distinguishes himself.

Before sailing, Captain Jinks makes the acquaintance of one "Jonas," a promoter, who, in the interest and employ of certain powerful commercial and predatory bands that had long exercised a sinister influence in political and business life, now proposes to form a trust or company

to exploit the islands as soon as they are conquered. The company is to be known as the Benevolent Assimilation Company, Limited. In this connection, events subsequent to the publication of the volume prove Mr. Crosby to have been a prophet—a fact thus pointed out by one writer:

Mr. Jonas, a trust organizer, is thus described on page 120:

"'He is the greatest fellow I ever saw. Everything he touches turns to gold. He's got his grip on everything in sight on those blessed islands already. He's scarcely started and he could sell out his interests there for a cold million to-day. It's going to be a big company to grab everything. He's called it the 'Benevolent Assimilation Company, Limited'; rather a good name, I think, though perhaps 'Unlimited' would be nearer the truth.'"

Now comes the International Banking Corporation to take all exaggeration out of Mr. Crosby's burlesque, so far do the plans of the real organization transcend those of the imaginary.

As organized early in January, the International Banking Corporation is empowered, among other things, to "transact the business of merchants, manufacturers, miners, commission merchants, agents of every kind, shippers, builders, financiers, brokers and contractors, and concessionaires, in all the forms of any of said kinds of business; to engage in the general banking and trust business; . . . to engage in a general safe deposit and storage business; to construct public or private works outside of the State of Connecticut, and to operate the same; to construct, purchase, or sell vessels, and engage in the business of transportation by rail and by water outside of the State of Connecticut, and to carry on an express forwarding business outside of the State of Connecticut; to establish branches in any part or parts of the world."

Already the corporation has been designated by President Roosevelt as the collector and repository of the Chinese indemnity ($25,000,000) which is due the United States.

At length the three friends, Captain Jinks, Cleary, and Jonas, embark for the seat of war. Thenceforth Captain Jinks appears as a composite hero—of the war in Cuba, the Philippines, and the military expedition in China. In a vivid manner and with keen satire and telling sarcasm the author depicts the hero in the stirring battle of San Diego, where he performs marvelous feats of daring and heroism, accounts of which his friend Cleary expects him to prepare later for *Scribbler's Magazine*, but which are now trumpeted forth to the world by the *Daily Lyre* with poster-type headings and enormous pictures illustrating the brave young leader of the volunteers in every conceivable position.

Next we find him in great peril. He is captured by a powerful band of savages; but here he convinces the leader that he and his companions are the true brethren of the captor and his people. This chapter is one of the most startlingly striking and effective as well as keenly satirical passages in the volume.

The life in the islands where the United States is engaged in subjugating people who for generations have fought for freedom, and to whom the Declaration of Independence is a powerful incentive in their struggle, is vividly described, even to the recent incident of the suppression of the Declaration in the islands as an incendiary document. Then comes the great military exploit by which the insurgent chief, Gomaldo,

is betrayed and tricked into the hands of Captain Jinks through forged documents and the assistance of traitors to the cause of the islands' independence. All the miserable and humiliating business, too well known to the world, is here pitilessly laid bare in its true light.

From the islands the scene shifts to the ancient empire of the Porsslanese, where the people have risen against those who insisted on forcing a foreign religion upon them. The Chinese campaign, with the malodorous conduct of a certain leading missionary, is here described by a master hand. The pages fairly bristle with the keenest satire. It is a wonderful arraignment of pseudo-Christianity that should be read by every American.

Not the least interesting or suggestive part of the volume is that which describes the war-lord Emperor and his delight at Sam's definition of a perfect soldier, when the latter says: "I beg your Majesty's pardon, but I do not think; I obey orders!"

The chapters connected with the active campaign in the islands and in Asia constitute a powerful arraignment of militarism and imperialism, relieved by humorous situations and scintillating with brilliant and biting satire.

At length the hero returns home, and here he is hailed with wild enthusiasm by a populace stirred to the highest pitch of excitement by the exaggerations of the *Daily Lyre*. Girls and women rush to the front whenever he appears to embrace and kiss the hero—the perfect soldier. On every hand is heard the popular new song:

> "I'm Captain Jinks of the Cubapines,
> The pink of human war-machines,
> Who teaches emperors, kings, and queens
> The way to run an army."

Everywhere Captain Jinks is hailed as a conquering hero, until *en route* east he reaches St. Louis. Here Marian meets him and insists on an immediate marriage to stop the promiscuous osculation, which has been very distasteful to her.

A sudden revulsion in public opinion comes after his marriage, and he soon finds that the fickle public is concerned with other gods. His spirit becomes broken, and he ends in an insane asylum, where he sits for hours playing with toy soldiers. "Harmless, perfectly harmless," says the keeper to Cleary, who goes to visit him.

"'Perfectly harmless,' repeated Cleary to himself, as he got into his carriage. "What an idea! A perfectly harmless soldier!"

The volume is handsomely printed and contains twenty-five telling drawings by Dan Beard. It has aroused the savage criticism of the imperialistic and military organs, and is being enthusiastically received by friends of peace, freedom, and justice; hence, a wide sale is assured. We regard it as one of the most timely and vital books of fiction of the new century.

FATHER MANNERS: A ROMANCE OF ST. ALMANAC'S CHURCH. By Hudson Young. Cloth, 206 pp. Price, $1. New York: The Abbey Press.

This is a love story that ends happily and is treated in a somewhat unconventional style. Perhaps its greatest charm is found in the happy manner in which the author hits off the absurd tendencies of certain high churchmen of America and England, who are sedulously seeking to inject the spirit of the medieval Church into the modern religious body, when, indeed, they do not strive to lead their congregations over to the Roman communion. The work is rich in delightful humor and pleasing satire, and is pervaded by a genial spirit that makes it pleasing and restful reading. It is a volume that will be especially enjoyable to those actively opposed to the effort to realize in the twentieth century something of the monasticism of the Middle Ages.

THE BUILDER AND THE PLAN. A Text-book of the Science of Being. By Ursula N. Gestefeld. Cloth, 282 pp. Price, $2 net. Pelham, N. Y.: The Gestefeld Pub. Co.

For many years the author of this work has been prominently identified with the New Thought movement as writer, teacher, and practitioner. Her clientele has steadily grown, owing largely to her success as a healer. In the present work Mrs. Gestefeld has in the course of forty-four chapters sought to present a comprehensive outline of what to her is the truth touching the philosophy of life, or being. The author became a student of Mrs. Mary B. G. Eddy about eighteen years ago. She states that she found in these teachings much that was bread to her hungry soul; and yet, while gratefully acknowledging the benefit of the instruction received from the author of "Science and Health," she did not find in the philosophy enunciated a full measure of satisfaction. Says Mrs. Gestefeld:

"Earnest and honest questioning legitimate to the declarations made failed to elicit answers that reconciled contradictories. This failure to present a science while using that term for the teaching compelled further seeking on the part of one who would rather know than believe. For seventeen years I have prosecuted the search for what was lacking, impelled by the sentiment, 'Truth for authority, not authority for truth,' with results that have made me doubly thankful it was my privilege to have been taught by Mrs. Eddy as a preparation for the exploration of a previously unknown country.

"This exploration has led to the formulated system of thought named 'The Science of Being' that is the legitimate and necessary successor to 'Christian Science'; for the fundamental propositions of that teaching lead directly to what is herein set forth, and the conclusions are positively essential to the integrity of the propositions. If they do not appear necessary to Christian Scientists it must be because they fail to see either logical continuity or the need of it in order to establish a science."

Mrs. Gestefeld and Helen Wilmans are the most radical thinkers among the leaders of the modern Mental Science movement. Both were

at one time students of Christian Science, and each found its philosophy incomplete. Their views are divergent, but each has been remarkably successful as a healer, and their work appeals especially to those who are strongly individualistic and who have broken away from the Christian Church, or over whom the teachings of Christianity, as such, have ceased to exert a binding influence.

Charles Brodie Patterson, on the other hand, adheres more closely than any leader in the New Thought movement with whom I am acquainted to the teachings of Jesus and his disciples. Hence, he exerts a specially strong influence on Christians who hunger for the larger religion of life and the deeper faith in God and His power which Jesus taught, but which the present-day Church has neglected. Mr. Patterson works within the Church and seeks to quicken all the higher and deeper religious energies of those who, more or less nominally, bear the name of Christians.

The New Thought movement is a broad, individualistic awakening, and its teachings are appealing to thoughtful men and women of almost every shade of belief and conviction.

Mrs. Gestefeld's work will doubtless appeal to a very large number of thoughtful students. It contains much thought that is profoundly suggestive and stimulating, though at times one could wish that the author had been a little more lucid in the expression of her views. Metaphysical thought at best appeals to the modern mind, trained under the influence of physical scientists and with a strongly materialistic bias, as being very abstract. Hence, its presentation should be accompanied by numerous illustrations, and in other ways it should be made as clear as possible to the reader. This point, it seems to me, our author has at times overlooked. While many readers will not agree with much that is presented, no one can peruse its pages without having his thought stimulated and his spiritual horizon broadened.

CLAUDIA. A Story, by Mrs. Marion Todd. Cloth, 140 pp. Price, 75 cents. Published by the author, Springport, Mich.

This is a pure, wholesome love-story, told in very simple language. There is comparatively little action, and the heart interest concerns a beautiful and highly sensitive girl and two young men who are devotedly attached to each other—the one a clergyman, of broad and helpfully practical ideals; the other a skeptic, who possesses large wealth but who in groping after happiness and satisfaction of spirit finds it in making all his employees profit-sharers, and in other ways seeking to augment the happiness of and secure a wider measure of justice for those who come within the radius of his influence. The heroine is somewhat of a sensitive, and the story is full of the larger view of life, of duty, and of responsibility that marks the progressive thinkers of the present day. It is a restful and interesting story, possessing the merit of a pleasant ending.

Mrs. Todd has written several valuable social and economic works

that have enjoyed wide circulation and have helped in a large way to enlighten the people on many of the great present-day political and social problems. Among these works, "The Railways of Europe and America" is probably the strongest. "Claudia" is preëminently a sweet and simple story of youth and love. The vital thought that is woven into its pages nowhere interferes with the interest of the romance.

THE DELSARTE SYSTEM OF EXPRESSION. By Genevieve Stebbins. Cloth, 507 pp. Price, $2. New York: Edgar S. Werner Publishing & Supply Co.

This work is probably the most comprehensive and lucid exposition of the Delsarte System that has appeared. Its author is recognized as the greatest living exponent of the system. She has given her life to the elucidation of the work, and her labors have been eminently successful. Besides an interesting address from an unpublished manuscript of Delsarte, the volume contains twelve philosophic and descriptive chapters and twenty-two lessons, the whole forming an indispensable hand-book for those desiring to understand and employ the system. There are over thirty beautiful reproductions of ancient masterpieces of sculpture and numerous charts and drawings illustrating the text. Those who wish to grow in grace and physical perfection, as well as actors, orators, singers, and other persons who appear before the public, will find in this volume much that will be helpful.

MARRED IN THE MAKING. A Story, by Lydia Kingsmill Commander. 22 pp. Printed on deckle-edge paper, with ornamental paper cover. Price, 25 cents. New York: Peter Eckler, 35 Fulton Street.

This short story is one of the strongest and most virile contributions to present-day literature that we have read in years. It is a tragic story in which the author drives home a tremendous truth with startling force and directness. It has all the strength and vividness of the best work of Tolstoy or Gorki, while being wholly free from coarseness, morbidity, or the offensive naturalism that characterizes so much of the writing of many modern master minds who deal with delicate subjects.

The subject-matter concerns a lust-begotten child, the fruit of low animal gratification on the part of the father. It came undesired even by the mother, and its life emphasized in a tragic way the result of an existence cursed by a father's lust and a mother's loathing even before it saw the light of day.

Mrs. Commander has succeeded in the very difficult task of compressing into twenty-two pages a strong problem story, which is as compelling in its influence as a long novel. It is at once a fine piece of literature and a valuable contribution to vital ethical discussions.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE Twenty-seventh Volume of THE ARENA closes this month with an issue of rare excellence. While timely topics of varied interest and authoritative treatment, combined with a most liberal and progressive policy, are characteristic of every number, it is seldom that our readers are favored with an array of contributions that surpass in attractiveness the table of contents presented herewith.

As THE ARENA is preëminently an American magazine, the place of first importance is given to Judge Parks's paper on our unfortunate dealings with the Filipinos. The ghastly reports of our military operations in the East that are proving a daily shock to the American conscience, regardless of party affiliations, are increased in poignancy by the revelations of our contributor as to the needlessness of the war that has entailed the Philippine responsibility upon the Republic. The author is a veteran jurist and a life-long Republican. He was an intimate friend of President Lincoln, was appointed associate justice of the supreme court of New Mexico in 1878, and transferred to the supreme bench of Wyoming in 1882, and is the author of "The Great Trial of the Nineteenth Century," one of the strongest anti-imperialistic books that have yet appeared.

Judge Parks's contribution, read in the light of Mr. Flower's opening editorial in this number, is the most powerful and conclusive arraignment of our colonial and military exploits that any periodical has had the courage to publish. It will be followed, in our next issue, by a symposium on the same subject. Among the contributors will be President Miller of Ruskin College, Prof. Thomas E. Will, A. M., the Rev. R. E. Bisbee, Ernest Crosby, and Bolton Hall. This topic is now uppermost in the public mind, as the Democratic party seems to be concentrating upon anti-imperialism as a dominant issue.

The symposium in the current number on "The Late Cecil Rhodes" is of unique interest, as one of the contributors was for years a close business associate of the great financier

whose operations have had so vital an effect in shaping British policies in South Africa.

Editor Patterson's interview with Mr. Penrose, of the Salt Lake *Deseret News,* on subjects relating to "Mormonism," so called, is the first authentic statement presented to Eastern readers concerning the aims, hopes, and practises of the followers of Brigham Young. It will interest both legislators and religionists, as it contains the utterances of a representative Mormon in touch with the leaders of the sect. The "Conversation" to appear in our next issue will relate to "The Present Political Outlook," in which Eltweed Pomeroy, A. M., will give his always interesting and suggestive views.

That other churches have their troubles is seen in the Rev. Robert E. Bisbee's paper, "An Echo of the Inquisition," in this number. The Methodist Church is numerically the largest Protestant denomination in America, and one of the largest in the world; yet the Professor Pearson episode threatens to cleave the church asunder, driving the liberals into one camp and the orthodox into another. Dr. Bisbee is himself a leading representative of the more liberal wing of Methodism, and in his essay has most effectively ranged the authoritative utterances of the old line against the position and views of Dr. Pearson. His conclusions point rather ominously to the future of creedal conservatism, but we are pleased to grant space to an impartial presentation of both sides of this question—so vital to religious progress.

A peculiar and timely interest attaches to Mr. Bailie's article, "The Ancient Working People," by reason of the death at Yuma, Ariz., only two months ago, of C. Osborne Ward, on whose remarkable book, "The Ancient Lowly," the contribution in this issue is based. Mr. Ward was a noted linguist and archæologist. He was translator to the Federal Bureau of Labor at Washington for twenty years, and in 1868 was associated with Charles Darwin in some problems upon which the great naturalist was engaged. Mr. Ward made several journeys to the Orient in quest of material for his historical work, having visited Palestine, Egypt, Rome, and other places where inscriptions, monuments, and other data of the ancient working people were to be found.

In addition to the valuable papers already announced for publication in the July ARENA, we would mention the following: "Socialism in Ancient Israel," by Adam Rosenberg; "Evolution and Optimistic Politics," by William H. Morrell, and "As a Man Thinketh," a story of New Thought significance by Marie F. Giles, which will be accompanied by other features of literary interest and educational importance.

J. E. M.